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THE

UNITED SERVICE

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The Secret's Out!

I've heard it said, and heard it read,
That put to any test,
Of all the mites a woman writes,
Her "P.S." is the best.
Though why the best, none ever guess'd,
Nor saw a secret there,
Until a maid in mischief laid
The women's secret bare—
That P.S. means

Pears' Soap

THE

UNITED SERVICE.

EDITED BY L. R. HAMERSLY.

JANUARY 1897.

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.

IT is by the qualities of courtesy and amiability and loving-kindness that society—meaning that force in a community that exists for social ends—is distinguished from the sphere called business, where competition and self-preservation are the motive-powers. And it is only in a community where the absorption of business does not contract the faculties of its citizens that the growth necessary to the social graces of men and women is nursed into fruition. The imagination is then able to catch a glimpse of what perfect fellowship might be. For it needs but to idealize our love for our neighbor to perceive how much more spiritual than solitude society may become. Should this appeal fail, we must deny to human society a higher growth, and in regard to what is known by the restricted term of polite society, we must (in common with a few great men and many smaller ones) contemn it, and, wrapping ourselves in egoism, have eyes for naught but the folly of our neighbors. But in doing so we might as well know that the fault is with our own hearts, which are not strong enough to humor a falling short in an ideal by our fellow-humans. If we could but love these same men and women a little more, we would see in them a great deal more that was worthy to love.

It is in a spirit of charity like this, and without disparagement to the present day or to this country, that we must study, if we wish to understand it, the polite society about us that has been created by our

democratic institutions. What matter if this society be full of imperfections? We still cling to its ideals, and it is interesting to see what these ideals have become in our hands.

Naturally it is to the capital of the nation that we turn to study the last growth of democratic polite society. Nor is there any city in the great republic where its elements and its tendencies are more clearly disclosed, or where its democratic principles are retained with less perversion. In this community the official and the social circles are intermingled, and the first of these carries with it a respect that is at the least always honorary. Here also men's occupations are such as allow of the fuller development of society than elsewhere. The struggle for existence is hidden out of sight under a comfortable average of wealth; mercantile pursuits and the making of money are not of great importance. Secured from the daily fluctuations of trade and the uncertainties of professions by regular competences, most of the members of this society enjoy a freedom from care which invites them to relax the anxieties of life. Diplomacy, government, justice, and other occupations in Washington have no daily market to be watched. They leave those who are engaged in them freer from routine and less enslaved to physical labor than do other pursuits. The employés of the government take more leisure for their tasks than do men in business; the same may be said with stronger application of the large number of diplomats in Washington; and there is growing up there a leisure class pure and simple, which consists of Americans of wealth who come there merely to enjoy society. There is no such trait as hurry in Washington, from the workings of the huge government to the walking of the people on the streets. An air of leisure impresses the visitor who may come there from other American cities. The city is peaceful with parks and gardens, which the inhabitants love beyond streets. There are no buildings with a score of stories, all humming with business. In the afternoons some of the residence portions of the city are quite given over to the brave show of society; and idleness and courtesy and conversation usurp the streets. One forgets that one is in the heart of an American city.

Society is an important part of Washington life, and the time and talents devoted to it by the educated classes there make it their principal relaxation. The obligations of official etiquette, which exact ceremony and much formality, seem to be catching to the people in private life, and all society is imbued with official customs. As, numerically, society in Washington is small (though proportionately larger than elsewhere) the striking features that mark it are quickly noticed. It is observed as soon as one enters it that the variety of occupations of the men in it is unusually large. The politicians, foreign ministers, senators, and other officials that one meets may be not only officials but also lawyers, mercantile men, scientists, or men of leisure. A

drawing-room in Washington seldom passes into the possession of a guild whose interests of the business-day are reviewed after working hours. The elements that are most noticeable for their absence from Washington society are those represented by enormous wealth and by extraordinary business talents, for neither of these can find as large a field for its powers by residence in Washington as by living elsewhere. But there is one feature of the composition of Washington society which has no break in its variety, and that is the mingling of nationalities that characterizes it. No important social or official assemblage is without representatives from all parts of the earth. Equally unusual in any one American city, and of greater interest, is the variety of sectional types of one's own countrymen that an American finds gathered there from all States of the Union. To study the note of difference that marks their speech or person, and indicates their States or sections, is sure to be a revelation to him; he did not know how diverse and yet (more wonderful) how similar these distant neighbors could be.

The result of the combining of so many Americans—the living together of Virginians and Nebraskans, of Californians and Vermonters, of Louisianians and New Yorkers, and the interspersion among them of Spanish, English, and remoter races—has produced a cosmopolitanism that is unknown in other American societies, and which has removed all narrow local prides from the general speech. A provincial soon finds that he has got into an atmosphere where one cannot breathe freely unless one be a man of the world, or at least an American whose conversation knows no sectionalism. In Washington, the only topics that can be common to the diverse comradeship of its mixed society are such as must not be provincial. The nation's affairs or the world's affairs are always among its chief interests. To feel the charm of this trait of cosmopolitanism in intercourse, it needs but to find ourselves for a few evenings amid the society of any other of our large cities. At once the horizon of their daily speech appears provincial, and one longs for the freer view even of politicians and of idle *attachés* of legations.

But there is a larger and more deep-seated quality than cosmopolitanism in Washington society,—in fact, the chief condition of its existence,—and that is, of course, democracy. It is universal and almost untempered there, except in a few small circles. Not only men and women of all countries does one meet, but men and women of all classes. Social exclusiveness as practiced in other cities does not prevail; in fact, it is seldom attempted, for the reason that it would exclude too much that was worth admitting. It is high official position that carries prestige rather than refinement, and the latter often seeks the former, or is glad to welcome it to its doors. Moreover, it not infrequently happens—though not so often as in other days—that the

two adornments are united on a single brow. But even supposing this not to be the case, yet must high official position presuppose sufficient qualities of brain and heart to entitle it to be treated as the congener of birth and breeding. It must be so, or our democracy is a failure.

There are houses in Washington which are, I believe, the most interesting in this country, where the habit is great refinement, the sesame to which is intellect (either official or other, native or foreign), and where the peculiar charm is the dignified patriotism of the American women who preside over them. A sort of public element pertains even to these interiors (which are comparatively exclusive), although they may be wholly unconcerned with official life otherwise than from choice. It does not take long to feel there is the quality of character about such an interior as this. Somehow, other houses miss it. Beside this character there is an insignificance and a triviality in the seclusiveness of mere refinement, particularly when—as often seen elsewhere in America—it is unconscious of civic duty and aimless in its existence beyond the feeding of itself upon its own refinement. In Washington the atmosphere is too robust for such desiccated growths. And yet a true American cannot fail to be disappointed to observe how few are the refined interiors that I have spoken of in the capital of his country. They are even fewer today than they were twenty years ago. This may or may not be connected with the recent appearance in Washington of wealth unattended by other advantages. The chances are that this is only one of the causes for the fact that the general atmosphere of society there is infected with—let us not be afraid of words—a spirit of commonness and vulgarity.

It will hardly be said that this disturbance of an old-time gentility is peculiar to Washington. Rather is it but a ripple of a large wave that has been sweeping over most of our old cities, and that wave in turn may be but a part of a tide that maintains its flood somewhere in the vicinity of our centre of population. Nevertheless, its appearance, even in diminished form, in the capital is more to be deplored than elsewhere, for the reason that refinement is more necessary there, and also because, when found, it is more enjoyable on account of the added charms peculiar to the place. It may be an unusual criticism, and it may show an ignorance of the standards of the hour to lament the scarcity of the quality of gentility in those whom we have raised to the class of rulers over us. One rarely thinks of such requisites nowadays, and it certainly is American as well as noble to believe that the accidents of birth and breeding should be despised in the larger question of obtaining the character and ability that are necessary for governing us. But where this compensation is invisible, where the modest robe of humbleness of

birth is used to strut and parade in, and what should be a gentle pride is flaunted as a vanity,—is it not equally American and noble to resent this parade of plebeianism under the guise of democracy? It is a pleasure to discover that—like many a disagreeable personal trait—this one is more obvious to the sensibilities than it really deserves to be. A better insight discloses an element of simplicity beneath the general vulgarity. In this light what was an ugly trait often dwindles into a mere blemish of personality which we should be careful not to magnify in our appraisal of character beneath. And here let me say that it is in Washington society, above all other societies, that we find this humanity of judgment, and that it is there valued as a blessing. For it is one of the peculiar advantages of life in that city that people of different classes are brought together who might elsewhere have remained unknown to each other. The narrow eye of class is opened to a larger view of humanity, and to an acknowledgment of the primacy of the heart in determining the companionships of men. The appeal that one human face should always make to another—the appeal of man to man—is more frequent in this society, and it is here that one may see partly realized the humanity of republicanism. General Washington, were he alive to-day, would see this, and no one ever cherished this feeling more deeply than he. But at the same time there is little doubt that he would be shocked by the general absence of distinction and of fine manners in a society where the presence of these graces would do most good. They are gone, however, except in a few places; and it is probable that their culture at these infrequent shrines is regarded by the multitude as a sort of superstition. It is interesting to try to trace their loss, not only in Washington but elsewhere. It may be an outbreak in the body politic due to its taking the tonic which is included in the belief that the state is for man, and not man for the state. The former subordination of self-interest to the interest of the state must necessarily have proved a great factor in individual character, and as character finds its expression in personality, the presences of men to-day are not what they were in the time of Henry the Eighth. And yet our democracy embraces a larger passion than any merely institutional devotion to a State. It is "hitched to a star." It is an exhortation to love your neighbor as yourself. As a political creed, is this too illusory to exert a visible, daily influence on men and their manners? At any rate, it is worth while believing that it is not. It is certain that to be a true republican in heart and soul is to have the basis of a true American gentleman. Perhaps it may be because this noblest offspring of time is also the last that it is more difficult to find than the corresponding type in other societies which are older and more winnowed. Yet let not any one suppose that it cannot be found among the company of men that gather from the North, South, East, and West, to form the

society that I am discussing. It is only that one cannot fail to be impressed by its scarcity and to long to see more of it. It would, however, be a great mistake to fall into the error of despair, as great as that other mistake, which is so often made, of believing that corruption in our public morals is either deep-rooted or widespread. With love of country to work on, there is always hope, and in the society of the capital one notices that there is not only a great interest in the national government, but also a universal sentiment of generous patriotism. Nationalism, ungrasped by the smaller prides of other communities,—indeed, permitting none but a large embrace to grasp it at all,—is here one of the most stimulating and delightful of forces.

And there is still another quality conspicuous in Washington society, or, perhaps, I ought to say in that portion of it which consists of high official life and of those that are drawn about it, and that is the very high average of ability that distinguishes it. Even if an observer believe that these men and women do not compare favorably in their scholarship and light accomplishments with some other societies in other countries, yet must he acknowledge that there is a weight and an impress in their sayings that he misses in such frequency in any other society of this country. It is the custom of some Americans to be much impressed by high officials in foreign lands, to overlook the person in the personage, to measure true calibre by mere accomplishments. They take for granted the genius of the leader of a parliament whom they may meet. To such I would suggest a pilgrimage to Washington, where they will be surprised by the frequency of their contact with quiet men who are also leaders, and whose abilities are also great. But there will be an absence of fine trappings and of retinues about them, and probably, also, a lack of distinction, and a bald simplicity of manner which may approach even to a lack of polish.

In claiming that Washington society is characterized by such qualities as democracy, cosmopolitanism, patriotism, we are praising it sufficiently to do it no great harm by calling attention to its deficiencies. Besides those that I have already spoken of, it should be said that there is less of elegance and of good appearance in it than in the societies of our larger cities. A more important defect than this is that there is not the same attention paid to the arts, to learning, to poetry that there is in the latter. The quiet life is rarer here than elsewhere. The devotion to society is absorbing, and those who engage in it (and there seem to be few who do not) seem to forget that there may be a higher life than that which they are leading. And the hurry which many people are in, at the change of an administration, to intrench themselves in the favor of the new one, is not a dignified sight. Also, there is too often a sinister motive in the smiling speech of

Washington. Political preferment has arts that do not scorn the aids of society. They may even invade a ball-room; and in that arena of soft vanities and graces one may see a fan or a flower turned aside from its proper use as an instrument of grace to become a petty engine of intrigue and promotion.

Washington society has its faults; it is not, as a whole, as cultured and refined as some of our societies, but it is the most varied, the most liberal, the most American, and the most interesting of any of them.

LIVINGSTON HUNT.

BALL'S BLUFF.

FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE MAJOR L. H. D. CRANE, THIRD WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS.[1]

OCTOBER 28, 1861.—An eventful week has passed since I have seen the inside of my journal; one that I shall always remember as my first sight of the horrors of battle. Let me begin with the beginning.

On Monday morning, the 21st, it was tolerably clear, though somewhat hazy where the distant mountains were observed. About 9.30 o'clock, the general, who is always thoughtful, kind, and considerate, said to me, "It would be a fine day for you to go to Sugar Loaf." "Since you say so," said I, "I will," and I forthwith saddled "Frank" and galloped over to the Twenty-seventh Indiana to find Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison. He was not very well, but the idea of a ride roused him, and he speedily got up his horse and we started. Taking the Poolsville road to Dawsonville, we there turned to the right in order to strike Monocacy Chapel. The road was well picketed by detachments from Abercrombie's brigade, which for several days had been encamped on Seneca Creek, just east of Dawsonville. We found the church without difficulty and there turned to the right on the road to Barnesville, which we passed over on the 28th of August. At Barnesville we took a road to the mountain, being directed to inquire for a Mr. Howard. We reached Howard's about half-past one. There an old "aunty" helped Mrs. Howard to get us a dinner of ham, eggs, tea, and bread and butter. It was my first meal in a house for a long time, and it was a very agreeable change from the fare which our "Joel" of the camp gets up for us, although it was plain country fare. After resting and feeding ourselves and horses (during which we discovered, in a wild nook, a regular Maryland "poor white" with seven frouzy,

[1] The Third Wisconsin Volunteers was enlisted in May, 1861, and was sent in July, of the same year, to Maryland, and in August to camp on the Potomac. Its adjutant on organization was Louis H. D. Crane, of Ripon, Wisconsin, and from the day of his reporting for duty in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, where the regiment was organized, till his death, he kept a daily record of events of the war coming under his personal observation. The colonel of the Third Wisconsin was Chas. H. Hamilton, but on reaching the Potomac he was commissioned a brigadier by President Lincoln. He at once appointed Adjutant Crane an aide on his staff, and these events relating to Ball's Bluff transpired while he (Crane) was acting in that capacity.—W. R. H.

slatternly, dirty girls of assorted sizes, from seventeen to three years, and a wife to match, the nearest approach to animals I had ever seen among white people), we started up the mountains, under whose rocky shadows we had been for two hours. The road up was rather severe, though not so much so as we had anticipated. The thickly planted trees with their plentiful foliage shut out any view, and, except the narrow vista which the road afforded, we could not see ten yards in any direction. The road strikes into the forest on the southeast corner of the mountain, and winds clear around to the north side before turning directly to the summit, the south side being exceedingly rough and precipitous.

The two miles of ascent were finally accomplished, the last half-mile being too steep for comfort altogether. Just before reaching the summit we encountered the everlasting "A" tent and the same purple-capped soldier by it, which were so plentifully sprinkled over this part of the country; and when we reached the acre of tolerably bare summit we found quite a little camp,—three officers and some twenty men being in possession. The summit contained the circle of tents, a tree or two, and a tower of crib work,—the very counterpart of the one I built on Maryland Heights,—on which was a signal station with its army of flags, telescopes, burners, signal men, and signal officers. We speedily clambered to the top of the tower and looked off. What a sight it was! The distance seemed illimitable, and the horizon was, except in the west, the dim haze of distance. In the south, across a few miles of alternate forest and field, lay the lazy, tortuous Potomac, and the Aqueduct near the mouth of the Monocacy seemed, though eight or nine miles distant, to be close by. We could count the arches as plainly as we could our fingers. To the left of it and beyond lay Leesburg, and with the glasses we could distinguish through the haze the white lines of the rebel tents. Farther to the left and on our side of the Potomac were the lines of our encampments at Poolsville. Farther around to the east were the little white dots which marked our camps at Darnestown. Around to the right was Geary's camp at Point of Rocks, and lo! farther up the Potomac, we saw clearly the familiar profile of Loudon Heights, and beyond, as I live, the very hill-side fields and whitewashed houses that overlooked our camp at Sandy Hook; and even my tower on Maryland Heights, though thirty miles away, was distinctly visible against the western sky. To the left of that a little, and through the Harper's Ferry Gap, we saw in the immense distance the lofty blue ridge of the Alleghanies. Around to the northwest we could see the location of our camp at Georgetown, our Buckeyes' camp, and our Urbana camp. Frederick City, with all its spires and houses and green window-blinds and whitewashed barracks, lay under us. Indeed, the prospect was indescribably grand and immense; I can do no justice to it. It seemed as

if we were the centre of all visible things, which, with an endless alternation of light and shade, of field, plain, grove, and forest, of stream and winding road, sprinkled with white mansions and dingy barns and quarters, with lonesome wilds and bright cheerful villages, sloped up from the middle distance around us to the far horizon's edge.

Lieutenant Byrum, Twelfth or Sixteenth Indiana, did the hospitable by us, but after lingering a moment on a jutting rock on the western edge of the summit where, as tradition says, Lord Baltimore divided Maryland between himself, Carroll, and Delany, we turned homeward, not however till we had been startled by the signal officer. After a little of his "Up, one fifteen, one fifteen, one fifteen, steady, forty-two, one sixty-two, twenty-two, eleven, forty-one, fifty-one, down," etc., he informed us that three brigades of our forces had crossed into Dixie at Edward's Ferry. We had heard firing of cannon all day, but that had got so common as to be unheeded. Down the Sugar Loaf we scrambled, whiling "the happy hours away" by Harrison's reminiscences of his recent battles in Western Virginia, where he served as aide to Rosecrans, and of his soldiering when as a lieutenant of the Fifth Infantry he marched all the way from Fort Leavenworth to Benicia, California. When we reached Monocacy Church, on our return, we stopped awhile to rest our horses, and with my usual inquisitive disposition I strolled over to the chapel, which I was told was in a grove some fifteen rods from the "four corners." I was well paid for my trouble. In a grove of ancient chestnuts, surrounded with ancient graves and old-fashioned tombstones, was a ruined church. It was a funny old thing with a ruined frame, originally plastered inside and clapboarded outside, and with a shingle roof, but the walls were sadly rent, the siding off in many places, the shingles black and warped nearly double with age, and sides and roof well open to sun, moon, and stars, and storms whenever they chose to peep in. At each gable a slice had been taken off to let in a little triangular roof eight or ten feet long, in a kind of Dutch primeval taste. At the end next the road a stairway led up outside to a second story. That, however, was no puzzle. I had been long enough in Maryland to learn that "niggers" cannot worship God on the same floor with white folks. On the sides of the church were a number of little four-paned windows which did puzzle me, for I could not conceive of any earthly use for them. At the rear of the church was another puzzle, a comparatively new brick addition to the building, of a single story and having a chimney. Doors and windows being all invitingly open, I went in, and found in this addition a fireplace with a modern mantel-piece, the walls being perfect, though marred by the autographs of several ambitious soldiers who had evidently taken quarters there recently. On passing thence by a door-way into the body of the

church, I found it as quaint and funny inside as out. The pulpit stood on stilts against the centre of one side, the main entrance being opposite in the centre of the other side. And now I comprehended the mystery of the little windows. As seen from the inside, they formed an arch of light around the pulpit. At each end of the church was the inevitable "nigger" gallery, while the seats below were arranged so as all to face the pulpit, and the aisles were as full of zigzags as a fortification. But everything was as neat and as well preserved apparently as though every storm for the last twenty years had not broken into the sacred edifice. A little four-legged pine table, nearly under the pulpit, was the altar, and a stout, unpainted pine chancel-rail enclosed a space just large enough for the clergyman to move in. Such is Monocacy Chapel, or, as some have it, Monocacy Church.

As I turned from its hallowed shadows to join Colonel Harrison, my sobered reflections were somewhat rudely startled by an inscription on a gravestone, on which my glance happened to rest. It mourned the loss of one Mrs. Peters, "cut down," so it read, "in the hay-day of her existence." Perhaps, however, it was the summer of it.

Mounting our steeds, we hurried towards home, for it was growing late; and, indeed, before we got half-way home we were in the darkness of Erebus. We began, also, to hear rumors of a battle, or a crossing or something. Some of the pickets had it that Stone had crossed and whipped the enemy, and some that he had been whipped and returned; but we paid little attention to any of their stories until we found that Abercrombie was drawing in his pickets, and presently the distant camp-fires burned so brightly that we knew they were cooking extra rations. Then, as we passed Abercrombie's camp, we learned that they had marching orders: no one knew whither, but only that they were peremptory and immediate. We urged our poor horses to the utmost, and reached home about eight o'clock, to learn that the whole brigade was ordered to Poolsville without delay.

I parted with the colonel, who rode off to his regiment, managed to get some supper from an unwilling Joel, found that my trunk had been nicely packed by Stainburn, put a cracker or two and a piece of cheese in my saddle-bags, strapped a blanket behind me, and was ready to move. I exchanged horses for the nonce with Stainburn, who was to follow the next day. Mrs. Best was packed off to Mr. Orfutt's, a half-mile away, and our tents came down; and in a moment our little village, which we had occupied for six or seven weeks, was no more. It was one of the places which live only in memory.

"Well, gentlemen," said the general, "it is time to mount."

Waiting until the regiments of the brigade (including the Second Massachusetts, Colonel Gordon, which was temporarily brigaded with us) had passed, the general pushed on. We found that old veteran, Colonel Murphy, had got the start of everybody except the battery of

Captain Best, and led the column. He is a jolly old cock, sixty-seven years old, but with all the vitality and vigor of thirty.

Mr. Widvey not having returned from Frederick, whither he went on Sunday, and Mr. Lefferts being obliged to remain behind to bring up the tents and other stores, there was none left but myself as "staff." "Chris" kept near us on Wigfall to hold our horses or render such service as necessary. We soon cleared the regiments and reached the head of the column, passing Abercrombie's brigade, which we learned was going down to Seneca. It seemed as though the entire division was going to cross. We rode on in company with Captain Best and his officers, singing "Dixie" and all sorts of things, and feeling fine and full of fight. The march of nine miles to Poolsville was rapid and cheerful,—the least brave among the men were glad to be relieved of the long, dull life at Darnestown, and marched on briskly and cheerfully, though they all expected a battle before morning.

On nearing Poolsville, the general rode on in advance of the column to report to General Stone for orders. I, of course, accompanied him. We found everybody up and wakeful, but somehow they seemed unaccountably silent. The mounted orderlies, who are generally chatting and cracking jokes, sat on their horses dumb, and yet surely wide awake. The officers, who stood around the camp-fires, were silent as death, and every order given or repeated was in an undertone, as if they were afraid of waking some one. General Stone was not there, and General Hamilton received orders from an aide or an adjutant, to whom I thought he talked a tremendous while. Finally the general called me and directed me to halt the column. A terrible dread came over me. I knew something had gone wrong. After the column was halted I learned the terrible truth. We had been repulsed at Ball's Bluff, Baker had been killed, the regiments which had met the enemy had been cut to pieces, and we were to march instantly to Conrad's Ferry to cover the retreat. We turned at once towards our destination, and what a ghostly march it was. "In that house," said our guide, "lies Baker's body." And just as we left the edge of Poolsville we began to meet the wreck of the battle. This was after midnight, but there was a moon behind the clouds, and we could see everything distinctly. First we met a double ambulance filled with wounded, all bound and bandaged; then a single one, with its load of mutilated men, with heads or arms or legs bandaged, the clear white of the cloth stained or spotted with blood; then one with a man on the front seat with the driver, with his whole body and limbs rolled like a mummy to five times his ordinary size in blankets and sheets and everything apparently that could be found. Wagons of all kinds followed at short intervals, each with its load of suffering, and then came men by twos and threes and squads, some fully clothed and accoutred, but for the most part with loss of the most of their garments and arms. Some

with nothing on but an overcoat, or drawers, or pantaloons,—but all in silence and gloom. Many walked only with the assistance of others. Not half had caps, not half had arms, and all or nearly all were drenched or dripping with the waters of the Potomac, through which they had just swam. In the midst of our march through this demoralized crowd the rain began to fall, cold and pitilessly, and added to the squalidness of the scene. Having on my rubber overcoat and leggings, I could watch these poor fellows with comparative comfort. The road, already bad, was constantly becoming worse, and we tramped on towards the enemy in silence and in gloom. Our brave boys, who generally sing during marches, were sobered and mute, and in listening to the marching columns in the rear, as I did now and then, I could hear nothing but the clanking of sabres, the swash of artillery wagons through the mud-holes, and the chug-chug of the horses' feet through the deep mire. It seemed a long, weary way to Conrad's Ferry, through all these depressing influences. But we reached there at last about one o'clock in the morning.

The head of the column brought up in a *mélange* of carts, baggage-wagons, ambulances, soldiers, horses, and rocks, close by the culvert under the canal. These Marylanders have no bridges, I think (I know I never saw one), and they go upon the Irishman's principle that "the aisyist way to get over is to crawl unther," the only crossings being in the beds of streams where they are culverted. At the culvert we found a little whitewashed house of logs, punctured in several places with shell-holes. In the yard lay two men, side by side, dead. Their clothes had been taken to cover the poor fellows who came naked and shivering out of the Potomac. In the house, and in a dilapidated shed adjoining, every available space was covered with wounded and dying men. And yet here I noticed the same oppressive silence as at Poolsville. First and last I must have seen a hundred of our wounded, but only one gave voice to his pain. Yet here were men dying,—here were over fifty together, and not a groan from one, and the floors slippery with blood.

The general, who had gone on under the culvert and down the canal a mile to the point where our forces crossed to Harrison's Island and thence to Ball's Bluff on the Virginia shore, returned to our column at the ferry, and I, having gone back and found all of our regiments close by and coming up as rapidly as possible through the mud, joined him and rode down the canal again to find positions for our troops. The canal, we found, was close to the river, varying from two to ten rods; the narrow strip of land is very rough, and cut by the little streams which have cut their way down to the Potomac.

Harrison's Island was apparently a third of a mile from us, running up a half-mile or more from the crossing, and down, I couldn't see how far. It was ten or fifteen feet above the level of the towpath,

and twice that distance above the Potomac, with very precipitous banks. But here we had to stop and cover the retreat of our forces, who, by means of two scows and a rope stretched from the island to our side, were constantly crossing. It was decided that the Pennsylvania and New York regiments should take post next below the crossing on the canal, and between it and the river, while the Indiana and Second Massachusetts regiments should occupy a similar position on the right of the line above the crossing place. Best's battery was put in position to cover and protect the landing place on the island, and masked; and all were cautioned to keep quiet and out of sight, and watch the enemy. I rode back up the canal and through the culvert again to give these orders. Found all the regiments had got up. The general had previously slung a canal-boat across the channel to save the soldiers the annoyance of wading through the deep waters and unutterable darkness of the abominable culvert. The regiments then began to wind their slow lengths across the canal. The horses and baggage were left, or sent through the culvert. Seeing everything fairly started and one or two regiments over, I started to find the general, but one of Captain Best's artillery pieces blocked the pass. The horses had dragged the gun in and balked, refusing to pull through or draw out; and the blockade was most decidedly effectual. I went back and dismounted to meditate. Most opportunely, I found in a little ravine close by a little squad of soldiers around a fire. On approaching them I found a full camp-kettle of soup, thin indeed, but hot. They gave me some, and oh, how good it was! Becoming satisfied that I could not get my horse through the canal, or under or over it, I hunted up Colonel Harrison, whose regiment had not crossed as yet, and we put his horses and mine in charge of a couple of his boys, with directions to take care of them somehow until the passage was clear, and then hunt us up and return them. Then we scrambled over the canal on the slippery boat, and he turned up the canal to take charge of four companies of his regiment which were detailed as pickets, and I turned down to find the general, with my heavy wet blankets on my back. After trudging down through the mud and water and slush for nearly a mile, I met the general coming up on foot and alone, in sorry plight for a brigadier.

It was nearly morning; the regiments were placed, the batteries in position, the pickets posted, and we hunted for some place for a snooze. I found a little hut, built, I judged, by the pickets, with a leaky roof and one side entirely open. There on a pile of wet straw we lay down, and with the rain beating in our faces we went to sleep. Shortly after daylight on the 22d the general roused me. He had been up for some time, it seemed, and let me sleep till he had pressing need of me. I worked myself out of the straw, wrung the rain out of my blankets, slung them across my back, and went out on the towpath of the canal

and took observations. I found out, in the first place, that it was a raw, cold, rainy day,—one of those disagreeable autumn days in which it rains in little spiteful spits for an hour or two and then stops. I saw Ball's Bluff opposite Harrison's Island,—a steep precipice, seventy feet high, and covered with trees to the water's edge. I saw our troops strung along the bank of the river, among the trees and brush, for a mile on either hand. I saw the huts of the pickets, little things like dog kennels, and near the crossing-place and crowded together like hog-pens I saw the scows crossing from and to the island loaded to the water's edge. I saw the shivering crowd around the crossing, standing in gloomy groups in the deep mud. I saw the wounded and dead brought up and sent forward to Poolsville.

With the first return boat we crossed to the island. The men pulled the boat over by means of the rope I mentioned above, and we landed at the foot of the steep bank. I can't tell how we got up it, 'twas so slippery and with such a slush of mud at the bottom of it. But we accomplished it and found the top level enough to be a Wisconsin prairie. We struck a barn-yard. Long ricks of straw and hay were on our right, under which men, horses, cannon, and provisions were crowded for shelter, and as we got on a little farther, an extraordinarily high hedge, around a queer barn, commenced in grand style of hewn stone but never completed, being a central octagon of fifty feet diameter, and two wings, one from the south face and one from the east, and full of soldiers eating raw pork and hard bread, and belonging to Hincks's regiment (Nineteenth Massachusetts). They had not participated in the action, and were covering the retreat. Passing them, we went through the hedge and came in sight of a farm-house with its usual cluster of buildings. Failing to find Colonel Hincks, the general ordered me to the Virginia side of the island to treat with the enemy about obtaining our dead and wounded. I passed the house and went down to the river, passing on my way some twenty rifle-pits which Colonel Hincks had made the previous night to defend the island. At the river bank I found Colonel Hincks and perhaps twenty of his men in conversation with the pickets on the other side of the narrow channel. I saw some ten or twelve of the rebels and an officer who had them in charge. They kept crying out for us to send over for our dead and wounded. I could see, perhaps, some twenty of our men lying on the bank, in the woods, either dead, wounded, or asleep. We answered that we had no boat, and if they would send us the boat which we saw on their side we would use it for that purpose. They then picked up one of the bodies and two of them brought it to the boat. Stopping, however, by the way, with prudent afterthought, to lay the poor boy down and search his pockets, the scoundrels took out his white handkerchief,—I could see that it was stained with blood; they took his pocket-book or testament, and cut off his buttons, and then

picked him up again and carried him to the boat. This was aggravating enough, but we had to endure it, for we were wholly at their mercy. A corporal paddled over and we found that the man was wounded only, and not dead. I went back presently to report to the general. Finding him in conversation with Colonel Hincks, near the house, I had time to look about me a little. The farm-house had been used by the surgeons, and the larger room upon the lower floor I found completely covered with blood, and in one corner, feet, hands, and arms were piled like pig's feet in a butcher's shop, while in an old shabby building adjoining (the inevitable "old house" which the people here never tear down or burn up but leave to use for a wood-shed, or granary, or tobacco-house, or nigger-quarters, until it passes fitness for any earthly use, and then suffer it to lie and rot in its place) lay the bodies of the men who had been operated on and died on the island. Out in the rain, close by, were also several dead bodies, and all—*ex necessitate*—naked. The men were digging a trench to bury them in one corner of the yard, under a large chestnut tree, as we came away. It was about nine o'clock when we crossed back. Between the house and the river we passed a couple of men carrying the dead body of an officer between two rails, his clothes and hands and face begrimed with mud and blood, and his head swaying from side to side with every motion of his rough coffin-bearers. It was doleful and ghastly and horrible beyond description.

It seems strange to me, as I write these lines afterwards in security and peace, that not one thought of disgust of war, or fear of its results in my own case, crossed my mind. It only seemed to beget in me an indifference to the whole thing. Indeed, after my first hour of daylight on that day, I lost my curiosity, and I remember that I never thought to inquire who this dead officer was whom the men carried.

On crossing the river the first business was to see if the regiments were settled in their places and orderly and the pickets understanding and doing their duty. This done, the general and I proceeded to forage for our breakfast. He had some tea in a canteen, I some whisky in a bottle, and both of us had hard bread and cheese. So we had quite a meal of it, though eaten in the rain and with the mud four inches deep, but it was a good deal more than many of our poor fellows had. The next thing was to hunt up a head-quarters, and after a considerable search I picked out the dryest of the little huts, and had to turn a fellow of the Ninth New York out of it, too. It was about six feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high, with a hole in one end to crawl in. So ended my first night and sight of battle.

WILLIAM R. HAMILTON,
First Lieutenant, Fifth United States Artillery.

REAR-ADMIRAL JAMES EDWARD JOUETT, UNITED STATES NAVY (RETIRED).

(Concluded from Volume XVI., page 533.)

THE monitor "Tecumseh" preceded the "Brooklyn," which was next in front of the "Hartford." Pilot John Collins was attached to Jouett's ship, but as Commander Craven, of the "Tecumseh," wanted to engage the Confederate ram "Tennessee," Jouett loaned Collins to Craven, as he hoped to see the two ironclads meet on equal terms. At 7.37 the "Tecumseh," trying to pass the line of submarine torpedoes, was blown up by them, sinking at once, carrying down almost her entire crew.

Farragut, who, from his elevated position on the "Hartford," had seen the disaster, immediately hailed Jouett, still on the starboard wheelhouse of the "Metacomet," and asked him if he could spare a boat to pick up the survivors struggling in the water. Jouett had anticipated the admiral's wish, for his report says, "I immediately sent a boat to her assistance, in charge of Acting Ensign Henry C. Nields, who pulled to the spot where she sank, and succeeded in saving one acting ensign, eight men, and a pilot. It is unnecessary for me to comment on what he did; you know the situation under which he gallantly performed his duty; he delivered the men to the 'Winnebago,' and then joined the 'Oneida' and asked for some duty."

This fearful calamity threw the fleet into some considerable confusion, as naturally might have been expected, but Farragut was not alarmed, and ordered the "Hartford" to take the lead, the "Brooklyn" seeming to be dismayed by the fear of torpedoes. It is asserted that Jouett said that Farragut shouted, "Damn the torpedoes! Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead, Captain Daryton. Four bells." Afterwards Jouett remarked, it was "the only approach to an oath I ever heard him utter."

The "Metacomet" then backed at full power astern until the "Hartford" was twisted clear of the "Brooklyn," which lay in front of her, when Jouett asked if she should "go ahead." The pilot of the "Hartford" answered by holding up four fingers, which meant "four bells," the signal for full speed, for the roar of battle rendered speaking at that distance difficult to be heard.

The "Hartford" steamed at full speed ahead, taking the lead of the fleet, thus extricating them from a serious entanglement that had followed the hesitancy of the "Brooklyn."

The larger part of the readers of naval history are landsmen, to whom history is usually the record of events on land. Hence the view of the deeds of naval heroes is from the same point as that of deeds of the army, not allowing for the vast contrasts between the two elements on which the deeds have been done.

The sea is never still. Should there be no wind, there is the regular rise and fall of the waves, not violent, perhaps, or crested with foam, but moving. The vessel even at anchor moves about; it yields to the action of the water, wind, and currents, therefore is not motionless. If there is a combat on the sea, the vessel is in motion, and its antagonist, if a fort, has very great advantage in aiming, as it has only to calculate the movements of the vessel, and not its own also.

These inseparable concomitants of battle enter into every combat on the sea, and readers, as well as writers, should allow for them in criticising the great apparent differences between results of battles on sea and on land. When a general orders a halt, there the command remains, perhaps in perfect order; but when an admiral directs the fleet to halt, it must anchor, or be thrown into some disorder. There was no halt ordered by Farragut at the moment after the "Tecumseh" had been sunk by the deadly torpedo. The momentary loss of headway by the ironclads or other vessels threw the van into some disorder, and it was to extricate the "Hartford" from this, setting an example of what was to be done, that Farragut put the "Hartford" and "Metacomet" in advance, and thrust them ahead of every ship and over the line of torpedoes.

While the "Hartford" and "Metacomet," lashed together, were boldly passing the torpedoes, the Confederate gunboats "Selma," "Morgan," and "Gaines" seized the opportunity to deliver a terrible raking fire upon the two ships. A shell from the "Selma" struck the "Metacomet's" hawse-pipe, knocked a piece off, and killed a man, exploding in a store-room, among paints, oils, and such inflammables, setting fire to the ship. An officer, Ensign Wing, and the powder division fought the flames with wet blankets and hammocks, extinguishing them, but the heroic men came out with scorched clothing and singed hair and eyebrows.

These gunboats occasioned serious damage to other vessels, and Farragut, seeing that all his fleet had passed Fort Morgan, at 8.02 A.M. gave the signal, "Gunboats chase enemy's gunboats."

Jouett had repeatedly asked for this order, and at once had his men, with broadaxes, cut the heavy hawsers which bound him to the "Hartford," and, as he says in his official report, "at five minutes past eight steamed for the three rebel gunboats, who were annoying the

fleet by a raking fire. They steamed up the bay, engaging us with their stern guns, of which they had three each." Here was a wooden gunboat boldly going to attack three of the same class, officered and manned by men thoroughly familiar with all the shoals of Mobile Bay.

As soon as the admiral's vessel swung into deep, broad water, the "Hartford" fired two broadsides at the "Gaines," which caused her to run back under Fort Morgan, where, being in a sinking condition, they beached and burned her. The "Selma" and the "Morgan" steamed up the bay towards the city of Mobile, the "Metacomet" chasing them.

The "Metacomet" got between the "Selma" and the "Morgan," the two keeping up a fire from their stern guns. Yet Jouett managing to give the "Morgan" a broadside, she hauled down her colors, but a heavy rain-storm coming up, she ran in under the guns of "Fort Morgan," whence she slipped away in the darkness of the following night, and escaped to Mobile.

Thus there remained the "Selma" for Jouett to encounter. The other gunboats (Federal), "Port Royal," "Kennebec," and "Itasca," being slower, were left behind and were not in this part of the action.[1]

Farragut's official report says, "The 'Morgan' and the 'Gaines' succeeded in escaping under the protection of the guns of Fort Morgan, which would have been *prevented had the other* gunboats been as prompt in their movement as the 'Metacomet.' They all failed to obey their orders, and in so doing they failed to capture the two gunboats."

It was a very hazardous thing Jouett was about to do, for he had no pilot familiar with Mobile Bay, which he knew to be very shoal in most of its wide expanse.

As his ship had no bow guns, he yawed once or twice to fire his broadside guns at the "Selma," but finding he was losing ground, he settled down to a chase. He said, "I had given my pilot to the gallant Craven, of the ill-fated 'Tecumseh,' and having no time to consult the chart, and knowing nothing of the channel, and as the admiral's instructions were imperative,—not to allow any of the Confederate gunboats to reach Mobile,—I abandoned the attempt to fight with my guns in the running chase."[2]

The pilot of the "Selma" led the "Metacomet" into shoal water, until at length only a foot of water was reported under the keel by the leadsman.

Jouett had now to determine whether he would give up the pursuit or take the risk of grounding by pushing on, to come up so as to give the "Selma" a broadside that would decide the struggle. If he ran aground, the "Selma" could choose her point of attack, and might

[1] Maclay, "History of the Navy." [2] Ibid.

destroy his vessel before help could come, being now miles away from the fleet.

But Jouett was bent on the capture, as well as obeying orders (here comes in the force of the lesson from Commodore Stewart), so he held on at full speed, his man crying the depth of water, until he sang out a foot less water than the steamer drew (she was in soft mud), when Jouett said to his executive officer, "Mr. Sleeper, order that leadsman out of the chains, he makes me nervous!" which raised a laugh from all the men, who appreciated the irony of it, knowing their commander was as cool as any one.

And the "Metacomet," plowing up the mud now and then, relentlessly kept on the track of the "Selma."

There was a heavy rain-storm just about this time, but when it was passed, the "Metacomet" was found to be on the starboard beam of the "Selma."

In a letter, Jouett says, "I was only about two hundred yards from her; as she was running into shoal water, where the "Metacomet" could not go, I concentrated the entire battery upon her, giving the strictest orders not to fire a gun without my command to fire. I directed the bow gun, a 100-pounder, to be fired; this was enough. Had I fired the broadside, I knew but few would have survived, she was so close and at our mercy. I was not killing my own countrymen recklessly. I fired the one gun, and that was enough; it killed an officer, wounded the captain and five men, I think. My men were mad to fire, but I held their fire. I knew that as soon as the men on the "Selma" could get to the flag, they would have it down, and they did. *It would have been murder to have fired the broadside.*"[3]

How vividly this shows Jouett's kind heart. He fully understood that his government was bent on destroying the power of the enemy, but not on unnecessary punishment of them.

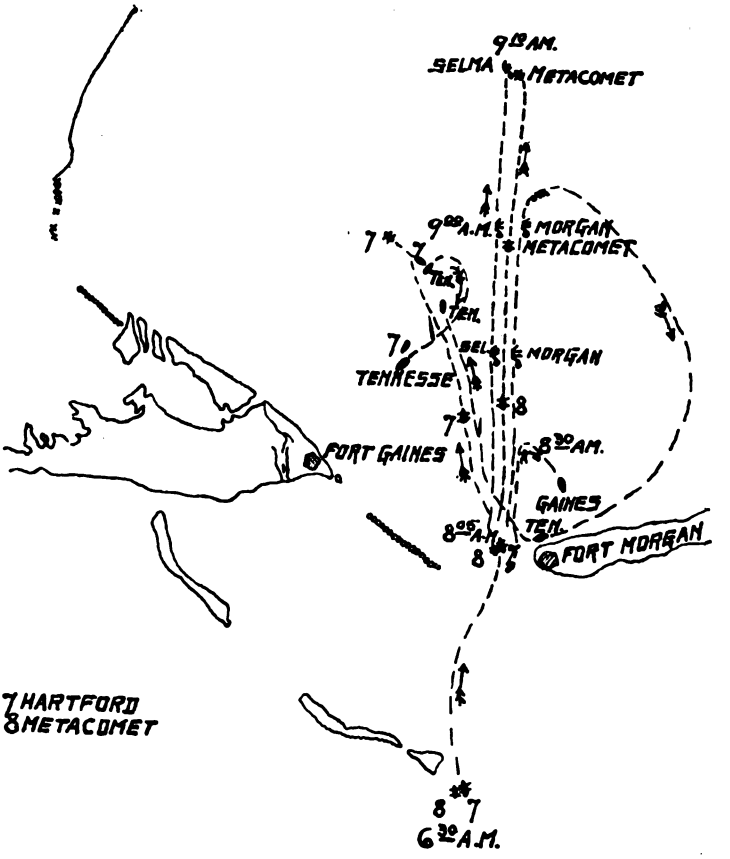
A few minutes later he showed his regard and esteem for his captured foe, Captain Murphy, of the "Selma," as will be seen when the narrative of the surrender of the "Selma" is reached.

In his official report to the admiral he writes, "At ten minutes past nine the 'Selma' struck her flag to this ship. I immediately dispatched a boat, in charge of Acting Master N. M. Dyer, to take charge of the prize, and to send the captain and first lieutenant on board. He hoisted the American flag, and reported Captain Murphy wounded and the first lieutenant killed. He transferred fifty of her crew to this vessel, and at fifty minutes past nine Captain Murphy came on board and surrendered his sword and vessel. She had five killed and ten wounded, including the captain; two of the wounded have since died. The dead and wounded were attended to. The remainder of her crew and officers were sent to the 'Port Royal.' Put

[3] His own italics.

engineers and firemen on board and steamed to the fleet, reporting the capture of the Confederate steamer 'Selma,' which vessel mounted two nine-inch Dahlgren smooth-bore, one six-and-a-half-inch rifle, and one eight-and-a-half-inch smooth-bore, all on pivot, with crew all told of ninety-four men."

Long before the war, in 1843, at Norfolk, Virginia, Murphy, a lieutenant, was very kind to Jouett, who was a midshipman. Remembering



SKETCH OF BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY AUG. 5TH 1864
ORIGINAL BY ADMIRAL JOUETT

that Murphy was fond of good eating, Jouett, while at Pensacola two days before the battle, purchased a quantity of crabs and oysters, and placed them on ice. When he was blockading off the Bay, the three Confederate gunboats would come down the harbor and lie under the guns of Fort Morgan. Knowing who commanded them, Jouett often remarked to the officers that he was always fond of Murphy, that he intended to catch him, and that he always kept on hand some good wines and cigars especially for him.

It so happened that he did catch him, and as soon as the fight was over the steward was directed to set out the breakfast, which the steward and waiters had elaborately prepared.

When the "Selma" struck her colors, Murphy, who was about sixty-five years old, tall, erect, and with long, snow-white beard and hair, having his right arm in a sling, came aboard the "Metacomet" to surrender his sword. Ascending the gang-way, he stepped on the deck, when his aide advanced and handed him his weapon.

Jouett had sent forward all the crew in order that Murphy might not be unnecessarily mortified, and no one was with him at the gang-way save the officer of the deck and Lieutenant Sleeper; the other officers being on the port side of the quarter-deck. Murphy turned, drew himself up to his full height, held out his sword, and began a nice speech, but Jouett took his hand and, putting his arm on Murphy's back, said, "I am glad to see you on board, Murphy. Come below, your breakfast has been waiting some time."

Going into the cabin, Murphy saw a beautiful table laden with oysters, crabs, beefsteaks, wines, etc. Turning to Jouett with astonishment, he said, "Why didn't you let me know you had all this? I would have surrendered sooner!" And the officers sat down at table as though they had never drawn swords against each other.[4]

Jouett afterwards sent Murphy his sword, but Murphy returned it with this message: "You have gallantly won it, and you must keep it."

Admiral Farragut had been watching the fight between the "Metacomet," "Morgan," and "Selma," even during the heavy engagement between the "Tennessee" and the fleet, which was going on under his orders, and he was greatly rejoiced at seeing the "Selma" brought in, with the Stars and Stripes at her mast-head, the first ship of the enemy captured in the battle of Mobile Bay.

After a desperate engagement, Admiral Buchanan surrendered the "Tennessee," thus ending the battle about ten o'clock.

Admiral Farragut reported to the Department, "Lieutenant-Commander Jouett's conduct during the whole affair commands my warmest commendations.

"Our little consort, the 'Metacomet,' was under my immediate eye during the whole action, up to the moment I ordered her to cast off in pursuit of the 'Selma.' The coolness and promptness of Lieutenant-Commander Jouett throughout merit high praise; his whole conduct was worthy of his reputation.

(Signed) "D. G. FARRAGUT,
"*Rear-Admiral, commanding W. G. B. Squadron.*"

This was in addition to his complimenting Jouett, when he reported in person on board the "Hartford," for his gallantry in attacking just

[4] Maclay's United States Navy, pp. 486, 487.

four times his number of guns, manned by three crews, and in a short period of time defeating two and capturing the third.

Although the "Metacomet" experienced light losses, one killed and two wounded, she was struck eleven times, and two of these shots were shells, which exploded in the starboard paddle-box, underneath where Jouett must have been standing.

The night after the battle all the wounded, some sixty officers and men, were placed on board the "Metacomet," to be taken to the hospitals at Pensacola. Of this, Jouett says,—

"I was detailed by Admiral Farragut to take the wounded of both sides to Pensacola. The awnings and side curtains were all spread, and the 'Metacomet' became a hospital ship. Admiral Buchanan (Confederate) was wounded in the knee, as he had been in the fight between the 'Monitor' and 'Merrimac.'[5] Captain Mullaney, of the 'Oneida,' lost an arm, and there were many others wounded. They lay in cots on the quarter-deck, slinging side by side, chatting familiarly, taking medicine, tea, coffee, or wine, as the doctor thought best. It was amusing to hear those poor fellows, who but an hour ago were trying to kill each other, now spinning yarns of olden times."

What other war has ever happened where such a scene had been possible!

The older officers of the combating navies all knew each other personally or by reputation, and with the *esprit du corps* pervading the service, they naturally, when thrown together by capture or flag of truce, exchanged mutual inquiries for each other's old acquaintances, or exchanged reminiscences of years spent afloat prior to 1861.

The trip to Pensacola had the effect of warming the hearts of many of the Confederates towards their captors, for, as the "Metacomet" was swinging out from the wharf at Pensacola, on the return to Mobile Bay, Midshipman Carter, of the "Tennessee," called out to Jouett, "Don't attempt to fire No. 2 starboard gun, as there is a shell jammed in the bore, and the gun will burst and kill some one."

Having returned to Mobile Bay, Jouett, as senior officer of his division, was placed in command of the approach to Mobile, the fleet being about twenty miles below, and he was ordered to hold the approaches against several Confederate ironclads. Not long after we find him employed, as shown by the following papers:

"MOBILE BAY, August 16, 1864.

"SIR,—I have the honor to report to the Department, that yesterday I made a reconnoissance in the 'Metacomet,' accompanied by the 'Selma' and several gunboats and light-draught ironclads, in the

[5] Admiral Buchanan (then Captain) was wounded by a rifle-ball fired from the shore, on the first day, and did not command the "Merrimac" in the fight next day with the "Monitor." Lieutenant Catesby ap Rogers Jones commanded on the second day.

vicinity of Mobile, approaching within three and a half miles of the city. We discovered the Confederates had sunk the 'Nashville,' the vessel intended for an ironclad, across the channel, completely obstructing it, with the addition of a row of piles guarded by forts. Until these obstructions can be removed, there is no possibility of our reaching Mobile with any of our light-draught vessels.

"Very respectfully,

(Signed) "D. G. FARRAGUT,

"*Rear-Admiral, commanding W. G. B. Squadron.*

"To Hon. GIDEON WELLS,

"*Secretary of the Navy.*"

The associate press dispatches, soon after sent North, had the following:

"By arrival from Mobile Bay we have particulars of the destruction of the Confederate gunboat 'Nashville,' lying in the harbor, just below the city of Mobile, by Captain Jouett, of the United States steamer 'Metacomet.'

"The expedition left the 'Metacomet' at night in boats, provided with one hundred pounds of powder, 9-inch shells, oil, turpentine, fagots, fire-balls, etc., and proceeded carefully to the wharf where the 'Nashville' was lying.

"Two Confederate ironclads were lying within two hundred yards of the 'Nashville,' but before they had time to discover the boats, the fire-balls, shells, and powder were deposited in the forward casemates and set on fire, completely destroying them. The 'Nashville' is a very large vessel, about three hundred feet in length, and was to mount twelve guns, but by this bold and dashing stroke of Captain Jouett she has been rendered useless, at least till our forces capture Mobile."

Shortly after the events that happened around Mobile, Jouett was actively engaged on blockade duty on the "Metacomet," off the coast of Texas, capturing, among several others, the fastest vessel known to the squadron, called the "Susannah."

III.

The Civil War closed early in 1865, which brought about a reduction of the navy to a peace footing as soon as practicable. Jouett's services at Mobile Bay had been noticed in Farragut's report, and he had gained some professional reputation, but that was all the reward he received for his extraordinary achievements on the day of that battle.

However, he was advanced another grade soon, being promoted to commander July 25, 1866, which rank he retained until January 6, 1874, when he was made a captain. His rank was now equivalent to that of a colonel in the army,—a long time for a man, who had done so much,

and suffered as he had, to be reaching even that grade! There seemed to be some obstacle in the way of his more rapid promotion.

The act of Congress approved January 24, 1865, having authorized the advancement of any officer of the navy "not exceeding thirty numbers in rank, for having exhibited eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle, or extraordinary heroism," after the close of the war a board of officers, consisting of Admirals Farragut, Dupont, Goldsborough, Davis, and David D. Porter, of which Admiral Farragut was president and Admiral Davis secretary, was convened for the purpose of examining the records of officers and making such recommendations to the Secretary of the Navy as they thought to be just. This board recommended Jouett to be advanced thirty numbers in rank for eminent and conspicuous conduct in the battle of Mobile Bay and at Galveston, Texas. But he was only promoted, as has been mentioned, to commander July 25, 1866.

He waited, hoping to be remembered as having been one of the officers recommended by the board just recorded, but he was promoted only in the regular line of promotion.

After he had been a captain more than five years, Jouett made a statement to the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. R. W. Thompson, in which he said, among other things, "With the exception of the thanks of the Department, ordered to be published, for the capture of the 'Royal Yacht,' I have never received any special acknowledgment for my services, nor have I sought any." In another place he said, "Content with the knowledge that the duties intrusted to me were performed to the satisfaction of the government, as well as my superior officers, I have simply sought to keep my record clear and unsullied. *However, in view of the fact that many have obtained, and more seeking, in return for various services, advancement in grades from ten to more numbers, or promotion to still higher rank,* I have taken the liberty to submit this statement, trusting it will not be deemed egotistical, and relying solely upon the merits of the case to receive from your honorable consideration whatever may be deemed as reasonable and just."

This statement contained a short history of his record as an officer, an account of the "cutting out" of the "Royal Yacht," his deeds at Mobile, and the complimentary reports of his superior officers at both points, as well as papers bearing on his career.

Two of these are so worthy of the gallant men who signed them that they must be given in full.

"WASHINGTON CITY, May 26, 1879.

"SIR,—Immediately after our intestine war, a board was ordered to convene in Washington for the purpose of examining into such cases as merited promotion for 'heroic conduct in battle.' Admirals Farragut, Dupont, Goldsborough, Davis, and myself composed the

board. We recommended that Commander Jouett should 'receive an advancement of thirty numbers for heroic conduct in battle.' Why it was never given to him I cannot conceive.

"There were many advanced who were not recommended by that board, while such officers as Jouett were left unnoticed. His record is one of the best in the navy, and his acts of gallantry cannot be questioned.

"I hope, sir, even at this late day, that you will be enabled to have justice done him.

"I have the honor to remain very respectfully,

(Signed) DAVID D. PORTER,
"*Admiral.*

"HON. R. W. THOMPSON,
"*Secretary of the Navy.*"

And this is a testimonial of which the highest admiral might be proud:

"WASHINGTON CITY, May 26, 1879.

"HON. R. W. THOMPSON, *Secretary of Navy:*

"SIR,—We, the undersigned, beg leave respectfully to endorse the foregoing recommendation of Admiral Porter, and to say that we think as a matter of simple justice to Captain Jouett, and to the naval service, that the recommendations of the board of which Admiral Porter was a member be carried out as far as possible.

"Very respectfully your obedient servants,

"THORNTON A. JENKINS,
"*Rear-Admiral U.S.N.*

"JOHN L. WORDEN,
"*Rear-Admiral.*

"THOS. H. STEVENS,
"*Commodore.*"

Yet Jouett seems to have lacked the friends at court he should have had, for he served along in obedience to orders in the routine of the service until he was made commodore in the regular order, January 11, 1883.

The summer of the next year found him at New York, where he was the recipient of the following document:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, September 7, 1884.

"SIR,—You are hereby appointed acting rear-admiral in the United States navy, to hold your office during the period while you are in command of the North Atlantic Station.

"You are authorized to hoist the flag and wear the uniform of a

rear-admiral and to affix the title of rear-admiral to your official signature.

"Respectfully,

(Signed) "W. E. CHANDLER,

"*Secretary of the Navy.*

"COMMODORE JAMES E. JOUETT,

"*U. S. Navy, New York.*"

In the navy the flag of the United States is called the "colors," to distinguish it from any other and all other flags. When a ship goes into service the commanding officer assembles all the officers and men on deck, reads to them the orders putting him in command, has the colors hoisted, and the ship is said to be "in commission." Thereafter, every day the colors are hoisted at sunrise and lowered at sunset, and the ceremony or the hour is called "at colors."

If the ship carries a band, it plays the "Star Spangled Banner" as the flag comes down, but sometimes this is omitted.

Admiral Jouett issued the following interesting order:

"GENERAL ORDER NO. 7.

"NORTH ATLANTIC STATION,
"U. S. FLAG-SHIP 'TENNESSEE,' FIRST RATE.
"NAVY-YARD, NEW YORK, November 22, 1884.

"The attention of the squadron is called to the fact that at colors no custom has hitherto prevailed of giving appropriate recognition by salute or otherwise to the flag, the emblem not only of the national authority at home, but of liberty and progress throughout the world. Under the conviction that such recognition is fitting and desirable, and the custom if adopted at all should be the spontaneous expression of a general sentiment, the commander in chief deems it only necessary to express the wish that on board the ships of the North Atlantic Squadron all officers and men who may be on deck at colors will uncover, as far as may be practicable without serious interruption to the occupation of the moment.

(Signed) "JAMES E. JOUETT,

"*Rear-Admiral, commanding U. S. Naval Forces on the North Atlantic Station.*"

In this order is seen the influence of the teachings of the mother, to whom he was so devoted, and whose love for the flag followed her son's life wherever he sailed.

Years after this order was promulgated, Secretary Tracy made regulations bearing almost the same sentiments, and it is now an established custom in the service, but the Secretary failed to give any credit to Admiral Jouett for having introduced it on all the vessels of the North Atlantic Squadron.

IV.

The early spring of 1885 witnessed an outbreak against the government of the United States of Colombia, the city of Panama being attacked on the morning of March 16 by a band of revolutionists, about two hundred and fifty in number, commanded by General Aizpuru. The forces of the government defended the city to the best of their ability, the Americans seeking protection from the steamer "Wachusetts," then in that station.

The revolution, without much fighting, made rapid progress, the idle and vicious classes going into the struggle enthusiastically, and the destruction and robbery of property became alarming. Before the end of the month Commander Kane, of the United States steamer "Galena," telegraphed to the United States that he thought it would soon be necessary to increase the forces of the United States at Aspinwall.

On the first of April news from the Isthmas became exciting: the revolutionists were committing outrages on Americans and their property. The next day the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Whitney, telegraphed to the president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company in New York, "We will ship two hundred men by your steamer tomorrow noon with tents and camp equipage. The 'Tennessee,' with Admiral Jouett, will leave New Orleans probably to-day with extra complement of marines for Aspinwall for land service." The same date, Commander Kane, of the United States steamer "Galena," dispatched to Washington,—

"Transit is closed. The steamship property is safe and in my possession. It is advisable to send another vessel."

As the result of the orders called forth by the news from the Isthmus of Panama, four ships of the North Atlantic Squadron were to assemble at Colon or Aspinwall, which were under the command of Admiral Jouett.

As he had been ordered with the squadron to participate in the New Orleans Centennial, he spent two months at New Orleans, entertaining great multitudes of visitors, who, coming to that city to the Exposition, paid a visit to the vessels of the squadron.

The 3d of April he sailed, amid the wildest excitement, bound for Colon, but he touched at Pensacola for fifty marines and a supply of lumber to be used for huts on the Isthmus,—since the admiral was an old Isthmus cruiser and knew the health of his men would be vastly better when quartered in huts rather than tents; and afterwards the general good health of the expedition showed the excellence of his judgment in this regard.

The admiral pushed the "Tennessee" night and day to reach the Isthmus as soon as possible, knowing his presence was needed and

wishing to anticipate the force that had sailed from New York. Accordingly, he reached there at about noon on the 10th, to find that transit had been closed for days, the city in ruins, the railroad shops and Pacific Mail wharf alone standing, the people in a starving condition, the two senior Colombian officers dangerously wounded, and nearly all of their troops and all of the survivors of the townspeople being fed by the United States ships in port. It was said six million dollars' worth of property had been swept away by the burning of the city by the insurgents, and all that had been saved had been done through the "Galena," Commander Kane.

The steamer "City of Para" arrived in a short time, bringing Colonel Heywood and the battalion of marines from Brooklyn Navy-Yard, which, added to those on the "Tennessee" and other ships and to the officers and men of the fleet, made a very formidable force,[6]—larger than any admiral of the United States had commanded in a foreign port for many years, and all well armed and equipped, having, in addition to the usual small-arms, several Gatling guns ready for service.

Jouett lost not a moment, moving at once to restore quiet, telegraphing that day to Washington that he "would open transit the next day and keep it open." One hundred marines under Colonel Heywood reached Panama, where trouble was feared. The "Shenandoah" was there, and, with the marines to assist, order was maintained.

With the usual vigor that characterized all his movements, Jouett put in operation the requisite forces, and the Americans and their property, and that of citizens generally, were entirely protected and quiet restored to affairs as usual.

In two days he reported, "The situation is unchanged. Trains run the entire length of the road without molestation."

The forces sent to the scene by the government of the United States were so formidable, as well as handled so promptly and skillfully, that the troubles on the Isthmus itself were very soon ended. The larger part of the troops were soon withdrawn, and in a few weeks affairs resumed their usual condition.

Prompt application of the proper distribution of the men, showing the strength of the United States naval force, together with the reputation that Admiral Jouett had gained as a fighting man, soon brought order without embroiling the United States with any country; yet it took four months more before the entire force, beyond what was usually kept on the station, was withdrawn.

By his expeditious, firm, and judicious course, Admiral Jouett restored order, re-established transit, prevented great destruction of property that was threatened, and loss of life as well, and was instrumental

[6] Two thousand six hundred and forty-eight officers and men in all. See Appendix: Communication from Navy Department, March 31, 1896.

in bringing about the surrender of the insurgent forces in the states of Colombia, and effecting a peaceful solution of the questions involving the different forces at war in Colombia, besides reflecting great credit on the United States of America.

April 29, at Panama, Admiral Jouett invited to his head-quarters General Reyes, the military governor of the department, and General Montoya, the civil governor, and General Aizpuru, the rebel governor and usurper, with the intention of preventing bloodshed and of endeavoring to bring about a peaceful settlement of their difficulties.

The whole day had been consumed in fruitless diplomacy on both sides until Admiral Jouett took up the matter after sunset, and, following an hour's argument, obtained an agreement between them by which the city was to be unconditionally surrendered to the nationalists, and all arms turned over, with the understanding that the revolutionists should be allowed to disperse and only criminals should be arrested and punished according to civil law.

The next day at one P.M. this treaty was carried out, the Colombian flag being saluted by the United States forces with three cheers and twenty-one guns. This practically ended the troubles at Panama.

The bishop of Costa Rica's parting letter to the admiral, given herewith, is an index of the feeling in general, and is a tribute that is so very complimentary that it should be preserved, being written also by one whose entire interests were disinterestedly embraced in the welfare of the Isthmas.

(*Translation.*)

"PANAMA, February 28, 1886.

"To ADMIRAL JOUETT, *United States Steamer 'Tennessee,' Colon:*

"SIR,—For months I have had a great desire to know you personally in order to express my sentiments of gratitude for the opportune and important aid you rendered to this city of Panama, to all the Isthmus, and, in general, to the legitimate government of Colombia during the turbulent months of April and May last. I have now resided in Panama for eighteen months, and have visited and been present at all the sad events of which the Isthmus has been the theatre during the past year.

"On Sunday, the 21st of February of this year, at the new inauguration of the statue of Christopher Columbus, I had the opportunity of meeting you for the first time. As we were all much occupied with the Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, it was not possible for me to express my sentiments on that day. I therefore await a favorable occasion to make another trip to Colon, in order to visit you on board your flagship, but this will also be difficult for me to accomplish, as I have just learned from a friend that you are to leave to-day or to-morrow. Under the circumstances permit me to send you this note to pay in writing the tribute of my admiration, justly due you, and gratitude

for all you have done in favor of the Isthmus of Panama in months so terrible as those through which we passed last year in April and May. I have admired, admiral, the prudence and skill of your actions, as you, on the one side, distinguished yourself by preserving the free transit of the Isthmus, and by protecting foreign property on the other.

"Placing on one occasion the legitimate troops of the government, under order of Generals Montoya and Reyes, you did not hesitate to facilitate their disembarking, avoiding by this means a new and useless shedding of blood between Colombians, and, furthermore, an inopportune collision with the legitimate government of Colombia. Permit me to send you these sincere expressions of my admiration, and to beg you to believe me if I venture to call you 'the saviour of the Isthmus,' especially of the city of Panama, during the difficult circumstances of last year.

"I hope that later it may be possible for me to explain myself more fully to you personally. Meanwhile, I wish you a pleasant voyage, and I subscribe myself, with sentiments of the highest appreciation and distinguished consideration, your most obedient servant and chaplain,

"BERNARDO AUGUSTE THIAL,
"*Bishop of Costa Rica.*"

The President of the United States of Colombia, Dr. Rafael Nunez, held Admiral Jouett in such high esteem that he sent him the following letter, which is certainly a very handsome compliment.

The Mr. Jacob mentioned is a most worthy, elegant Louisvillian, Hon. Charles D. Jacob, then minister to Bogota.

(*Translation.*)

"BOGOTA, February 23, 1886.

"TO THE HON. MR. J. E. JOUETT, *Rear-Admiral of U. S. Naval Forces:*

"SIR,—I gratefully acknowledge your note of the 12th instant, which I received through the kindness of Mr. Jacob.

"We have fully recognized your important and friendly co-operation in bringing about peace in our country; and the people, as much as the government of Colombia, will remember with deference and gratitude the name and good offices of yourself, to whom, with its accustomed prudence, the North Atlantic government intrusted the discharge of those most delicate military duties so nobly executed.

"I take this opportunity, sir, to offer the expressions of my sincerest friendship, with which I have the honor to subscribe myself,

"Your obedient servant,

(Signed) "RAFAEL NUNEZ,
"*President U. S. of Colombia.*"

The reason the United States moved so energetically in the Isthmus affair was because of the existence of a remarkable treaty made in 1846. In December of that year the United States ratified a treaty with New Grenada, now Colombia, which expressly stated that the United States positively guaranteed the perfect neutrality of the Isthmus, and not only this, but it guaranteed the neutrality, sovereignty, intregrity, and property which Colombia may have and possess over the Isthmus.

At that time California had not been explored and no railroad projected across the Isthmus, yet for no recorded reason, except it may have been some prophetic vision, the United States was made responsible for the preservation of that part of Colombia from invasion. Therefore the energy with which the United States opened transit in 1885. This treaty is so broad in its terms, and so binding on the United States, that Admiral Jouett felt himself justified in going almost any length; still results evinced that he acted with most excellent judgment.

His reputation as "Fighting Jim" (his sobriquet among the men) had a great deal to do with his influence upon the combatants on both sides.

Let us sincerely hope that the United States of Colombia will never draw the United States of America into a war with a European power by reason of this extraordinary treaty. For instance, the French hold almost all the property endangered by stoppage of transit, as it is said they own the Panama Railroad. Can any one imagine how many complications and troubles might be brought to us as a nation if this property should be the call for the United States to send another expedition to the Isthmus ?

V.

Admiral Jouett had relieved Admiral S. B. Luce of the command of the North Atlantic Squadron in September, 1884, serving under the order given in preceding pages. He was promoted to rear-admiral February 19, 1886, to rank from date. He was, June 15 of that year, on the "Tennessee." A New York paper of that date said,—

"Through his energy and activity in carrying out the wishes of the Secretary of the Navy, he opened transit of the Isthmus of Panama last year during the revolution in Colombia in March, 1885. The bishop of Costa Rica, who resided in Panama during the revolution, called him the 'saviour of the Isthmus,' and John Bigelow, while at Aspinwall, thanked him, in the name of the merchants of New York, for the promptness with which he brought about the opening.

"Admiral Jouett will haul down his flag—hoisted on board the United States flag-ship 'Tennessee,' now at anchor in North River—this morning, and will leave to-day for Washington, where he will

report to Admiral Porter as president of the Naval Board of Inspection and Survey.

"Admiral Jouett has seen, next to Admiral Luce, more sea-service than any other officer on active service in the navy, and for twenty-seven years has been attached to naval ships of war in commission. His shore duty amounts to thirteen years and four months."

A correspondent of the *Boston Traveller*, of the same week, had the following to say about Admiral Jouett, which is very interesting just at this juncture (December, 1895) when there is so much talk of war with England: "There is much comment on the order detaching Admiral Jouett from the North Atlantic Squadron. . . . The talk among naval officers here (Washington) to-day is that the North Atlantic Squadron has been ordered to Portland, Maine, and fishing-grounds. The Department feared that if Admiral Jouett remained in command he might, by his impetuous nature, raise a row with some English vessel. Admiral Jouett had charge of the squadron when it went to Panama, and he kept the belligerent South American republics straight by his firmness and patriotism, but the Navy Department is afraid the same tactics, if employed with England, would be dangerous, and hence have ordered the change. Admiral Jouett is too much of an American to suit this administration."

This last is a fling at Cleveland's first administration.

While this extract is not, perhaps, very reliable in its statements, it goes to show the usual estimate placed on the acts of Admiral Jouett and the general approval of his conduct in his management of the Isthmus expedition.

It would appear from the following resolution that there was on foot some scheme to retire Jouett before this last date, for the records of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Kentucky have this spread on them:

"RESOLUTION NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

"Joint resolution instructing our senators and requesting our representatives in Congress to secure the passage of a bill preventing the retirement of Captain James E. Jouett,[7] of the United States navy.

"WHEREAS, The conspicuous and laudable heroism displayed in battle by Captain James E. Jouett, of the United States navy, on the occasion of his capture of the armed vessel 'Royal Yacht' at Galveston, Texas, on the night of November seventh, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and on the occasion of his capture of the steamer 'Selma,' at Mobile, Alabama, on the eleventh (?) of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, not only won for him the admiration of the people of this commonwealth, in which he was born and reared, but justly entitle him to the thanks of Congress; therefore,

"*Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky*, That our senators in Congress be instructed, and our representatives requested, to use all honorable means to procure the passage of such a bill as will, in proper acknowledg-

[7] His familiar title among his friends there.

ment of his distinguished gallantry on those occasions, prevent his retirement from active service, unless on his own application, until he shall have been fifty-five years in the navy.

"CHAS. OFFUTT,
"*Speaker of the House of Representatives.*
"R. G. HAYS,
"*Pro tem. Speaker of the Senate.*

"Approved March 8, 1886.
"J. PROCTOR KNOTT.
"By the Governor,
"J. H. MCKENZIE,
"*Secretary of State.*"

Rear-Admiral Jouett was chief of staff and marshal of the day to Admiral D. D. Porter, grand marshal, in command of the great naval display in New York harbor, April 29, 1889, the centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States. This brilliant show of the latest (at that time) war-vessels of the navy, as well as some renowned ships of the service, with the yacht clubs and merchant marine, has been too recent to be recorded here save by this mention.

This was the last important service afloat rendered by Admiral Jouett, though he was not retired until February 7, 1890, when by act of Congress he was allowed, for the remainder of his life, full sea pay of his rank,—an honor not bestowed on any other officer, except Vice-Admiral Rowan and Rear-Admiral Worden.

It is observable from these pages that devotion to duty has been Jouett's motto all through his professional life.

With clearness of perception and perfect obedience he aimed to always discharge his orders in the strictest line of duty. To this he brought a celerity of action that made him valuable in executing the wishes of his superiors. His earned reputation for bravery made him a favorite among the men, who esteemed him besides as a thorough sailor. They knew he had spent his boyhood on sailing vessels, where he learned every point in managing a ship, and when he was an executive officer he bore the reputation of being the best sailor in the service,—that is, he knew how to handle the ship to obtain the best results under the varying circumstances of wind and weather. He was quick to see the fine points which the men fully appreciated. As an illustration: for several days and nights he had been pursuing a blockade-runner. As the chase disappeared in a sudden rise of fog, his course by the compass was noted, which the "Metacomet" followed as fast as she dared. While groping thus, the crowing of a cock struck Jouett's ear. Instantly he took its direction by the compass, and, finding no cock on board, altered his course towards the sound, being soon rewarded for his shrewdness by overhauling the enemy.

He was immensely popular among the young officers of the service. His memory constantly recurred to the unnecessary hardships

and annoyances he had passed through, which made him, through sympathy for them, endeavor to spare his juniors all that the service permitted. Hence he had a friend in every officer who served under him. His always genial ways brought cheerfulness wherever he went. His punishments were justice tempered with kindliness.

Married in early life to Miss Galena Stockett, of Maryland (who with an only son has seen his remarkable career), they have enjoyed an ideal married life.

To-day he resides in Washington, where he is a well-known citizen.

Jocund and rotund (but not to obesity), he is the life of every circle he enters,—he seems to efferversce with humor, anecdote, and repartee. Devoted to out-door exercise, he still follows the hounds. Erect, active, and quick, he appears twenty years younger than the threescore and ten that have passed over his head. Respected, admired, and loved, he spends his declining days full of honors, the worthy son of Kentucky, the first and only one to have reached the exalted rank of rear-admiral.

LINES TO JAMES E. JOUETT.

Friendship invokes the song for thee,
  Thou brave and gallant soul;
Thou of the spirit bold and free,
  Who, 'mid the ocean's surging roll,
Finds in the elemental strife
A fitting emblem of thy life.

A mighty heart we claim for thee,
  Place by the sons of chivalry;
Now wear the laurels fair and free
  With better grace and courtesy;
And none deserve a worthier name
In friendship or in battle's flame.

Shoulder to shoulder in the strife
  In the stern battle's dark array,
Where death-shots tolled on many a life,
  We saw thee cleave thy onward way;
Saw with proud hearts the victory won,
The gallant deeds that thou hast done.

Constant to friends as that bright star
  We seek to guide our lonely way;

We feel thy presence, though afar,
While memory's lights around us play,
And always, 'mid the generous cheer,
Wish from our hearts that thou wert here.

THOS. H. STEVENS,
Admiral U.S.N.

APPENDIX.

For the information of those not familiar with the rank attaching to the various grades of office in the navy, a list is here given which will assist in showing them by comparison with the grades in the army.

Admiral, ranking with general in the army.
Vice-admiral, ranking with lieutenant-general in the army.
Rear-admiral, ranking with major-general in the army.
Commodore, ranking with brigadier-general in the army.
Captain, ranking with colonel in the army.
Commander, ranking with lieutenant-colonel in the army.
Lieutenant-commander, ranking with major in the army.
Lieutenant, ranking with captain in the army.
Lieutenant (junior grade), ranking with first lieutenant in the army.
Ensign, ranking with second lieutenant in the army.

COLONEL GEORGE PAYNE JOUETT.

Colonel George Payne Jouett was born in Fayette County, Kentucky, on the 14th day of April in the year 1813. He was the son of Matt Harris Jouett, and the grandson of Captain John Jouett, distinguished as an officer and a patriot of the Revolution, who came to Kentucky about the year 1782, and became distinguished and prominent while Kentucky was yet a dependency of Virginia, and afterwards as a State.

Matt Harris Jouett, the father of Colonel George Payne Jouett, was a cultured gentleman, and became distinguished as an artist; was a genial and elegant gentleman, as lovely in disposition and character as he was handsome in person.

Colonel George Payne Jouett received a classical education at Transylvania University, from which he graduated with the highest honors. After which he studied medicine in his native city, Lexington, Kentucky, with the late Dr. Benjamin Dudley, the most eminent surgeon of his day. After graduating he went to the State of Mississippi and was in active practice with notable success for about two years. Here being largely cut off from congenial associations, and

feeling that the profession of the law would furnish a wider field and one more congenial to his taste, he returned to Kentucky, studied law, and in due time was admitted to the bar thoroughly equipped in his new profession.

Colonel Jouett was a graceful and forcible speaker. He soon had an intelligent clientage and sustained himself as a rising lawyer with a bright future.

While his future was bright and promising, his restless nature made him abandon his profession to engage in the more active pursuits of commercial life. He became interested in steam-boating on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and was actively and successfully engaged when the portentous clouds of civil strife overspread the freest and best government yet known to man. Colonel Jouett did not hesitate; he believed that allegiance to the government was paramount to all else. He helped to raise the Fifteenth Kentucky Infantry and was elected lieutenant-colonel (Colonel Pope), and was engaged actively in the service until the battle of Perryville, sometimes called the battle of Chaplin Hills.

He was killed while gallantly leading a charge, in the fiftieth year of his age. Thus passed away in mature manhood the thorough scholar and elegant gentleman. He was magnetic in manner and loved by all.

The writer can truthfully affirm that he was more universally loved than any other man he knew.

Colonel Jouett in his physical proportions and beauty of symmetry appeared the perfection of man. He was six feet one and a half inches high and weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

A more cultured gentleman or braver knight than Colonel Jouett never wore a plume or drew a sword.

"He fills a soldier's and a patriot's grave on 'Fame's eternal camping ground!'"

CAPTURE OF THE "AMBROSE LIGHT."

A couple of days previous to the occupation of Panama, April 22, 1885, the "Alliance" sailed from Aspinwall for Cartagena to take Lieutenant Very on a confidential mission to General Santo Domingo Vila, President of the State of Panama, commanding the national forces on the Atlantic coast, who had communicated his intention of coming to the Isthmus with a portion of his army. When off Savanilla at sea, a brigantine was sighted under full sail, which, as she came up, first showed Haytian and then Colombian colors. A blank cartridge was fired, when she hauled down the Colombian colors and hoisted what was afterwards found to be the flag of the revolution, a red cross on a white field, but did not heave to. A shot was then thrown across her bows, when she hove to and was boarded. She was found to be an

American built vessel, but with no papers (American) later than June 30, 1884, although she had been in Boston, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1885. It appeared that she had been sold to one Pedro Lara, styling himself civil and military chief of Barranquilla, a province of the State of Bolivar, and by him commissioned as a man-of-war, and armed with a 32-pound carronade. Knowing that no governor of a State, and much less the governor of a province, had authority to commission a vessel of war to cruise on the high seas, Commander Clark seized her as a pirate under paragraph 18, page 137, of the United States Navy Regulations and by the authority of various precedents and rulings granted by Wharton, Vattet, Woolsey, and others. As she had on board seventeen officers and thirty-seven men of the revolutionary army, Commander Clark took them with their arms and ammunition on board the "Alliance" for safe keeping, put a prize crew on board the brig under command of Lieutenant Wright, and sent her to Aspinwall, where she arrived on the 26th of April.

After lying in harbor until May 7, the "Ambrose Light" with a prize crew and some of her own crew as witnesses, under Lieutenant Wright, was ordered to New York for adjudication by the Admiralty Courts. She sailed on May 11 for that port.

"SAVANILLA, U. S. C., June 6, 1885.

"GENERAL FELIPÉ PEREZ,

"*Commander-in-Chief of the forces at Barranquilla:*

"SIR,—My mission to Barranquilla at this time is wholly in the interests of peace and order, and, presuming somewhat on the very friendly diplomatic and commercial relations which exist between your own beautiful and fertile country and the United States, I am making a sincere and earnest effort to effect a peaceful settlement of the difficulties now existing between the political parties in Colombia. Permit me to say that my country cannot recognize any political party, and that any efforts which I may make on the part of my government are meant to be in the interests of Colombia, as a nation friendly to the United States. I feel authorized to say that nothing will give greater satisfaction to the government of the United States of America than that there shall be a peaceful settlement of the troubles in Colombia, and that with the return of peace the extensive commercial relations between the two countries, which have been so long interrupted, shall be renewed to the mutual benefit of both. I have communicated to Dr. Nunez, President of the United States of Colombia, through General Miguel Montoya, governor of Panama, my desire to do all in my power to effect a peaceful settlement between the two contending parties in the vicinity of Barranquilla, and have expressed to him my belief that there should be, on the part of each, such generous concessions as would make a settlement possible.

"In reply to my communication, Dr. Nunez has authorized me to use my good offices as a mediator between the two parties, and has informed me by telegram on what terms a settlement can be made.

"One of the conditions stated by Dr. Nunez is that the government of Colombia cannot initiate the negotiations for a settlement, although at the same time it is ready to grant ample security for life and property on the condition that the arms and munitions of war are surrendered to the national government. Under the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed it was necessary to have some representative on the part of the national government who could offer the terms indicated by Dr. Nunez, and Dr. Justo Arosemena, a well-known and honorable citizen of this republic, has volunteered to act as such representative, and his services in that capacity have been accepted by General Matteus, who now commands the national forces at Cartagena.

"Dr. Arosemena is now with me on board the United States flagship 'Tennessee,' and has written fully to some prominent person of your party, and given him much more full information than I can give.

"Permit me to add, in conclusion, that my own personal desire is to do all that is possible and proper for me to do to assist in bringing to your country peace and prosperity, and to avoid further and, I believe, useless bloodshed.

"With this end in view I shall remain for the present at Savanilla, with the 'Tennessee,' awaiting your reply to this communication. At the same time I shall be most happy to receive you, or any representatives which you may appoint, on board this vessel.

"Believe me, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAS. E. JOUETT,

"*Rear-Admiral United States Navy, commanding United States Naval Forces on North Atlantic Station.*"

"NORTH ATLANTIC STATION,
"U. S. FLAG-SHIP 'TENNESSEE,' FIRST RATE,
"OFF SAVANILLA, U. S. C., June 10, 1885.

"DR. JUSTO AROSEMENA:

"SIR,—This endeavor to secure peace to Colombia without further bloodshed has been brought about by my request, made to the President of Colombia on the 23d of May last. I have taken much personal trouble and have made constant exertions to attain a peaceable settlement between the contending parties. The terms which the government of Colombia will grant have been communicated to me by the government, and are as follows:

"First. The arms and munitions of war must be surrendered to the general commanding the national forces on the Atlantic coast.

"Second. Provided the arms are surrendered by the party now opposing the government, the government will guarantee security in person and property and immunity from prosecution, except for common crimes.

"These efforts to secure peace are made entirely at my solicitation, and not by the expressed desire of the government of Colombia. I wish to say, therefore, that I regard the present situation in a military sense entirely, and I believe that it should be treated with a view to immediate and material results, the very first of which should be to relieve your country from the curse of war, with all its consequent evils. Afterwards business will revive, bringing its revenues to your country, so rich in all its natural advantages; the confidence of foreign nations in Colombia will be restored, and political matters can be settled by calmer and more appropriate councils than are possible now. I believe that an attempt to do more than I have mentioned, at this time, will only aggravate the situation by bringing about an uncertain state of affairs worse than honorable warfare. Business will be held in check, a large military force kept in comparative idleness, and a general feeling of insecurity will continue. In my position of mediator, which I have sought, and with an extreme desire to use my good offices for the common good of the country, I cannot advise a delay in a settlement. Delays are dangerous. The question ought to be definitely settled now, and I beg that you will do this. I cannot conscientiously approve any other course, for I believe that it can have no practical result.

"Moreover, the government has already stated definitely the terms on which a settlement can be made. Upon the condition of a surrender, it will give guarantees in certain other matters. The first act must be an acknowledgment of the national government; otherwise, it cannot in honor treat, and it certainly cannot submit to dictation. If those who are now in arms against the government can agree to a surrender, I will exert all the influence that I can bring to bear to secure for them such political privileges and consideration as may be possible. The government should be requested to grant such consideration in a paper distinct and separate from the present treaty. This I will support and solicit its favorable consideration from the government. I believe that everything asked will be accorded. As I have been acting by the direction of my government in the interest of law and order it has so happened that my operations have favored the legitimate government of Colombia at times, especially on the Isthmus. I believe that this government will make a request for privileges, which I support with solicitation; and, furthermore, if the party now in arms against the government, by giving up its very considerable military strength now, thus relieves the government of the necessity of carrying on the war and restores its credit abroad, it can well afford to be considerate afterwards.

"This it could not do if obliged to prolong the war, and further exhaust the country's resources. Besides, I do not believe that another occasion as favorable as the present for a settlement can present itself. I certainly cannot participate in any attempt at an arrangement, and I may be called away at any time.

"Therefore, with sincere good will to your whole country, believing that I represent the wish of my own country and the cause of humanity, I beg that you will make a settlement possible now. By this means the blessings of peace can be secured at once, while at the same time you will maintain the national honor of Colombia, and I believe best promote every good cause.

"The national government has given ample power to carry out a treaty on the basis of a surrender, and if this surrender is made and the treaty can take effect at once, when approved by the chief of the armies, before the military situation changes, I will guarantee that, as far as in my power, it shall be strictly complied with.

"I enclose a copy of the request which I made to the President of Colombia on the 23d of May last.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"JAS. E. JOUETT,

"*Rear-Admiral, commanding U. S. Naval Forces on North Atlantic Station.*"

TREATY OF PEACE.

Through the mediation and initiation of Rear-Admiral James E. Jouett, U. S. A., and by virtue of Article 91 of the National Constitution, the undersigned, to-wit, Justo Arosemena and Daniel Hernandez, the first authorized, at his own solicitation, by the general commanding the national forces in the Atlantic States, and the second by the general-in-chief of the opposing forces, General Pedro J. Sarmiento, have agreed to the following:

ARTICLE I.

Hostilities shall cease on the part of both; and in consequence, constitutional rule and the validity of individual rights shall be reestablished throughout the nation as well as in the States. No one, therefore, shall be prosecuted in any form or manner for his political acts (compromises) in the present war, nor shall there prevail in any part of Colombia any government which may not be constitutional. Those individuals who have taken part in the revolution cannot be called to the office of presidencies of States during the present respective periods, whatever may have been their title to it.

SECTION 1.—Common crimes committed during the state of war shall be judged and punished as required by the laws.

SECTION 2.—The legitimacy of the government of the state of Santander shall be determined by Congress.

ARTICLE II.

As soon as the present treaty shall be approved by the chiefs of the respective armies, and with the guarantee given by Rear-Admiral Jouett, which is accepted for its fulfillment, the arms and munitions of war which are now in the possession of the revolutionary forces situated in the states of the coast, shall be surrendered and the fulfillment of its stipulations will commence. The said surrender shall be made to the commander-in-chief of national forces on the coast, General Juan N. Matteus, or to the person whom he may designate.

ARTICLE III.

The national government shall be obliged to transfer immediately the disarmed individuals of the revolutionary forces to the ports of the states to which said individuals belong.

ARTICLE IV.

Besides the respective commissioners, Rear-Admiral James E. Jouett, of the United States navy, signs this treaty as a witness to it and a guarantee for its fulfillment.

ARTICLE V.

The present treaty shall be submitted for their approval to the chiefs who appointed the commissioners.

Made and signed in triplicate on board the man-of-war "Tennessee," in the Bay of Savanilla, this tenth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

JUSTO AROSEMENA.
DANIEL HERNANDEZ.
JAS. E. JOUETT,
Rear Admiral U. S. N.

(*Copy.*)

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, March 31, 1896.

"SIR,—In reply to your verbal inquiry made of the Department as to the largest number of men and ships commanded at any one time under command of a naval officer in foreign waters, I herewith transmit to you information regarding the same as appears on the records of the Department.

"By the Department's order of June 16, 1885, it was directed that, in view of the short distance across the Isthmus of Panama, and in order to prevent any misunderstanding in the matter, the duty of preserving the transit should be in the hands of the senior officer present,

either at Aspinwall or Panama, without regard to squadron. Under this order, Rear-Admiral J. E. Jouett, commanding the North Atlantic Station in April, 1885, had command of the six vessels composing his own squadron, carrying one hundred and thirty-one officers and twelve hundred and forty-nine men; also the two vessels of the Pacific Squadron, then at Panama, carrying thirty-six officers and four hundred men, and of a force under Commander McCalla, sent down by mail steamer for duty on the Isthmus, composed of thirty-two officers and eight hundred men, making a total of two thousand six hundred and forty-eight officers and men.

"The squadron commanded by Commodore M. C. Perry in Mexican waters in January, 1848, consisted of twenty-seven vessels, carrying two thousand five hundred and sixty-one officers and men.

"The squadron commanded by Commodore T. Ap Catesby Jones, operating against California and Mexico on the Pacific side, consisted of twelve vessels, carrying a total of three thousand one hundred and twenty-five officers and men.

"The squadron assembled in Paraguayan waters, under Flag-Officer W. B. Shubrick, in 1859, consisted of nineteen vessels, with a total of two thousand one hundred and fifty-nine officers and men.

"The squadron assembled at Key West, Florida, in the spring of 1874, under Rear-Admiral A. Ludlow Case, with a view to operating, if necessary, in Spanish waters, consisted of twenty-seven vessels, with a total of six thousand five hundred and sixty-two officers and men.

"During the Mexican War, Commodore Perry landed, at Tabasco, eleven hundred men.

"Very respectfully,

(Signed) "W. McADOO,

"*Acting Secretary.*

"REAR-ADMIRAL J. E. JOUETT, U.S.N.,

"1313 S Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C."

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH THE CHEYENNES.

THE latest blossoming of our Indian policy, as exemplified in the case of "Dull Knife's" band of the Northern Cheyennes, has attracted wide-spread attention, and not a little adverse comment. It exhibits, in epitome, the baneful consequences that must ever attend the working of a system of divided responsibility in the conduct of Indian affairs. Not being in possession of sufficiently authentic and detailed information on which to base an intelligent judgment, I shall not attempt to impute blame to either the civil or military officials connected with this affair; indeed, had I such information, I should have neither the disposition nor the right to criticise or find fault, my purpose and only legitimate province in this paper being to jot down for the entertainment of the readers of the UNITED SERVICE some experiences of my own with the Northern Cheyennes in times gone by, when Dame Fortune was more benign to them than she has proved of late. I cannot, in passing, however, restrain expression to the thought, that has doubtless occurred to many of us, of how great the pity is that gallant soldiers, the peers of the best humanitarians in all the refinement and susceptibilities that belong to gentlemen, should be compelled by the stern requirements of duty to turn their arms, under such circumstances as attend this occurrence, against a people whose wild love of liberty and home could make them do and dare and die so bravely as have these Cheyennes.

In the spring of 1871 the Fourteenth Infantry, of which I was then the lieutenant-colonel, was ordered to Forts Laramie and Fetterman, in the Territory of Wyoming, the regimental head-quarters, with six companies, going to the former post, and I, with the remaining four companies, to the latter. Fort Fetterman, named for the gallant but unfortunate officer who, with his entire command, was slaughtered by the Sioux Indians, near Fort Phil Kearney, in 1866, is situated at the junction of La Prêle Creek and the North Platte River, and was, at the time of which I speak, the extreme outpost of the Platte River region. Fort Laramie was eighty miles distant, in a southeasterly direction, but, for all that, was our nearest neighbor; and Medicine Bow Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad, ninety miles to the south-

west, was the nearest point to us touched by that great artery of travel and commerce. We had a mail once a week, which we got by sending a party to Horseshoe Creek, half-way between us and Fort Laramie, where it was met by a similar party from the latter post, between whom our outgoing and incoming mails were exchanged. We had, besides, telegraphic connection with Fort Laramie, and with department headquarters at Omaha.

At this time we were, nominally, at peace with all of the Northwestern tribes. This peace was not exactly of the kind that politicians habitually denominate "profound," but was rather a one-sided affair, in which we were to presume all Indians to be peacefully inclined until the contrary was shown; a principle that did not operate beneficently as to parties that might meet the copper-colored gentry at the moment their savagery—emotional, like the insanity of the modern murderer—got the better of their plighted faith.

The situation of Fort Fetterman made it a convenient house of call for roving bands of the Ogallalah Sioux, the Northern Arapahoes, and the Northern Cheyennes; the latter two tribes, although claimed by Red Cloud to belong to his jurisdiction, and therefore appurtenant to his agency, repudiating such claim, had been allowed by the government to receive their supplies at Fetterman, and the post had therefore become practically their agency, and its commanding officer *ex officio* their agent.

I had been in command at Fetterman but a short time, when one day runners came in bringing intelligence that "Little Wolf," one of the three headmen of the Cheyennes—the other two being "Turkey Legs" and "Dull Knife"—would arrive the next day with the larger part of the tribe, who were returning from their great autumn hunt in the Powder River country. And the next day, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, the sentinel whose beat commanded a view up the valley of the Platte reported the approach of Indians. Although still some miles away, we could easily, by aid of field-glasses, separate what to the unaided eye seemed only a dark moving mass into its constituents of warriors, squaws, children, ponies, and dogs. The column came on, moving slowly, but with such order and precision as gave token of skilled leadership and soldierly discipline. Arrived near the post, a halt was called, and immediate dispositions made for camping, the labor involved falling, as all labor does among savages, upon the women. The unloading of the ponies and their picketing out, the erection of the "tepees," the carrying in and stowing away of the bundles of robes, bags of pemmican (strings of dried meat), and the few utensils employed in culinary operations, that constitute the *impedimenta* of Indian marching, all devolve upon the squaw. Leaving the women to their labors, Little Wolf, accompanied by a select few of his warriors, came up to the post for a talk with the commanding officer, stopping on his

way at the log cabin just outside the fort, where lived our guide and interpreter, Joe Merival, "Old Joe," as he was popularly called, whose services were indispensable on all occasions of council or talk. Joe was a grizzled Mexican, whose whole life had been spent among the Indians, formerly as a trapper, but for many years in the capacity he held at Fetterman, of guide and interpreter. Joe was a character, and his dialect was something all his own. Indeed, until use made it familiar and to some degree intelligible, his speech needed interpreting nearly as much as that of the Indians themselves. One of Joe's dialectic peculiarities was the excision or clipping off of the last syllables of words, as though he disapproved of redundancy, and boldly rejected what he regarded as surplusage in language. For example, "Bible" with Joe became "bibe," and "you ain't the Bibe" was Joe's mode of telling one with whom he differed in opinion that he was not infallible. Joe was also indifferent to gender, and habitually spoke of woman—"gooman" he called her—as "he." On one occasion he was telling a party of officers about a game of *monte* he once saw in Mexico, and was illustrating how deftly the dealer cheated the players. "But, Joe," said one of the officers, "I should have thought they would have knifed him." "Oh, no, no," said Joe; "*he* was a gooman." Well, Little Wolf, having secured Joe's services, came to my office, and filing in with his dusky aids, each as they entered shaking my hand and ejaculating "how," he took a proffered chair, while the others ranged themselves around the walls of the room, squatting or sitting on the floor. The Indian in council is the most deliberate of mortals, and beyond uttering his "how" on entering—and that is not invariable—not a word will he speak until the pipe has been produced, slowly filled with kinikinnik, passed to the end man at the right, by him lighted, devotionally tendered, first, by a downward gesture, to Mother Earth, and then, by an upward one, to the Great Spirit above, then a whiff or two taken, and the pipe handed to the next man towards the left, who, repeating the proceedings of the first, hands it to his left-side neighbor, and so on till its circuit of the assemblage is completed. At least once, often twice or three times, the pipe makes its rounds before the talking begins. Then the chief, or headman, of the party rises, offers his hand to the person he is about to address, says "how," and begins his speech. On this occasion, Little Wolf, after telling me that he was glad to see me, and "that his heart was good towards me," went on to say that they had had a prosperous hunt in the fall, and had procured a large supply of skins, which they had dressed, and were now anxious to trade for the various articles of use and ornament that suit the Indian taste. Besides our regular post trader, there had gathered near the post a number of others provided with Indian goods, in anticipation of this coming in of the Cheyennes, and Little Wolf wanted me to say what rules should be observed in dealing with them. He informed me that he had "made

soldiers,"—equivalent to posting sentinels,—and that none but those I saw with him would be permitted to leave their village, or camp, till he had my permission to open trade. Having listened to what I had to say in reply, and receiving permission to make the best bargains he could, and with whom he chose, he and his companions took their departure, and spent the rest of the day in stalking solemnly about from one trader's camp to another, getting from each of the competing dealers a "feast," consisting mainly of coffee and crackers, and receiving at the same time proposals for their robes and other peltry. The next day Little Wolf gave his people loose rein, and they were soon everywhere about the post. Many of the women and children, more curious than avaricious, dropping out of the crowds that pressed around the counters of the post trader, would come up to the officers' quarters and hang for hours about the windows, peering in, and frequently flattening their noses against the panes to get a more satisfactory view of our interior life, which seemed to possess for them irresistible attraction. Most of our ladies were sufficiently familiar with Indians not to be seriously alarmed by their presence, but to the more timid and nervous among them the sudden apparition of an aged crone, whose hand, no doubt, had often brained or scalped the white victim of Indian savagery, would be far from exhilarating. Others of the Indian women, however, were not a whit behind their sisters of the pale-face in their propensity for "shopping," and would stand hour after hour, ranged two and three deep, along the counters in the post trader's store-house, feasting their eyes on the bright beads and parti-colored calicoes and flannels with which his shelves were loaded, producing from time to time, for the purposes of barter, a buffalo tongue, dried and cured, or a dressed skin of some of the smaller objects of the chase, which, up to that moment, had been carefully hidden somewhere about their persons. Some of them on this occasion perpetrated a fraud on the post trader that for a time gave promise of largely increasing their personal estate at his expense. In the rush of business, which he was taking at its flood, he and his assistants had no time to make any orderly disposition of the wares he was receiving, and, as fast as gathered in, the buffalo tongues and peltry were tossed under the counters, discovering which, some of the Indian women managed quietly to detach one of the boards forming the front of the counter, and, reaching in, would abstract the wares already once paid for and unblushingly "swap" them again.

From this time forth, during nearly my whole stay at Fetterman, I had a good deal of experience with the Cheyennes. Every five days, when they were in the neighborhood, they came in to receive their rations, the issuing of which nearly always had to be prefaced by a council or talk, the object of which, however it might at first be masked by a pretense of other business, generally proved to be a demand for an increased supply of subsistence stores. For a long time they insisted

that I was not giving them credit for the number of people they had, and, to prove it, they would bring to the councils a bundle of small sticks of uniform size and length, which constituted their census, each stick counting for a person, and they thought it very hard that I would not accept this return as final and conclusive. I invariably told them that whenever they would submit to be counted I would increase the number of their rations if my enumeration proved their claim to be well founded; but, until such time, I would adhere to the existing practice of estimating their number from the number of "tepees" or lodges constituting their village. In common, I believe, with Indians generally, they were averse to being counted, whether because of some superstition or because their actual number being once ascertained it would not be so easy to magnify it on occasion, I do not know. However, they finally yielded, and at an appointed time they formed a great circle in a grassy spot just across the Platte, and, accompanied by my adjutant and quartermaster and the interpreter, I rode over, and, passing slowly around inside the circle, made my count, while each of my companions made his, and when we were through we compared and verified our several enumerations. The result was that they were found to have a considerably greater number than I had been issuing to. On this occasion the whole Northern Cheyenne tribe were present, with the exception of one small band whose numbers were pretty accurately known, and as this was the first time that an actual enumeration of them had been successfully attempted, the information obtained was not without value.

Of the three headmen of the Cheyennes, Dull Knife was, I think, greatly the superior. Tall and lithe in form, he had the face of a statesman or church dignitary of the grave and ascetic type. His manner of speech was earnest and dignified, and his whole bearing was that of a leader weighted with the cares of state. Little Wolf had a less imposing presence, but looked more the soldier than the statesman. Turkey Legs looked his character, which was a very bad one. His appearance was mean and forbidding, and bespoke the very incarnation of treachery and cruelty. The ascetic-looking Dull Knife was, however, not superior to a fondness for sweets. Somebody about the post had given him once a can of preserved pine-apple, and this he had found so toothsome that he resolved if possible to have it included in the issue of rations made to him. Accordingly, the next issue day, he told Joe that he wanted him to ask the colonel for some pine-apple. Joe told him that it was useless to ask for it, as he would only be refused. "You do as I tell you," said Dull Knife. "You ask the colonel for it, and *accident* (Joe, for 'accidentally') he may be in good humor, and may give it to us."

Turkey Legs distinguished himself on one occasion at Fetterman by a wonderfully successful fishing exploit that he and his people accomplished with a seine belonging to one of the companies at the post,

which had been loaned him on condition that all the pickerel he should take with it should go to the company, he retaining such other of the finny denizens of the Platte as might be captured. Taking the seine, the whole band—men, women, and children—proceeded to the river, and selecting a spot where the channel was much narrowed by a projection of the opposite shore, the men, wading in, stretched the seine across the upper end of the narrowed part, while the women and children, mounted on their ponies, formed a line across its lower end, and, closing in upon the party with the seine with a great noise of shouts and splashing of water, they drove the fish into the seine as it was slowly swept shoreward, the *net* result being a take of nine hundred fish, of which the pickerel, the part going to the company, filled a hand-cart to overflowing. Much elated at their success, they were about to repeat the experiment, when Joe, fearful that they would depopulate the stream, forbade further attempt in that direction.

The only hostile act of which any portion of the Cheyennes was guilty during the time the tribe was under my supervision—at least the only one committed anywhere in the region over which the protection afforded by Fort Fetterman could be regarded as extending—was an attack, made by a small party of them, on a quartermaster's wagon-train at La Bontée Creek, twenty-two miles from the post, on the Laramie road, in the month of May, 1872; and the subsequent killing of Sergeant Mularkey of my command, who, being in charge of the mail party *en route* for Horseshoe Creek the same day that the wagon-train was attacked, had incautiously ridden ahead of his party, and, coming upon the Indians just after they had been repulsed in their attack upon the train, fell a victim to their rage and disappointment. In this affair the Indians succeeded in killing the sergeant, taking the mule he rode, and escaping into the hills before his party could come up, the first intimation the latter had of the presence of the hostiles being their coming upon the dead body of the sergeant lying in the road, watched over by a faithful dog that had accompanied him. This was the work of Cheyennes, not, however, of those of them that had been receiving the bounty of the government at Fort Fetterman, but of a small band of irreconcilables under a leader appropriately named "Old Bear," who persisted in maintaining an attitude of hostility towards the whites despite the influence and example of their more tractable brethren. Indeed, the great body of the Cheyennes were on the very day of this occurrence encamped near the post preparing to start for their hunting-grounds on the Powder River, and their presence there materially complicated the solution of the problem as to who were the perpetrators of the Mularkey murder, for Indians never, when it can be avoided, expose themselves with their women and children to the danger of reprisal and retaliation. Their own maxim of conduct being "a life for a life," their presence with their families

near a military post is pretty good *prima facie* evidence of their innocence of any act of killing committed in that immediate neighborhood. The Cheyenne village on this occasion was perfectly commanded by a gun that could at any moment have been trained upon it, hurling destruction and death upon all it contained; and I found it very difficult, therefore, to believe that with such means of retribution menacing them the Cheyennes were the perpetrators of this outrage. Besides the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes were also encamped near the post; so that the same presumption of innocence as to this particular act existed in their case also, thus leaving the Sioux, roving bands of whom were frequently in the neighborhood, obnoxious to the strong suspicion of being the slayers of Mularkey. Having no mounted force, an attempt to find and take up the trail of the hostiles in time to effect a successful pursuit would be futile. I, however, sent for the head-men of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and giving them to understand that I was very angry with Indians generally, asked them if they had anything to say respecting this outrage. They of course denied all participation in or knowledge concerning it. Then, addressing myself to the Cheyennes, I told them that I had reason to think that the party who killed the sergeant had gone up the Powder River road, the same that they were about to move on, and that I should expect them to find out the guilty ones and arrest and bring them back to me, and that they should recover and return to me the mule and equipments. This they finally promised to do if they could. I did not rely very confidently, however, on anything coming of it all, and therefore my surprise was as great almost as was my gratification when, a few days after the Cheyennes had departed, runners from them returned to the post bringing me word from Little Wolf and Dull Knife that they had ascertained that "Old Bear's" band were the perpetrators of the Mularkey murder, and that they intended to catch and punish them, and this was supplemented a few days later by the arrival of little Wolf himself, bringing back the mule the sergeant had ridden. Little Wolf informed me that they had come up with "Old Bear's" party at night, and that his young men had charged their camp and had captured it and the mule, but that "Old Bear" and his followers had escaped. Some of this I took *cum grano salis*, but the substantial fact of the rendition of the mule there was no disputing. Having properly acknowledged this evidence of good faith on their part, I made Little Wolf and his companions a present of some rations, and they set out to rejoin their people.

The most powerful influence operating within our Indian system is that of the traders. From top to bottom of the Indian service its *personnel* from time to time changes,—all except the trader; he is perennial. Theoretically, he too has his time to fall, but practically he stays. His counting-room is the point of radiation of lines of influ-

ence as minute as the capillary ducts of the human body, and as powerful. If *his* Indians go to Washington to visit their Great Father, he goes with them ; the interpreter, who is probably deep in his debt, varies the utterances of the chiefs to suit his purposes, and by his wily machinations he manages to defeat all efforts in behalf of Indians that do not coincide with his interests. My relation to the Cheyennes at Fort Fetterman was detrimental, of course, to the trading interests at the Red Cloud agency, where it was claimed these Indians properly belonged, and unceasing were the efforts made to effect a rupture of that relation. The Cheyennes themselves, although connected with the Sioux by marriage, and generally allied with them in war, were extremely averse to being associated with them in their village life, for the reason that, being weaker in numbers, they were robbed and lorded over by the Sioux, and for the further reason that the principles and the practice of the Sioux in regard to female chastity differed widely, for the worse, from that of the Cheyennes. What the Cheyennes most earnestly desired was the establishment of an agency for themselves, somewhere in the Northern country, or, if that could not be compassed, their continuance under military management at Fort Fetterman. The scheme of the government respecting them was to effect their transfer, peacefully if possible, to a southern reservation, and it was the partial consummation of this scheme that led to the recent tragic events in their history. In all of my councils with them I persistently endeavored to bring their minds to an acceptance of the government scheme of removal to the south, but without much success. Meanwhile, I regarded it as of prime importance that, pending their final disposition, they be kept away from the Red Cloud agency, because I knew that the influences to which they would be subjected there would be opposed to the realization of the government scheme; and, moreover, anticipating the hostilities with the Sioux that have since occurred, I deemed it better military policy, while the Cheyennes should remain in the Northern country, to have them so in hand that we might utilize them as our allies against the Sioux, rather than add them as a reinforcement to the latter. Finding my efforts to induce them to acquiesce in the policy of a removal to the south ineffectual, I tried to persuade them to ask for permission to visit Washington, hoping that, by an interchange of views with the authorities there, either the goverment might succeed in winning them over to acceptance of its scheme, or, if that failed, they might be permitted to have an agency of their own. After repeated refusals to accept this advice they finally adopted it, and, coming to me, asked that I would communicate to the Great Father their request to be allowed to visit Washington; this I immediately did, but the moment was inopportune, for, as it happened, Red Cloud was just then on one of his periodical visits to the capital, accompanied by his retinue of traders and interpreters, and, the request of the Cheyennes being communicated

to him, he was made to say that a delegation from them was unnecessary, that they belonged to him, and that he would represent them. In consequence of this opposition of Red Cloud to their suit the Cheyennes failed to obtain the personal hearing at Washington which they so ardently desired, and which, had it been accorded them, I cannot but think would have resulted happily, both for the government and for them.

Even after my *quasi* agentship had been terminated and both the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had been remitted to the Red Cloud agency for their subsistence and government oversight, they were constantly touching at Fetterman in their journeys to and from the Powder River country and their forays against the Shoshones, and it was seldom that the tepees of members of one or the other of these tribes were not visible near the post. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes got along very peaceably together. The latter were only about half as strong in numbers as the former, and although originally among the most fierce and warlike of the Indians of the plains, they were, much more rapidly than the former, taking on a milder type of manners and character. Their declining numbers had doubtless much to do with this decadence from their pristine eminence in savage traits, and they had among them, moreover, a man whose influence probably operated as an auxiliary towards the same result. The man to whom I allude was "Friday," whose singular history, albeit not falling strictly within the purview of my subject, merits a passing notice. The tribe, many years ago, breaking up their village on the Cimmarron branch of the Arkansas River, divided into two bands, each taking its own direction. Friday was at that time a boy of about seven years of age. By some misadventure he found himself accompanying one band while his parents and family had gone with the other. Upon making this discovery he left the party he was with and started to find the one his parents had accompanied. He lost his way, and wandered about for days in a vain search for the right trail, till at last, overcome by hunger, fatigue, and cold, he lay down, as he supposed, to die. A passing trader found him, however, before life was extinct, and, carrying him to Missouri, turned him over to the Jesuit fathers at St. Louis. By them he was cared for and instructed, with a view to making him, in after-years, a missionary to his people. He proved intelligent and apt, and became a respectable scholar in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. When he had attained the age of sixteen, his parents then for the first having learned his whereabouts, made requisition on the government for him, and with much reluctance, both on his part and on that of the worthy fathers who had so long nurtured him, he was delivered to his parents at a spot near one of the military posts, in what is now the State of Colorado. So little, however, did he enjoy the prospect of a return to the savage life, that as soon as the shades of night had fallen upon the Indian village he stole forth, and

made a break for the camp of the party that had brought him out from the States. His attempt at escape was speedily discovered, and promptly frustrated by pursuit and recapture, and he was compelled to take up again the nomadic life of the plains. Had he been of maturer age at the time of this rendition, or, perhaps, had his character been of tougher fibre, the store of languages, dead and living, and, let us hope, the precepts of religion and morality with which the good fathers had furnished him, might have proved a valuable equipment for effort on his part towards civilizing and Christianizing his people; but, being what he was, only a boy, and sharing with us all that human tendency towards vagabondage that makes descent into savagery much easier than rising out of it, he became what he was when I knew him,—as thoroughly an Indian, to all outward seeming, as any of his companions. Almost his only distinguishing characteristic, beyond his knowledge of English, was a fondness for "fire-water," that could only be regarded as distinctive by reason of the proportions it had attained. And yet, despite all this, I believe, as I intimated before, that unconsciously to himself, and imperceptibly by his people, Friday has been an auxiliary of no mean effect in toning down the savagery of the tribe, and so rendering them somewhat more amenable to civilizing influences. The Arapahoes at the time of which I speak were without a recognized chief, their headship being divided between Friday and a splendid specimen of the young Indian brave named "Black Coal." The two called one day at my quarters on some business just as I had finished dinner, and as I was alone at the time, my family having gone to the States, I invited them to eat, an invitation which an Indian as invariably accepts as does that approximate congener of his,—civilization's latest human product,—the tramp. My man of all work reset the table with the same attention to detail that he would have given it had my guests been in velvet and ermine instead of blankets and paint. Whether influenced thereto by a sentiment of respect for the aborigines, a hope that he might be gratefully remembered should the vicissitudes of war ever cast him upon their tender mercies, or simply by the fact of their being his master's guests, I could not say. Black Coal watched his proceedings with an expression of countenance that seemed to indicate an uneasy feeling in his mind, which, had it found vent in words, would probably have formulated itself into "heap dishes, mighty little grub," the to him unfamiliar display of china, glass, and cutlery giving forth a somewhat chilly aspect that was but faintly relieved by the piece of butter, midway of the table, which constituted all the food in sight, pending the warming up of the joint and vegetables. Friday's reminiscences of civilized ways enabled him to possess his soul in patience until the board, duly set, was ready to receive him and his companion, when he still further indicated the training of his youth by displaying a perfect familiarity with the several table articles and their uses, while

Black Coal was much hampered in the appeasing of his appetite by the necessity he was under of learning by observation of his more accomplished friend the mode of using the knives and forks and spoons with which civilization has supplemented aboriginal fingers.

My last council with the Cheyennes was a stormy one. It was after Fort Fetterman had ceased to be their appointed base of supplies that one day about five hundred of them came in, hungry and cross, asking for food. At the beginning of the council they were glum and moody, but not insolent. I received them kindly, but told them that I could not issue rations to so large a number of them without first obtaining the permission of the Great Father at Washington, as it was no longer intended that they should be subsisted at Fetterman, but at the Red Cloud agency, all of which they perfectly well understood. I further said to them that, as they seemed to be really suffering for food, I would ask the Great Father, by telegraph, for permission to issue them bread and beef sufficient to subsist them *en route* to the agency; that I might receive a reply that afternoon, but that possibly it would be delayed till next morning; that I would see them again in the afternoon and tell them whether I had received an answer to my dispatch or not. At the time for the reassembling of the council in the afternoon no reply had been received, and upon my informing them of this fact they began to manifest a very ugly spirit. Two of their young men had been killed by whites just previous to this, between Fort Laramie and the railroad, and one of their speakers commenced arraigning me and the whites generally for this offense, his harangue finding great acceptance with his companions, who, by their grunts of applause and angry looks, were evidently being worked up to a high pitch of excitement. When he had finished, I replied to him that the young men who were killed were stealing cattle, and had no business to be where they were under any circumstances; furthermore, that I had an unsettled account with them in the matter of my sergeant, whom their people had killed. To this they vouchsafed no immediate reply, but one of them, rising with great excitement of manner, ejaculated somewhat after this fashion: "What are you doing in this country, anyhow? You come here and kill our game; you cut our grass and chop down our trees; you break our rocks" (prospecting for mines), "and you kill our people. This country belongs to us, and we want you to get out of it." Joe having got thus far in his interpreting, I stopped him, and directed him to tell the Indians that I had heard all that I proposed to listen to of that kind of talk, and that if they were not more civil I would turn them off the reservation, and if they ever set foot on it again I should treat them as enemies. The aspect of affairs at this juncture was threatening; the Indians were all armed, while the few of us who were present were unarmed; they were angry and excited, and, except for a diversion which most opportunely occurred, serious results might have ensued. But, fortunately,

just at this moment the telegraph operator came in and handed me a reply to my dispatch, authorizing me to issue the bread and beef. Transferring it to Joe, I told him to interpret it to the Indians. The effect was magical, and strongly controverted the traditional stoicism that they are credited with, for no sooner did they learn the contents of the dispatch than all their sullenness disappeared, smiles took the place of scowls, they crowded around me and the other officers present with a general shaking of hands and ejaculations of "how," and one enthusiastic brave, seizing my hand, intimated to me his opinion that the killing of my sergeant and of their two young men about balanced matters in that line, and that we ought now to drop the subject.

This, as I have said, was my last council with the Cheyennes. The Sioux were becoming restive, and the greed of traders, made potential by the unfortunate system, at the core of which it nestles like the "worm in the bud," had forced the Cheyennes to amalgamate with them, and undergo conversion from peaceful wards and possible allies of the government to active and relentless foes. Now, nearly eight years since the incidents I have narrated, old Dull Knife lies stark and stiff among the Nebraska bluffs, his warriors are either dead or in irons, the widows of his braves find refuge with their sisters of the Sioux, and Little Wolf plays the avenger among the ranchmen of the Niobrara.

GEORGE A. WOODWARD,
Colonel U.S.A.

THE WORLD BENEATH THE OCEAN.[1]

THE book which Dr. Nansen is writing for Archibald Constable & Co., descriptive of his recent expedition, will be eagerly awaited by all who are interested in the study of oceanography. In the somewhat discursive and, to all appearance, hastily written papers which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* the Norwegian explorer only touched lightly on the observations which he had made in connection with this subject. We learn, however, that he took a large number of soundings, and concluded, from the remarkable absence of organic life in the samples brought up from the bottom, that the existing views as to the nature of ocean-bed deposits will have to be modified. No doubt the majority of these soundings were taken with reliable sounding machinery, and not by a line running over a block and recovered by hand, as represented in the sketch accompanying his paper. A word will be said later in this article with regard to the depths and temperatures which he gives.

All observations that add to our knowledge of ocean depths and deposits are of special interest at the present time, when a conference is being held at the Colonial Office concerning the laying of a Pacific cable in depths which will exceed those of the deepest cable already laid, and in deposits of which no practical experience has been gained. It is only since surveys of the sea bottom were first undertaken for the purposes of submarine telegraphy that any knowledge has been gained of the world beneath the ocean. A certain acquaintance, it is true, with marine animals in shallow waters has long existed, and Aristotle, who mentions one hundred and eighty species in the Ægean Sea, is familiar to the student of natural history in connection with the masticatory organ of the Echinus, or sea-hedgehog, called after the great philosopher "Aristotle's Lantern." Some four hundred years later, Pliny the Elder enumerates one hundred and seventy-six species, which, although four less than Aristotle's list, seemed to afford the gossipy old naturalist very lively satisfaction. "One must allow," he says, "that it is quite impossible to comprise every species of terrestrial animal in one general view for the information of mankind, and yet, by Her-

[1] Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century* by permission of the Leonard Scott Publishing Company of New York, the American publishers.

cules! in the sea and ocean, vast as it is, there exists nothing that is unknown to us; and—a truly marvelous fact—it is with those things which nature has concealed in the deep that we are best acquainted." Pliny's self-congratulatory vein would have been brought to a speedy termination if he had known that the complete list included five hundred thousand species, though it is only fair to say that four hundred thousand of them are organisms very low down in the scale of nature.

The discovery of America and the extended voyages which followed it stimulated interest in matters connected with the ocean. Sir John Hawkins, the great Elizabethan admiral, believed that if it were not for the movement of the sea by tides and winds, it would corrupt the world. This theory was based on an experience off the Azores, where he was becalmed six months. He relates that the sea was filled with serpents, adders, and snakes, three to six feet long, "some green, some black, some yellow, some white," and so numerous "that hardly a man could draw a bucket clear of some corruption." Is it possible that this account suggested Coleridge's well-known lines in the *Ancient Mariner?*—

> The very sea did rot; O Christ!
> That ever this should be!
> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy sea.

No scientific attempts to take deep-sea soundings were made before the seventeenth century. Then Hooke employed a sphere of wood, well pitched and varnished, which was sunk by a sphere of iron attached to it by a spring hook. On reaching the bottom the sphere of wood became released and rose to the surface, the depth of the sounding being calculated by a formula from the interval between the time when it was let go and the time when it appeared again. In 1733, two members of the Royal Society, Dr. Stephen Hales and Dr. Desaguliers, invented a sounder consisting of a glass vessel in which stood a gauge-tube, the top of which was hermetically sealed, while the bottom was immersed in mercury, covered with a thin film of treacle. The mode of sinking, as in Hooke's sounder, was by a weight, which became detached on reaching the bottom. The pressure of the water forced the mercury up the glass gauge-tube, and the treacle marked the highest point reached. The depth was calculated by Boyle's law of pressure. A hollow sphere attached to the top of the glass vessel caused it to rise to the surface when the weight was released. This contrivance of the two learned doctors acted very well in shallow water, where there was little current, but would have been useless in great depths, where the pressure would burst the hollow sphere, or in currents strong enough to carry it out of sight. The interest of their invention

lies in the fact that it anticipated by some hundred and fifty years Lord Kelvin's sounding tube, which depends on the same principle, and which is of such great service in modern navigation.

Little advance was made in oceanography during the eighteenth century, but in 1818 Sir John Ross in his famous arctic expedition brought up living specimens from a depth of one thousand and fifty fathoms,[2] by means of a hemp line and a deep-sea clamm, resembling in appearance a self-acting pair of tongs, with large spoon-shaped ends. This achievement was regarded with suspicion by eminent zoologists, and as late as 1859 Edward Forbes, in his "Natural History of European Seas," insisted on the theory that animal life could not exist at greater depths than three hundred or four hundred fathoms. The theory was destined to receive a rude shock the following year in the course of some soundings taken by H. M. S. "Bulldog" over a proposed route for the Atlantic cable. During the first portion of the voyage the specimens recovered from the sea bottom were of little interest. But at length striking results were obtained from a sounding in twelve hundred and sixty fathoms. One can judge of the scientific enthusiasm which the problem aroused by the tone in which Dr. Wallich, the chief naturalist on board, describes the occasion: "That single sounding, I may be permitted to say, compensated for every disappointment that weather and accident may have previously engendered. At the eleventh hour, and under circumstances the most unfavorable for searching out its secrets, the deep has sent forth the long-coveted message."

This message consisted of thirteen starfishes, which had become attached to the end of the line, as it rested for a short time on the ocean bed. Its announcement was followed by a storm of controversy among the scientific men of the day. The idea of a bathymetric line, or life-zero, below which animal existence could not be supported was not easily abandoned by the partisans of Edward Forbes. They declared that the starfishes came from a higher layer of water, and had "convulsively embraced" the line on its way from the bottom. But the question was settled beyond all doubt in the latter part of the same year, when a Mediterranean cable, which Professor Fleeming Jenkin hooked from a depth of over one thousand fathoms for the purpose of repair, came up with evidences of animal life encrusted on its sheathing.

Meanwhile, the science of deep-sea sounding had made considerable advances owing to a contrivance invented in 1854 by Brooke, an officer in the United States navy. Hitherto no sinking weight had been attached to the sounder, and in great depths the increased friction on

[2] One fathom being six feet, one thousand fathoms is slightly more than one and one-eighth of a statute mile. Throughout this paper depths and lengths are given in statute, not in nautical, miles.

the line made the rate of descent so slow that on reaching the bottom there was no perceptible diminution in the speed of running out, the line continuing to descend by its own weight. On one occasion Captain Denham paid out seven thousand seven hundred and six fathoms, or eight and three-quarters miles, without getting bottom, and from another ship over eight thousand three hundred fathoms, or ten miles, of line were lowered with the same result. Brooke's invention depended on the same principle as that employed by Hooke two hundred years previously,—namely, that of a heavy weight to sink the sounder, the weight becoming detached automatically on reaching the bottom. The difference in the two methods consists in the fact that, instead of a sphere of wood, Brooke used a metal tube, which was lowered and recovered by means of a hemp line. The weight was a large shot or cannon ball with a hole through the centre, by which it was passed over the sounding tube, and suspended in that position by hanging from two metal arms pivoted to the top of the tube. These arms were attached by a looped cord to the hemp line, and during descent were kept upright by the weight of the sounder. On reaching the bottom the strain was removed, the two arms dropped, and the weight slipped off, leaving the sounder free to return by itself.

But, in spite of the heavy weights employed, hemp lines could not be relied upon in deep water where strong currents were present, and in the case of the Gulf Stream it was found almost impossible to get bottom with them. Accordingly, in 1872, Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, made some experiments with the view of replacing hemp by wire. As far back as 1838 wire had been used for sounding purposes, but it was of so heavy a type that no indication of reaching the bottom could be observed. The type employed by Lord Kelvin was ordinary piano-forte wire, and proved a complete success. The kind now in general use is only one-thirty-third of an inch in diameter, and has a breaking strain of two hundred and seventy pounds, or over nineteen stone, which is, bulk for bulk, eighteen times as great as that of hemp. On account of its smooth surface and small area it offers extremely small resistance to the water, and gives accurate results in the strongest currents. But it is in the recovery that, owing to its small weight, which is only thirteen pounds per mile, the superiority of this wire is most apparent. A length of two thousand fathoms, or two and one-quarter miles, can be wound in—even when the ship has started and is steaming eight or nine knots—in twenty-two minutes,—that is, at the rate of five hundred and forty feet a minute, which is very little slower than the rate of paying out. A similar length of hemp line would take two and one-half hours to recover, and this could only be done when the ship was stationary. In temperature soundings, however, it is unwise to trust to a single wire the weight of a series of thermometers, and for this purpose a wire cable, two

and one-quarter millimetres, or about one-tenth of an inch, in diameter, such as H. S. H. the Prince of Monaco, uses on board the "Princess Alice," is the best.

There have been many different forms of sounders, but the one now used by the Silvertown Cable Company presents the most important features of the majority, and may be taken as a typical one. It is an adaptation of Sigsbee's sounder, and consists of a central tube one and one-half inches in diameter, fitted with valves at the top and bottom, through which the water passes as it descends, but which shut down when it reaches the bottom, and inclose a sample of the bottom water. Beneath this main tube are fixed three smaller ones sixteen inches in length and one-half inch in diameter. These sink into the mud and bring up specimens of it for chemical analysis, to determine if the bottom would be likely to prove injurious to the cable.

The sinkers are usually elliptical in shape, so as to offer the least resistance during descent, and are thirty, forty, or sixty pounds in weight according to the depth anticipated. A hole runs through them lengthways, sufficiently large to allow them to slip over the sounder and to be suspended in that position by a looped wire of soft iron hanging from the hooked lower edge of a joint in the metal top-piece of the sounder. The two edges work with a shearing action like a pair of scissors, but are kept apart during the descent by a small metal catch. On reaching the bottom this catch is released by the slacking of the wire, but when the line is hauled taut again for heaving up, the soft iron wire suspending the weight is cut, and the weight slips off.

Sounding wire is wound on drums two feet in diameter (and consequently about one fathom in circumference) in lengths of two thousand or four thousand fathoms, as required. When first employed for this purpose the wire was not made in more than one-hundred-fathom lengths, and thus, in a piece of two thousand fathoms, there were nineteen joints. These joints were found to be the weak spots in a line; but the difficulty has lately been overcome, and wire can now be drawn in continuous length of seven miles without a single joint. The sounding gear on the Silvertown cable-ships is at the stern, and the drum of wire rests on a metal carriage, which, for paying out, runs to the end of a platform overhanging the water, so that the wire is reeled off the drum directly into the sea. For recovery, the carriage is wheeled back inboard, and the wire is led round a pulley before reaching the drum, so as to take the direct strain off the latter. The pulley is driven by a small engine fixed on the sounding platform, and from it a belt passes up to the drum and causes it to revolve.

Attached to the drum-carriage is an indicator which gives the number of the revolutions of the drum,—that is, the number of fathoms paid out. At the commencement of the sounding the indi-

cator is set at zero, and the time each hundred fathoms takes in running out is noted. This interval gradually increases, owing to the increased friction of the lengthening line and the greater density of deeper water. A hand-brake augments the brake-power to balance the augmented weight of line paid out, so that when the sounder reaches the bottom the fact at once becomes apparent by the sudden slacking of the wire.

In sounding for a cable route it is very useful to get the temperature of the water at the bottom. A high temperature decreases, while a low temperature increases, the conductivity of the copper wire through which the electric current flows, as well as the insulation of its gutta-percha covering. In repairing a cable, the knowledge of the temperature in which it lies enables the electrician to localize the fault with much greater accuracy than if no such data were procurable. Accordingly, when taking a sounding, it is usual to lower a thermometer, attaching it to the line just above the sounder. Several kinds of thermometers are used for the purpose. In the "capsizing thermometer" a metal frame containing the glass tube is pivoted at the bottom inside a larger frame. During descent it is kept in position by a fan-screw, which the movement through the water causes to press down upon the top of it. On the line being hauled upward the action of the screw is reversed, and the inner frame is free to turn upside-down on its pivot. Owing to a contraction in the neck of the bulb, a column of mercury, short or long according to the temperature, breaks off and falls down into the top of the thermometer, giving the temperature on a graduated scale.

Another form of this thermometer is capsized by a weight being sent down the line and falling on a lever. On one occasion a fish, whose curiosity had prompted it to inspect the strange apparatus on its arrival at the bottom, was jammed between the weight and the lever and brought lifeless to the surface. "It seemed hard," was the comment in the log-book of the kind-hearted naturalist who accompanied the expedition, "that creatures living so far from the resources of civilization should still be exposed to accidents by machinery."

In medium depths, owing to the fact that in the sea the coldest water is always at the bottom, an ordinary maximum and minimum thermometer will serve the purpose; but in deep water, where the pressure causes an error of 8° or 10°, and sometimes even bursts the thermometer, a Miller-Casella instrument is the best. The bulb of this instrument is inclosed in an outer bulb filled three-quarters full with alcohol, which is warmed so as to expel some of the air before sealing. A cushion is thus formed between the two bulbs, which takes up the pressure, so that the inner bulb remains unaffected by it.

From the point of view of submarine telegraphy, the most important object in sounding is to discover irregularities of the sea bottom,

over which it would be dangerous to lay a cable. The majority of the failures of early cables was due to the fact that the ocean bed on which they were to lie had not been properly surveyed. The sea bottom between Ireland and Newfoundland, at the time of the first Atlantic cable, was declared by Captain Maury, U. S. N., to be a level plateau, apparently placed there by Providence to facilitate telegraphic communication between the two countries. This statement was made after only fourteen soundings, which was little more than one to every hundred miles. Inequalities of three to four hundred fathoms, sufficient to endanger the safety of a cable, might easily exist between any two such points, and subsequent survey has proved this to be often the case. No systematic soundings were made for the Lisbon-Medeira cable, but from those taken it was inferred that the average depth was two thousand fathoms. During the laying a bank with only one hundred fathoms was crossed, and the cable was suspended in a festoon and broken.

With this experience before them, the Silvertown Company determined to make a careful survey for their Cadiz-Teneriffe cable. Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, F.R.S., who had been on the scientific staff of the "Challenger," was on board the "Dacia," and five hundred and fifty-two soundings were taken by that ship alone. Two important banks were discovered. The first of these was a coral patch about six miles long and three and a half miles broad. Its shallowest part showed a depth of four hundred and thirty-five fathoms. At one end there was a precipitous wall, two hundred and eighty-five fathoms in height. While sounding on this ledge the sounder struck ground at five hundred and fifty fathoms, tumbled over, and struck again at six hundred and twenty fathoms, and, continuing to fall, eventually found a resting-place at eight hundred and thirty-five fathoms.

The second bank at its most shallow point was only forty-nine fathoms below the surface, and also had a perpendicular wall. As this was discovered at night-time, a buoy was put over in one hundred and seventy-five fathoms, and the ship lay by, in order to continue the work by daylight. On attempting the following morning to raise the mushroom anchor, to which the buoy was moored, the wire mooring-rope parted at seventy-five fathoms from the bottom, and was found to have been almost chafed through at that point, thus proving the existence of a rough-edged wall, at least an equal distance from the ground. In spite, however, of these numerous soundings, a fresh bank in the direct path of the cable was discovered, during the laying, by a pioneer ship, a little way ahead. It was at night, and a rocket was fired without delay. The engineer in charge of the laying ship, seeing the signal, and noting by the dynamometer the decreasing strain on the cable, although too late to avoid the bank, put the ship's engines full speed astern, and paid out a sufficient amount of slack cable to prevent

a repetition of the accident which occurred in the Madeira-Lisbon line.

As this experience proves the impossibility, even with numerous soundings, of discovering every inequality which might prove dangerous to a cable, it becomes a question, in the case of a very long line such as the proposed Pacific, what proportion of the whole cost should be devoted to a preliminary survey. In the neighborhood of land, careful soundings always repay the time devoted to them; but in wide stretches of mid-ocean, where the bottom is likely to be more uniform, and where work on such an elaborate scale would be a matter of years rather than months, a much greater distance between the soundings becomes imperative. The total length of the Pacific cable route is about seven thousand nautical miles, or three times the length of an average Atlantic cable. A zigzag course, which would give three direct lines of soundings, with thirty miles between the soundings in each particular line (or, altogether, one sounding for every ten miles), would be quite sufficient for practical purposes.

An expedition which was undertaken by the Silvertown Company, to survey a cable route down the west coast of Africa, revealed some interesting facts with regard to the ocean bed in that quarter. A spot called on the Admiralty charts "The Bottomless Pit," lying off Little Bassam on the Ivory Coast, was explored, and a depth of four hundred and twenty-five fathoms in close proximity to forty-seven and sixty-seven fathoms on either side of it was found. This formed, perhaps, at one time the mouth of the river Akba. Along the eastward end of the Guinea coast the descent from the hundred-fathom line is well marked, but on nearing the area influenced by the outflow of the Niger and the Congo the slope becomes abnormally gentle. Nine-tenths of the rivers of Africa empty themselves into the Gulf of Guinea, and the sand and mud brought down them have changed the steep descent to a slowly shelving bank. The water, too, of these rivers, which drain a district remarkable for its heavy rainful, causes the gulf to be less salt than any other portion of ocean water in the world. While sounding off the Congo, a submarine cañon or gully two miles broad and two hundred and forty-two feet deep was discovered. This cañon was formed, not like a land cañon by the wearing away of the river bed, but by the heaping up of the mud brought down by the stream into banks on either side. The current was so strong here that during soundings the ship's engines had to be kept half-speed ahead, and with a hemp line it would have been impossible to get reliable results.

The information gathered from various scientific and telegraphic expeditions goes to prove that the normal depth of the Atlantic Ocean is about two thousand five hundred fathoms, or nearly three miles. In some parts, however, it is almost twice as deep, for off Porto Rico in

the West Indies, the "Blake," belonging to the United States navy, found a depth of four thousand five hundred and sixty-one fathoms, or nearly five and one-quarter miles. One of the deepest cables in the Atlantic is that of the South American Company, which in one part, between Senegal and the Island of Fernando Noronha, lies in two thousand eight hundred and thirty fathoms, or a little more than three miles. When laying a line in this depth it is calculated that, with the ship steaming at eight knots an hour, the length of cable from the stern of the ship to the spot where it touches the ground is over twenty-five miles, and that it takes a particular point in the cable more than two hours and a half to reach the bottom from the time that it first enters the water. The deepest sounding yet recorded was taken early in the present year by H. M. S. "Penguin" in the Southeastern Pacific, about five hundred and fifty miles to the northwest of New Zealand. This gave five thousand one hundred and fifty-five fathoms, or a depth of nearly six miles.

As a result of these numerous surveys, much valuable information has been obtained with regard to the configuration of ocean beds. Contrary to the opinion formerly held, the bottom of the sea does not present so many striking irregularities as the surface of the earth. Except for islands of volcanic origin and some coral patches, the bed of the Atlantic is an undulating plain of fairly uniform flatness, and may be better compared to a tray with a sharply ascending rim than to a basin. The slope of the land, as a general rule, is continued out into the sea until it reaches a depth of about one hundred fathoms, and then increases rapidly to fifteen hundred and two thousand fathoms, reaching finally the normal depth of two thousand five hundred fathoms. The area between the one-hundred-fathom line and the shore—usually known as the continental platform—is really submerged land, and if the sea level were suddenly lowered to that extent, England would be connected by dry land to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Ireland, Orkney, and Shetland. Nearly the whole of the North Sea, with the exception of some of the Norwegian fiords, would be laid bare, while the coast of Ireland would be extended one hundred miles to the westward. On the other hand, the raising of the sea level to the extent of one hundred fathoms would put a large portion of Europe under water, as, indeed, has been several times the case with that continent. Not only in the Atlantic, but in the Pacific, on the west coast of North America especially, the continental platform rises abruptly from the margins of the real oceanic depressed areas, and this phenomenon is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the theory of the permanence of the great ocean beds.

When the Atlantic first came to be sounded in a scientific manner in the course of the "Challenger" expedition, the result, after the great depths previously reported, was generally felt to be disappoint-

ing. Sir C. Wyville Thomson,[3] indeed, who was chief of the scientific staff, subsequently described that ocean, with its average of two thousand fathoms, as a "thin shell of water." When, however, it is remembered that over large areas the depth is at least two thousand five hundred fathoms, or fifteen thousand feet,—the height of Mont Blanc,—and that in one place a sounding gave four thousand five hundred and sixty-one fathoms, or twenty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty-six feet,—only two thousand feet less than Mount Everest, the highest point in the world,—his expression appears decidedly misleading. The sea level may, in fact, be taken as the relief equator of the globe, almost equidistant from the highest land elevation and the lowest depths of the sea. But while the average height of the land is only one thousand feet, the average depth of the water is thirteen thousand feet. Hence an enormous disproportion exists between the mass of land above sea level and the volume of water beneath it. Taking the area of the sea in comparison to the land as two and three-fourths to one, and multiplying by thirteen, the number of times by which it exceeds it in depth, we find that the total volume of ocean water is thirty-six times the volume of the land above sea level.

But although the ocean bed has some depths almost equal to the highest mountains, it is, as a whole, much more uniform than the land. In the Atlantic, for instance, as already stated, only a few volcanic islands break the regularity of the level plateau at the bottom. Near to the land the sea bottom, as a rule, reproduces the leading features of the coast, and on these depends the distance of the one-hundred-fathom line from the shore. Thus the low east coast of England is subtended by the shallow sand-banks of the North Sea, while the precipitous mountains of Norway find their counterpart in the great depth of its fiords.

Ocean deposits may be arranged according to the depth at which they are found in the following manner:

(1) Shore deposits.
(2) Pteropod ooze.
(3) Globigerina ooze.
(4) Gray ooze.
(5) Red clay.
(6) Radiolarian and diatom ooze.

The area of shore deposits is, as Professor Geikie has pointed out, the marginal belt of sea floor skirting the land. The sand and mud brought down by rivers sink to the bottom long before they reach the real ocean depths. The Gulf of Guinea is an exceptional case, and the matter brought down in suspension by its numerous rivers can be

[3] Sir Wyville Thomson, who died in 1882, was succeeded in his work by Dr. John Murray, F.R.S., who is responsible for all the volumes containing the reports of this expedition.

traced to a distance of nearly two hundred miles out to seaward, and to a depth of sixteen hundred fathoms. Indeed, off the Congo River shore mud has been found six hundred miles from its mouth, and in a depth of three thousand fathoms. But, as a rule, shore deposits rarely extend beyond the one-hundred-fathom line, and their discovery at greater distances has usually been shown to be due to exceptional agencies. Thus some sand brought up from deep soundings off the northwest coast of Africa was proved to have been carried out to sea by the harmattan, a powerful and extremely dry wind blowing from the desert of Sahara, and bearing with it a fine dust in such large quantities as to throw a plentiful deposit on the decks of vessels two hundred or three hundred miles from land.

Pteropod and globigerina oozes are formed from the remains of the shells of the small marine organisms which bear those names. The former is not found at greater depths than fifteen hundred fathoms, and the latter than two thousand five hundred fathoms, owing to the amount of free carbonic acid gas in the water increasing with the depth, and dissolving their delicate shells of carbonate of lime. These oozes are the best for the purposes of submarine telegraphy. They are so yielding that the cable becomes embedded in them, and their presence is a guarantee against strong undercurrents, the scouring effects of which have been traced to a depth of one thousand fathoms. Shore deposits, on the other hand, are often very injurious to the sheathing wires of a cable, owing to the iodine contained in sea-weed and decaying vegetable matter, which is known to corrode iron rapidly.

Gray ooze is intermediary between globigerina ooze and red clay, and is evidently a mixture of the two. Red clay itself is formed by the decomposition of pumice-stone, and from minerals containing felspar. The action of the waves washes pumice-stone off volcanic rocks, and, being lighter than water, it floats for a long time on the surface of the sea. Towing nets invariably inclose large quantities when lowered in mid-ocean. Some may also be derived from submarine volcanic disturbances; but whether this is the case or not, it is certain that the red clay deposit formed by it accumulates very slowly. This is proved by the frequent presence of meteoric iron in this deposit. "I know of no recent discovery in physical geography," says Professor Geikie, "more calculated to impress deeply the imagination than the testimony of this meteoric iron from the most distant abysses of the ocean. To be told that mud gathers on the floor of these abysses at an extremely slow rate conveys but a vague notion of the tardiness of the process. But to be told that it gathers so slowly that the very star dust from outer space forms an appreciable part of it, brings home to us, as nothing else could do, the idea of undisturbed and excessively slow accumulation."

In the red clay are found nodules of almost pure peroxide of manganese, collected round some hard centre like a shark's tooth or a whale's ear-bone. Curiously enough, no other parts of the structure of large marine animals are recovered from the bottom; but the two just mentioned occur in great abundance, no fewer than six hundred sharks' teeth and one hundred ear-bones of whales having been brought up on one occasion in a single haul of the dredge. More striking still is the fact that no fossil remains, no portion of a ship, nor any article of human manufacture, has ever been retrieved from the depths of the ocean. A satisfactory explanation of this problem has yet to be forthcoming.

Red clay is deposited in two thousand five hundred to three thousand fathoms, and beyond that depth radiolarian and diatom ooze is found. This ooze is composed of the skeletons of the radiolaria, or star-shaped organisms, and of the cases of the vegetable diatoms. As these are of siliceous formation, they are impervious to the action of carbonic acid gas, which dissolves the shells of the pteropods and globigerinæ. Diatoms are classed as vegetables, owing to their structure and their mode of reproduction, which is by self-division of the cell. Although individually so small as to be quite invisible to the naked eye, they often occur in such large masses as to give the sea a deep red hue. Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, in the course of his voyage with the "Buccaneer" on the west coast of Africa, passed through a number of diatom banks, one of which was two hundred miles long and forty to fifty fathoms deep. Although the water at the surface was so strongly tinged with red that wide expanses of it could be seen for several miles from the ship, the tow net at the surface recovered very few specimens of the diatom. When lowered, however, for only a few minutes to a depth of ten fathoms, it came up glutted with a mass of these highly-colored organisms. If they had been present to the same extent on the surface, the water must have acquired a color as vivid as that of fresh arterial blood.

But the most widely distributed organisms in the upper stratum of ocean water are the larvæ of crustacea, or certain kinds of shell-fish in the earlier stages of their development. These larvæ go through a process of diurnal migration, rising to the surface as daylight disappears, and sinking again as it returns, in order to remain in perpetual gloom. Gatherings with a tow net at the surface are consequently always richer at night than during the day. Large catches, however, can be made in daylight by fishing at a depth of fifteen to thirty fathoms. These few vertical fathoms through which the larvæ pass represent climatic changes of some thousands of miles horizontally at the surface; for at night on the surface they live in water heated to 80° or 85°, while during the day, at a depth of only twenty fathoms they have to put up with a temperature of 55° to 65°.

[illegible] a [illegible] of the [illegible] investigations in [illegible] the "Lightning" and the "Porcupine." Sir C. Wyville Thomson wrote in 1873, "The fauna of the deep sea is more rich and varied, and have organisms of many more more elaborately and delicately formed, and more extraordinary modifications of structure and in the [illegible] of their wonderful phosphorescence than the fauna of the [illegible] of shallow water within fifty fathoms of land." But later researches have proved that this description is only true of deep-sea animals in the vicinity of the great ocean basins, for the further they recede from shallow water the poorer they become. The conditions under which they have to live in the abyssal areas seem very unfavourable to animal existence. The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing-point, and sometimes actually below it. There is a total absence of light, as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about one ton to the square inch in every one thousand fathoms, which is one hundred and sixty times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At two thousand five hundred fathoms the pressure is thirty times more powerful than the steam-pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train. As late as 1880 a leading zoologist explained the existence of deep-sea animals at such depths by assuming that their bodies were composed of solids and liquids of great density, and contained no air. This, however, is not the case with deep-sea fish, which are provided with air-inflated swimming bladders. If one of these fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it, spite of all its efforts, still higher in its course. In fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and no doubt meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural state. Even ground sharks, brought up from a depth of no more than five hundred fathoms, expire before they gain the surface.

The fauna of the deep sea—with a few exceptions hitherto only known as fossils—are new and specially modified forms of families and genera inhabiting shallow waters in modern times, and have been driven down to the depths of the ocean by their more powerful rivals in the battle of life, much as the ancient Britons were compelled to withdraw to the barren and inaccessible fastnesses of Wales. Some of their organs have undergone considerable modification in correspondence to the changed conditions of their new habitats. Thus down to nine hundred fathoms their eyes have generally become enlarged, to make the best of the faint light which may possibly penetrate there. Below one thousand fathoms these organs are either still further enlarged or so greatly reduced that in some species they disappear

altogether and are replaced by enormously long feelers. The only light at great depths which would enable large eyes to be of any service is the phosphorescence given out by deep-sea animals. We know that at the surface the light is often very powerful, and Sir Wyville Thomson has recorded one occasion on which the sea at night was "a perfect blaze of phosphorescence, so strong that lights and shadows were thrown on the sails and it was easy to read the smallest print." It is thought possible by several naturalists that certain portions of the sea bottom may be as brilliantly illumined by this sort of light as the streets of a European city after sunset. Some deep-sea fish have two parallel rows of small circular phosphorescent organs running along the whole length of their bodies, and as they glide through the dark waters of the profound abysses they must look like model mail-ships with rows of shining port-holes.

It was at one time held that the temperature of the ocean never descended lower than 39° F., but this unfounded assumption was disproved by the "Challenger" expedition. As low a temperature as 27° F. has been obtained in the South Atlantic in the neighborhood of icebergs. The freezing-point of salt water is 25° F., and the fact that it contracts steadily down to freezing-point instead of expanding again like fresh water when within 4° of it, causes the coldest water to sink always to the bottom. In a sounding of two thousand nine hundred fathoms, taken in the South Atlantic, the bottom temperature was 32°, and the last one thousand fathoms might be described as absolutely glacial. The second one thousand fathoms consisted of water from 32° to 36½°, and in the course of the next five hundred fathoms the temperature rose to 40°. The remaining four hundred fathoms constituted the warm upper stratum of water, 40° being the limit at which the sun's rays exert any direct heating influence.

In the North Atlantic no lower temperature than 35° is found, and the warm stratum, instead of being only four hundred fathoms, is eight hundred or nine hundred fathoms deep. One reason for this comparatively high temperature is that a ridge runs at the bottom of the sea right across the ocean from Greenland to Norway, rising above the surface to form Iceland. This ridge is of such a height that the deeper and colder parts of the arctic basin are unable to communicate with the North Atlantic. Dr. Nansen states that the soundings taken by the "Fram," while drifting with the ice, gave a depth of between one thousand six hundred and one thousand nine hundred fathoms, and he thinks that the whole polar basin should be considered as a continuation of the deep channel which runs between Spitzbergen and Greenland from what he calls the North Atlantic Ocean. In Norwegian charts the North Atlantic may reach as far as Spitzbergen, instead of terminating, as in English charts, at the latitude of Iceland. But as the doctor's words are liable to misinterpretation, it is as well to point

out that no deep channel exists connecting the Arctic Ocean with the main portion of the North Atlantic Ocean.

The increased depth of the warm stratum is also due to the fact that the waters of tropical latitudes have been heated by the Gulf Stream or Florida current. The Gulf Stream itself dies out in mid-Atlantic, losing its movement, warmth, and deep color, and becoming mere surface drift. But the ocean water it has heated, gaining a greater specific gravity under the evaporating action of the dry trade winds, sinks downward, and, mingling with the cooler water below, extends the depth of the warm stratum to eight hundred or nine hundred fathoms. The warm stratum is then carried northward by the vertical circulation of the ocean, the cold bottom water from the poles rising near the equator, and the warm surface water from the equator sinking near the poles. This action is attested by the fact that the plane of 40° of temperature rises at the equator from seven hundred to only three hundred fathoms from the surface.

To the vertical circulation of ocean water northwestern Europe owes its climate. Without it, England would be subject to the same low temperature as Labrador, and all the Norwegian harbors would be ice-blocked. The temperature of the atmosphere at the North Cape, in Norway, is 14½° below zero, while the temperature of the sea is several degrees above it. The great thickness of the warm stratum enables it to resist for a long time the cold air of northern latitudes, and below the cold ice-water covering the surface of the Polar Sea Dr. Nansen found a deep layer of warmer and salter water, which still preserved a temperature of one degree above freezing-point. The Pacific Ocean, owing to its wider area and to the absence of any such heating agency as the Gulf Stream, is filled to a very large extent with water of glacial or sub-glacial coldness. Surface temperatures taken on the west coast of South America at Payta, five degrees south of the equator, and at Coquimbo, thirty degrees south, were found to be the same,—63½° F.

As a result of the many careful and systematic deep-sea investigations, there is an almost universal consensus of opinion among leading scientists in favor of the permanence of the great ocean basins. Geologists divide the world into three areas,—

(1) The abysmal area, from one thousand fathoms below the sea level downward.

(2) The transitional area, from one thousand fathoms below the sea level upward to the sea level.

(3) The continental area, including all dry land.

For practical purposes the sea level may be taken as a co figure, although, even in the same latitudes of one and the same c it is not always the same distance from the centre of the globe. T waters of the ocean are attracted by the proximity of huge land ri

just as the water in a glass is drawn up at the edges. It is calculated that the surface of the Pacific Ocean is two thousand feet nearer the earth's centre at the Sandwich Islands than on the coast of Peru. At the present epoch the sea level stands at such a height in the transitional area that its rise or fall would flood or lay bare the largest surface of land. If the level rose only one hundred fathoms, fourteen million square miles of land would be submerged. If it sank to the same extent, ten million square miles would be exposed. The enormous disproportion between the mean height of the land and the mean depth of the ocean makes it impossible to believe that the land at present above the sea level has ever formed the bottom of oceans as deep and vast as those now existing, a very moderate upheaval of which would suffice to bring about a universal deluge.

ARCHER P. CROUCH.

SERVICE SALAD.

Buckner and McClellan.

(*From the New York Sun.*)

THEIR RELATIONS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REBELLION.

Negotiations and Misunderstanding about Kentucky—General Buckner's Southern Sympathies, which carried him finally into the Confederate Army.

GENERAL BUCKNER from his youth has been a potent personality. He was a notable figure throughout the Civil War, and was numbered among the higher circle of Confederate leaders, although his State did not secede, and he was early driven from her borders by the advance of the Union armies. At seasons he bore a conspicuous part for his cause in shaping military events.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion, Buckner, then about thirty-eight years old, at the very zenith of his powers, was undoubtedly the most influential Southern Rights' man in his native State of Kentucky, by reason of his military education and experience, his wealth, and high social connections, which were mainly among the slaveholding caste of the South. He had graduated from West Point in 1844, number eleven in a class of twenty-five cadets. Besides Generals Hancock, Pleasonton, and Frost, his classmates, Buckner had as associates in the academy, in the classes above and below him, many lads who afterwards distinguished themselves on both sides,—U. S. Grant, McClellan, Kirby Smith, Jackson, Pickett, Wilcox, Franklin, Porter, Baldy Smith, Steele, Rufus Ingalls, and others of lesser note. Grant and Buckner were together three years at West Point, Grant having graduated in the class of 1843.

Buckner took part in the Mexican War as second lieutenant in the Sixth Regular Infantry, and by his bravery and soldierly qualities made an ineffaceable impression upon his brother officers. He was wounded at the battle of Churubusco. In 1852 he was made a captain and commissary of subsistence, a position much sought after by line officers. But army life in time of peace did not suit the ardent temperament of Buckner, and he resigned from the service on the 26th of March, 1855. For two or three years thereafter he was engaged in important business enterprises at Chicago. During this period, not having lost his interest in the military profession, he connected himself with the Illinois State Militia service, and by appointment became adjutant-general of the State. But about two years prior to the Rebellion Buckner returned to Kentucky and settled upon his estate near Louisville. Here he resumed his military diversions by entering upon the organization of the Kentucky State Militia, a congenial employment in which he was eminently successful, thereby making himself very popular with an influential class of his fellow-citizens. In 1861 he had become inspector-general of the State, and commanded the Home Guards, a military organization composed mainly of the young bloods of the blue grass region whose sympathies were almost wholly with the South.

These antecedents, the critical situation of affairs which created a field for his kind of talents, his surroundings, with the additional attraction of a striking presence and a magnetic address, made Buckner at the beginning of 1861 a very important personage in Kentucky. His interests were largely at the North, but he was opposed to coercive measures, and believed firmly in the doctrine of State

Rights. His course throughout was consistent and honest. To use a threadbare phrase, he had the courage of his convictions. His attitude was well understood by the partisans of both sides, and as the clouds of civil war thickened, the eyes of the Kentucky secessionists who intended to fight were turned towards Buckner as their natural chief. And their chief he became; thousands of Kentuckians followed him out of the Union who would doubtless have remained at home but for his example. The great majority of Kentuckians wished to remain at peace in the Union, but the powerful influence of Buckner, Breckinridge, Marshall, and others came near taking the State out. He was assiduously courted by the Southern leaders.

That Buckner's standing was high is attested by the great esteem in which he was held by all his old military associates of Northern proclivities who became familiar with him at West Point, and subsequently in the old army. So favorably was he regarded as a professional soldier that strong efforts were made to bring him over. The temptations held out to him were great enough to shake any man of less strength than he. McClellan, Burnside, even the government itself, made advances to forestall Buckner's evident intention to precipitate himself into the rebellion. Among the unprinted archives in the War Department is a telegram sent early in 1861 by Burnside to Buckner, adjuring him to take no steps until he could be seen personally. "I have just come from the President," telegraphed Burnside, indicating that Mr. Lincoln was willing to do something to hold such a man to the Union cause. What that something was is not certainly known, but it is said to have been a commission as general in the rapidly gathering armies of the North, although there was then no lack of material for general officers. McClellan appears to have thought that he was a man of capacity and promise in such a crisis, and did all in his power to prevent Buckner going astray. But he could not be swerved from his purpose.

Apropos of these interesting efforts to secure the adhesion of this brilliant man to the Union cause is an episode that occurred while Kentucky was posing in the anomalous attitude of armed neutrality between the two sections during the spring and summer of 1861, a position assumed largely through Buckner's influence and advice. This condition of neutrality, if observed by the North, was held to be very advantageous to the South, for it was a well-established fact that Unionist influence predominated in Kentucky and controlled the Legislature, which made it a physical impossibility to vote the State out of the Union. The next best thing for the Confederacy, of course, was to prevent its being utilized by the Federals. But doubtless the great desideratum with Buckner and the other Kentucky leaders was the safety of Kentucky herself, and immunity from the devastations of war.

George B. McClellan, one of Buckner's West Point chums, had been made, by President Lincoln, a major-general in the regular army, and placed in command of the Department of the Ohio, which was soon enlarged to include Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and other territory. His head-quarters were at Cincinnati, where he had previously resided as superintendent of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway. McClellan was a very attentive observer of the progress of events on the south side of the Ohio, and appeared to regret a state of neutrality which prevented him from occupying salient points on the opposite side for the defense of Cincinnati. In a letter to the War Department, on May 10, 1864, McClellan writes that "the governor of Kentucky [Magoffin] is a traitor, and Buckner is under his influence, so that it is necessary to watch them." Again, "I confess that I think all our calculations should be based on the supposition that Kentucky will secede; everything points in that direction." However, McClellan soon changed his views on this point, for we find him writing on May 17 in this strain: "The Union men of Kentucky express a firm determination to fight it out. Yesterday Garrett Davis told me 'We will remain in the Union by voting if we can, by fighting if we must, and if we cannot hold our own we will call on the general government for aid.'" Further on he said, "I have

strong hopes Kentucky will remain in the Union, and the most favorable feature of the whole matter is that the Union men are now ready to abandon the position of armed neutrality, and enter heart and soul into the contest on our side."

Buckner had not yet joined the Confederacy, but meanwhile held close relations with Governor Magoffin, whose military representative and adviser he was throughout this trying summer. In fact, as I have said, Buckner was the chief figure, and was very busy in those days with his coadjutors in maintaining the efficacious neutrality arrangement,—worth more than an army of Kentuckians to the Confederacy,—and perhaps fomenting opposition to the government. In furtherance of his purposes, whatever they were, he sought an interview with McClellan through Samuel Gill, a brother West Point graduate. As there could be no reasonable objection to the proposal, McClellan received Buckner and his friend. In an official letter to the War Department, dated June 11, he states that the meeting took place at his house in Cincinnati, on June 8, and this is what he says of it:

"We sat up all night, talking about matters of common interest. Buckner gave me his word that should any Tennessee troops cross the frontier of Kentucky he would use all the force at his disposal to drive them out, and failing in that, would call on me for assistance. He went to Tennessee after leaving here to present that view to Governor Harris."

It is to be noted that in this letter McClellan makes no allusion to any pledges to Buckner in return for this assurance. Only a few days after this meeting, however, McClellan had news that at least two Tennessee regiments had orders, or were already moving, to occupy Island No. 1, just below Cairo, and on June 11, the same day he informed the Department of the meeting at Cincinnati, he wrote promptly to both Magoffin and Buckner to notify them of this breach of "our understanding that you would not permit Tennessee troops to cross your frontier." Did "our understanding," then, simply mean Buckner's voluntary promise? Either the rumor of the Confederate advance was a false one, or McClellan's protest had the desired effect, for no invasion then occurred. Buckner's answer, if one was made, is not found among the official archives.

Subsequent events attached to this Cincinnati meeting of Buckner and McClellan an unexpected interest and importance. It is evident that the Kentuckian was acting in good faith in the belief that he had a solemn agreement with the Union general that the State's neutrality was to be respected. At a later meeting of the two at Cairo, Illinois, he gave McClellan the substance of an interview he had at Memphis, with Pillow, regarding the subject of neutrality. It is certain that he visited Pillow, and it was generally understood that through Buckner's representations an immediate advance by the Southern forces into Kentucky was prevented.

It would seem to be improbable on the face of it that Buckner volunteered his word of honor, as the representative of Magoffin and the rampant secessionists of Kentucky, to keep out Pillow's Tennesseeans without receiving from the Union commander some pledge in return to carry back to them some corresponding concession. That McClellan fully understood Buckner to be clothed with the necessary power or influence to prevent Pillow's advance is admitted in his protest of June 11, which in some sort also confirms the probability of a mutual agreement wherein it alludes to "our understanding," although, of course, there may have been a jug-handle arrangement in which Buckner promised everything and McClellan nothing, Buckner being confident meanwhile that under existing conditions the Federals would commit no overt act, anyhow. But, inasmuch as there was then and for long afterwards no advance of the Union troops, McClellan's quick and curt protest at a threatened infringement of "our understanding" by the other side certainly warrants the belief, aside from Buckner's statement, that some comforting assurances were given him. Buckner, it is clear, could have no object in deluding his party.

What gave the Cincinnati interview peculiar significance was the appearance in the public press a few weeks later of a

letter from Buckner to Magoffin, stating that he had entered into a specific agreement with McClellan at the Cincinnati conference that Kentucky's neutrality was to be maintained by both sides. Hence, that Buckner, who McClellan himself states was the soul of honor, believed there was such an understanding is beyond the shadow of doubt. That there was a very general understanding that such stipulations existed is also certain. There is, in fact, no dispute that there was on the part of the Federal authorities, or its Western commanders, at least a tacit recognition of Kentucky's neutrality, lasting through several months. However its expediency may have been viewed in the beginning, it soon became palpable that the continuance of Kentucky's attitude of neutrality would estop if not prove entirely fatal to Union designs for the suppression of the Rebellion.

This neutral zone, if maintained inviolable, raised an impassable barrier between the North and the most vulnerable points of the new Confederacy absolutely closed up the most available routes of invasion. It was a most absurd arrangement, if carried beyond a mere makeshift to soothe the people of Kentucky. All the advantages of such an arrangement accrued to the South, which merely asked to be let alone; the Confederates had no purpose to invade the North. Buckner's penetrating mind divined this, and no doubt that is why he entered the field of diplomacy and sought the conference with McClellan. If he really made a deal with the Union general, he clearly had the best of the bargain.

McClellan positively denied the existence of any pledge on his part to respect the neutrality of Kentucky. The publication of Buckner's letter to Magoffin threw him into a great heat, and his utterances display anxiety, because it was clear that he had taken a false step, which must be condemned by the Northern public. In his personal memoirs, issued in 1887, he takes pains to explain in detail his version of the Buckner interview. He says,—

"The object of the interview was simply that we, as old friends, should compare views and see if we could do any good; thus I understood it. Buckner's main purpose seemed to be to ascertain what I should do in the event that Kentucky should be invaded by the secession forces, then collecting under General Pillow. Buckner was very anxious that the Federal forces should respect the neutrality of Kentucky, and stated that he would do his best to preserve it, and drive Pillow out should he cross the boundary line. I could assent to this only to the extent that I should be satisfied if the Kentuckians would immediately drive out any rebel force that might invade Kentucky, and continued, almost in these very words: 'You had better be very quick about it, Simon, for if I learn that the rebels are in Kentucky, I will, with or without orders, drive them out without delay.' I expressly told Buckner that I had no power to guarantee the neutrality of Kentucky, and that, although my command did not extend over it, I would not tolerate the presence of rebel troops in that State. Not many days afterwards I met Buckner again at Cairo, and had a conversation with him in presence of John M. Douglass, of Chicago. Buckner had just then returned from a visit to Pillow, and he clearly showed by his conversation that he understood my determination at the first interview, just as I have related it above. . . . Buckner's letter to Governor Magoffin, subsequently published, stating that in our first interview I had agreed to respect the neutrality of Kentucky, gave an incorrect account of the case, which was as I have stated it."

This is certainly explicit and clear enough, and undoubtedly recites the facts as McClellan remembered them, but as it was written twenty-six years after the event, it is possible he may have forgotten some of the details of his conversation with Buckner.

McClellan's correspondence at this period makes it probable that he was called to book by General Scott or President Lincoln about this matter, though no letter or telegram on the subject from the Washington end of the line is found. But on June 26, after he had entered upon his brilliant West Virginia campaign, McClellan sent a long telegram to Scott from Grafton, in which he shows great anxiety to explain satisfactorily to his

superior his relations with Buckner. "This transaction," said McClellan, "has surprised me beyond expression. My chief fear has been that you, whom I regard as my strongest friend in Washington, might have supposed me to be guilty of the extreme of folly." This telegram was supplemented by a letter on the same day, which is introduced in full, embodying, as it does, the substance of both, and covering the whole case:

"GRAFTON, VIRGINIA, June 26, 1861.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, *commanding U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.:*

"GENERAL,—I have telegraphed you rather at length in relation to General Buckner's letter referring to our interview at Cincinnati on the 8th of June. In justice to myself I deem it necessary to explain the matter to you more fully. General Buckner several times wrote and telegraphed to me as an old friend, requesting an interview, which I avoided until I received a telegram from Gill, a true Union man, strongly urging an interview. Hoping that my influence over Buckner might possibly reclaim him, I reluctantly granted the request, and informed him that I would be at my house in Cincinnati on the evening of the 8th inst. Buckner and Gill came there at about ten P.M., and I remained in conversation with them until five o'clock the next morning.

"From the beginning I regarded the interview as altogether a personal one, having no official bearing or significance. We discussed the state of affairs freely, and I expressed my views plainly and emphatically, telling him frankly the policy I had pursued and intended to pursue, but stating at the same time that I had no orders in the case, and that I might at any moment either receive orders from Washington or that circumstances might render it incumbent upon me, in the absence of orders, to change my policy. We differed entirely as to the position Kentucky should assume in the present controversy. He regarded the State as the most loyal one in the Union. I considered his view of the status of Kentucky as inconsistent with true loyalty.

"In the course of the conversation Buckner voluntarily proffered me his word of honor that he would use all his influence to have Kentucky troops drive out any Confederate forces that might invade the State, and that if he did not possess the necessary power he would take steps to have me called on for assistance. To this I replied that the State authorities must be prompt in their call else they would find me there before it, as I would not stand on ceremony in such a case.

"This, general, is substantially the gist of the interview. I made no stipulations with Buckner, neither did I directly or by implication recognize the neutrality of Kentucky. I expressed frankly my views, and enunciated the policy which would probably govern me in my action, but from all that transpired there was nothing that could justify him in writing such a letter as has appeared in the public press.

"Recognizing as I do his character for veracity, I am constrained to think that the letter was written for him by some unscrupulous secession Confederate, and that he did not understand the true import and design of the letter.

"I am, general, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,

"*Major-General, commanding Department.*"

This contemporaneous letter is entitled to great consideration in summing up the misunderstanding of these two old friends, both truthful men, concerning "our understanding" at Cincinnati. One thing is made clear by it,—McClellan's "policy" at the time Buckner visited him was, and had been, a policy of strict neutrality towards Kentucky. It is not unlikely that, during a long night's conversation, without entering into any specific agreement, McClellan gave Buckner the impression that that policy of neutrality should continue if the *status quo* was maintained, and he received no orders to the contrary from Washington. All the circumstances lend probability to this view.

LESLIE J. PERRY.

Heroic Deeds in Battle.

(*From the New York Sun.*)

It is such deeds as Sergeant Gaines Lawson of Company D, Fourth Tennessee Infantry, performed which are the greatest glories of humanity. It was during the engagement with the Confederates under General Joseph Wheeler at McMinnville, Tennessee. As the enemy approached the town, of which the Union forces were then in possession, Captain T. N. Reeves was ordered with his company to hold the main street east of the court-house and resist the approach of the main body of Wheeler's army, consisting of several thousand cavalry. While they were defending the street Private John M. Edington was shot in the breast and fell, as was supposed, dead. The company was ordered back fifty yards to a more commanding position across the street in the rear of the first position. No attempt was made to remove Edington, as it was supposed that his death had been instantaneous. But when the company had taken up its new position, movements in Edington's body showed that he was still alive. Rapid firing from both sides was going on right over his prostrate form. Sergeant Lawson asked for permission to leave the ranks and go after Edington. He was advised of the great danger, but was not to be dissuaded on that account. He started. A volley was fired at him, but a merciful Providence saved him from harm. Raising up the form of his wounded comrade, he carried him back to the Union line while a storm of bullets raged around him. Edington was taken into a house and died within five minutes. The character of the wound which Edington was known to have received made it one chance in a thousand that he might be saved, and yet, that he might have that one chance Sergeant Lawson willingly risked his own life.

On the second day of Chickamauga, Lieutenant Anthony Taylor, of Company A, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, had command of the couriers of General Rosecrans. When Longstreet made the charge that broke the Union line, Lieutenant Taylor was at headquarters, on a little hill a short distance from the house owned by the Widow Glenn. As the disorganized troops fell back Lieutenant Taylor dashed forward and made heroic efforts to rally them, and, failing, was the last Federal soldier to leave that part of the field. It was Lieutenant Taylor who secured the information which led to the capture of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy.

The story of the gallantry of Color-Bearer John Keggins, of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York Infantry is one which cannot fail to thrill any man with blood in his veins. It was at Lookout Mountain. As Geary's line swept around the point the Union artillery in the valley below was firing upon the enemy, which occupied the mountain-side. Not recognizing Geary's men, they continued shelling, greatly endangering the lines of their own troops. With that sublime courage that sometimes marks men in great emergencies, the brave Keggins jumped upon a stump, where he was fully exposed to the view of both armies, and waved his colors frantically to attract the attention of the Union battery. The rebels, surmising his object, and realizing the advantage to them of having the Union battery continue in its mistake, directed a deadly fire upon the heroic fellow. Two bullets passed through his clothes, grazing the skin, and another ploughed his hair and scalp, but he accomplished his object.

During the hottest part of the fight at Chickamauga an order came to Company F of the One Hundred and First Ohio Volunteers to send a corporal to the colors quickly, as the color-guard had nearly all been killed or wounded and the colors of the regiment were in imminent peril. There was no corporal left in the company, and Captain Kilmer asked if there was a private who would volunteer. It seemed like volunteering to go to an almost certain death. There

was a moment's silence, and then Private George S. Meyer stepped forward. "I'll go," he said. As Meyer started Captain Kilmer remarked, "I will see that that man is promoted." Twenty minutes later Kilmer was killed and his company almost annihilated. Just as Meyer reached the color-guard the man who was holding the colors was shot dead. Meyer lifted up the flag and planted it on a little knoll in the face of the enemy. He was wounded, but stood bravely by the precious emblem, only carrying it away when there were no troops left to defend it.

Adjutant Arthur McArthur, a boy eighteen years old, was with his company when the assault was made on Missionary Ridge. As the Union troops ascended the ridge in brilliant array the color-bearer was shot and killed. McArthur seized the colors from the hand of the stricken man, and, bearing them aloft, cheered his men up the mount, and was one of the first to plant the Union colors upon the crest.

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of action to each individual; that systematic control of human machinery which avoids friction and keeps men united under the most trying circumstances of war.

There is no law of universal application in these matters. Each commander must work out his own salvation, and his sway over others is, before all else, founded upon the will. Having ascertained the essentials of success, either as the result of the intuitions of genius or as the outcome of most laborious application, he must make them his own; make his personal influence felt; cultivate the *morale* of his troops; know how and when to make touching appeals to their feelings of honor and patriotism; know how and when to stimulate their ardor by appealing to their hatred of the enemy; know how to create a feeling of confidence and to arouse a cheerful spirit when the need of such conditions are painfully apparent.

Von der Goltz says that "thorough knowledge of the secrets of human nature are very essential to a successful general." An army is a very sensitive body; it is no dead weapon; it is not a mass of chessmen to be moved backward and forward, according to a preconcerted arrangement, until the enemy is checkmated.

An army is subject to numerous psychological influences and its value varies according to its general feeling. In Major Hoenig's recent work on the "Lessons of the Franco-German War" he divides the book into two parts, first the historical, and second the psychological, and thus one of the best writers of the German army of to-day recognizes the value of a study of moral and physical influences upon the human propensities of an army.

Disaster depresses its courage and its confidence, and any advantage, though trivial in itself, animates its hopes and strengthens its discipline. The same troops will not be recognized at different times, so differently do they comport themselves. Influences are keenly felt at one time which at another are passed by without leaving a trace of themselves upon the army.

An officer who understands and thoroughly appreciates the natural peculiarities of his troops can make demands upon them that will receive the most hearty support, which if made by another would be accepted sullenly.

All rules that can be laid down on this subject are inapplicable. The officer must understand how to look into the hearts of his soldiers in order to be able to perceive rightly, at each moment, what he can at the moment require of them. He must be a discerner of men. He must read human character. He must perceive human propensities and cater to them with that nicety of judgment that will quickly weigh the privilege and liberty which can be given to their exercise.

General Scharnhorst, whom the immortal Clausewitz says prepared the "finest hand-book on actual war ever written," regrets that in the

"science of warfare so little is known of that difficult yet profitable knowledge of the human heart which may exert the greatest influence on events in war." Thus it comes to pass that many soldiers who are excellent in other respects go wrong on this point. That, for example, being governed by their own unvarying energy they overtax their troops, or by putting too low an estimate upon the power of their influence, demand less from their soldiers than these are capable of performing.

But this watching the manifestation of the peculiarities of the human heart must be considered concerning the *enemy* as well as of *one's own troops.* For with this preknowledge or insight into the idiosyncrasies of the opposing force much profit may come to the commander thus engaged.

When Johnston was in his front, Sherman knew that offensive action, combined with vigilant guarding against a counter-thrust, was necessary; but as soon as General Hood was placed in command of the Confederate army, the Union general at once prepared to meet aggressive action on the part of his new adversary. Concerning this matter, General Sherman says, in his Memoirs, that, having learned through the columns of a Southern newspaper of Johnston's order relinquishing the command of the Confederate forces in Atlanta, and Hood's order assuming command, I immediately inquired of General Schofield, who was his classmate at West Point, about Hood, as to his general character, etc., and learned that he was bold even to rashness, and courageous in the extreme. I therefore inferred that the change of commanders meant fight, and notice of this important change was at once sent to all parts of the army, and every division commander was cautioned to be always prepared for battle in any shape.

In McClellan's disastrous campaign before Richmond, Lee measured his opponent and formulated his plans based on his knowledge of the natural peculiarities of the man. McClellan's change of base was the best counter-move he could make, and it was magnificently executed. But with fifteen thousand men more than Lee, why was it necessary to wait a month at the Chickahominy so patiently, and there be fully reconnoitered and disastrously encompassed? Why was he obliged to fight successfully battle after battle and then fall back? The answer must be, It was the generalship of Lee and of "Stonewall" Jackson, in the face of hard fighting, which accomplished the results. Lee was governed very largely by his knowledge of McClellan's habits of thought and action, which led him on this occasion to exhibit want of decision, lack of enterprise, and failure to carry his plan persistently onward to an ultimate conclusion.

General Pope was extremely unfortunate in his address to his soldiers on assuming command of the Army of Virginia. He overlooked the nature of his men and their surroundings. Though issued

with the purpose of creating and building up a feeling of confidence and cheerfulness, which was sadly wanting in the army, it offended the men to whom it was addressed by instituting an unfavorable comparison of themselves with the Western armies. Says Wagner, "It seemed to contain reflections upon a chief who was beloved by the troops addressed, and the general effect was such that even a sullen silence on the part of the commander would have been infinitely better than his unhappy attempt to rouse the enthusiasm of his army."

General Sherman says there is a "soul to an army as well as to the individual man," and no general can accomplish the "full work of his army unless he commands the soul of his men as well as their body and legs." To appeal to and control this soul of the army, the commander must thoroughly understand his men and know the motives which brought them into the ranks and the impulses which rouse their ambition.

When his troops were dismayed by exaggerated reports as to the fierceness of the German barbarians, Cæsar appealed to the pride of the Tenth Legion and inspired the emulation of the others in such a manner as to rouse the very "soul of his army."

Says Hohenlohe, "The captain of a company and his lieutenants are in fact the soul of the whole of the instruction and execution of infantry duty. This is certainly the case in the other arms also, but the very circumstance that while in the cavalry the strength of a body of troops is counted by horses, and in the artillery by guns, in the infantry alone it is reckoned by men, shows at once that in the latter arm the human physical element is the only important one, and that the *influence* of their *leader* on *individual men* has greater prominence in the infantry."

Boguslawski says that the German is less affected by the fine speeches which often delight the Frenchman. He does not despise a short simple address of his officer, but above all he is impressed by his actions and conduct. He is sharp to notice that. The older soldier learns to prize the severity often necessary to maintain order, and he knows, further, that it is his officer's business to set him an example and to show him the way in battle.

During the Franco-German war the French seldom withstood an energetic charge with cheers and beat of drum, if it was made in sufficient force. The use of the bugle-sound "*advance*" was found absolutely necessary and always had a cheering effect. In such moments a good hearty cheer from some one or other frequently had the best effect; and here is where the German officer would unhesitatingly sacrifice himself to set a good example, and hence the great loss of officers in the German army.

The greatest leaders have always felt the pulse of their arm
it were, and have keenly touched the national characteristics of t

troops. Different nations require different inspirations. The stirring addresses and orders of Napoleon were admirably calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of French troops, but such appeals would be coldly received by British soldiers, who could be more thoroughly aroused by appeals to their high degree of self-respect or sense of duty.

Napoleonic addresses by an American commander would probably excite more ridicule than enthusiasm. In Sherman's addresses to his army he always made a plain appeal to the common sense, pride, and patriotism of the American soldier, and it was promptly responded to, as history attests.

A commander should know when the limit of his troops has been reached. The useless slaughter at Cold Harbor, of about twelve thousand men in ten minutes, was disheartening in the extreme, and it is no wonder that the soldiers, who recognized the hopelessness of further efforts, remained silent and immovable when the order to renew the assault was given. That the spirit of the Army of the Potomac was not crushed by such occurrences is proof that its discipline was of the highest kind. General Grant says, "I have always regretted that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made, as no advantage whatever was gained to compensate for the heavy losses sustained." The terrible losses of the Prussian Guard at Saint Privat and of the Russians at Plevna were due more to faulty tactical dispositions and the want of a properly combined operation of artillery and infantry than to a want of due appreciation of the limits of human endurance.

Veteran troops whose *morale* has been raised to a high pitch by a succession of victories may undertake with confidence an assault which would be madness with inferior soldiers. And raw levies, or troops which have been defeated in the open, may sometimes be successfully used on a pure defensive behind intrenchments when they could not be relied upon to act well in the open field. Jackson at New Orleans, after repulsing the British with great slaughter, was wise enough to reject all suggestions of a counter-assault upon the position of the defeated army. He knew the measure of the capacity of his troops.

The temperament of a commander may be such that he can act at his best only when he aggressively forces the fighting, or his genius may be of a defensive order, like that of Wellington or Lee. In either case he will naturally seek that mode of action which is most in accord with his inclination and ability. Each commander should therefore carefully weigh his own temperament and also that of his adversary. Beaumont says, "One of the principal qualities of a commander in all times has been the power of forming a right estimate of his adversary's character, and of basing his own plan upon the defects of the enemy, upon those of the enemy's general, and upon the condition of his army."

K. Warren, who commanded the Fifth Corps of the

Army of the Potomac, though gifted with an exceptionally fine intellect and endowed with superb courage, and almost every quality of a great commander, seriously impaired the action of his corps at Spottsylvania by his unwillingness to trust his division commanders with the tactical details pertaining to their commands. In regard to this matter, Grant says, "After giving the most intelligent instructions to his division commanders, he would go in with one division, holding the others in reserve until he could superintend their movements in person also; forgetting that division commanders could execute an order without his presence."

No one understood the essence of this situation better than Grant, for we find him near the close of the war of the Rebellion commanding forces aggregating more than a million of men, actually under arms, and operating over a theatre extending from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

Napoleon's wonderful sagacity in estimating the character of his enemy is shown in his operations against the Spanish troops at the battle of Somoserra, where his promptitude in seizing the advantage offered by the smoke and fog which clung to the mountain-side gave him a magnificent victory, which is admirably described by Napier as follows: "At daybreak three French battalions attacked St. Juan's right, three more assailed his left, and as many marched along the causeway in the centre supported by six guns. The French wings, spreading over the mountain-side, commenced a skirmishing fire, which was well returned, while the frowning battery at the top of the causeway was held in readiness to crush the centre column when it should come within range. At that moment Napoleon rode into the mouth of the pass; his infantry was making no progress, and a thick fog mixed with smoke hung upon the ascent. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, he ordered the Polish cavalry of his guard to charge up the causeway and seize the Spanish battery. The foremost ranks were leveled by the fire of the guns and the remainder thrown into confusion; but General Krasinski rallied them, and, covered by the smoke and the morning vapor, led them sword in hand up the mountain. As they passed, the Spanish infantry on each side fired and fled towards the summit of the causeway, then the Poles took the battery, and the Spaniards, abandoning arms, ammunition, and baggage fled in strange disorder. This exploit, so glorious to one party, so disgraceful to the other, can hardly be matched from the records of war. It is almost incredible that a position nearly impregnable and defended by twelve thousand men should, from a deliberate sense of danger be abandoned to the wild charge of a few squadrons, which two companies of good infantry should have effectually stopped. The charge, viewed as a simple military operation, was extravagantly rash, but as exhibiting the marvelous powers of insight evinced by Napoleon it was a felicitous example of intuitive genius."

Maude says in his "Military Letters and Essays," quoting from the excellent work of Hoenig, "that the great Frederick conquered the armies of half Europe, not so much because his tactics were better, as regards form, than those of his enemies, but because they were based on a more thorough appreciation and knowledge of the human factor, the soldier. The great king was, above all things, a student of humanity and used to announce his discoveries with a straight-forward truthfulness that no other general has ever excelled."

The great majority of his men were only impressed by *deeds*, and therefore the king honored every bold action in order to stimulate the emulation and courage of the officers, and to enable them to react on the men. His successes in the attack were based on a recognition of the fact that a check in a forward motion is generally synonymous with failure. Hence he allowed no artificial pauses for rest or to get breath, but strove all he could to avoid them and sought to attain perfection, inspiring the officers with a feeling of honor, and developing in them a power of will which quailed before no losses. That was their education.

The moral effect of fire is, as a rule, much greater than the usual losses it inflicts, and this is more the case now with magazine rifles and high explosive shells than it was in the time of the Great Frederick. Therefore that system of tactics which enables the example of the *leaders* to do most must still be theoretically the best.

The soldier then fired only by the word of command, and only at the shortest ranges, but with a rapidity hitherto undreamt of (five volleys a minute), and every effort was made to keep the ranks closed. But the difference between *then* and *now* lies in the fact that the prospect of heavy losses was taken into account from the first, and every effort made to keep the troops to endure them; whereas now the tendency either is to consider the *individual* too much or too little, assuming that, even on the battle-field, he will work with the precision of a machine bereft of nerves and their functions.

Meckel is the exponent of one extreme and Boguslawski the other, —the former making of the company a shooting machine, working automatically under the officer's control; the latter making demands on the individual patriotism of the man which only an army of heroes would be capable of attaining.

Only under pressure of responsibility will a man put his heart into his work, and responsibility teaches a man to think, but close thinking is precisely the hardest exertion of all, if it be continuous. Responsibility leads to the development of a proper feeling of pride, with its concomitant power of feeling shame, and these two together are the most important moral levers for overcoming temporary weakness.

When an army only consists of the lowest classes of the population then the officer is everything, and his men nothing more than automa-

tons; but when such men find themselves in a really tight corner nothing can hold them. Where, on the contrary, the army embraces all classes in its ranks, then the interval between officer and man is correspondingly reduced, and nothing can be effected by the old methods of compulsion.

He who would lead troops must be a judge of men, and the officer must never forget that the measure he applies to himself can only be applied to a few of those he leads. Will, determination, devotion, and courage, even in the greatest, are not always of the same tension. It is not to-day what it was yesterday, and changes with a hundred conditions, such as the men's health, state of hunger, condition of clothing, state of weather, etc.,—facts which every one can ascertain himself. There is a limit to what may be accomplished, even where all these characteristics are present in their highest development, and this limit must be recognized by the leader, so that he learns to limit his demands to the attainable, and thus not live in a world of illusions.

It was at the great council of war held on the 5th of October, 1806, in the Prussian head-quarters at Erfurt, that Scharnhorst delivered that memorable saying, "In war, it matters not so much what is done as that what is done is done with proper unity and strength," and this is significant of the value of a knowledge of human nature.

Frederick was right in peremptorily forbidding his generals to hold a council of war. That clever discerner of men knew full well that the only result ever gained thereby is a majority for the timid party.

Von der Goltz says that "it is not clever men that are so indispensable as men of strong will and full of self-confidence." A strong will is, indeed, a proud possession, but yet not a very agreeable one, for it entails upon the possessor an unusual amount of responsibility. The courage of responsibility and the wish to bear it are necessary to a general, but are rare gifts. Very many men dash thoughtlessly into the greatest perils when another has to bear the responsibility for them, but they are irresolute when they have to undertake it themselves.

War is simple because dealing with so many of the ordinary things of life that are exhibited in the peculiarities of human nature, yet it is most difficult to perform, because a common-sense knowledge of these things most men fail to acquire.

Colonel Gunter, in his recent work on "The Outlines of Modern Tactics," places *first* in the list of acquirements that officers must strive to obtain, "A knowledge of men, and how they are influenced."

The French general who empowered his subordinates, in all doubtful cases where they could not ask for orders to advance, to presuppose them, in order to be quit of personal responsibility, was well acquainted with war and with human nature.

Wolseley, in writing on this subject some years ago, spoke very plainly when he said that, "Whatever may be the reason of it, it is

nevertheless a fact that up to the present time we have never had an English commander who succeeded in calling forth any great enthusiasm for himself or the cause in hand. We are too prone to fall down before the great duke, and think that everything he did was right, and that his method with soldiers was the best. Without wishing for a moment to depreciate either the general or his great services, let any one read the history of his wars and what he accomplished, and then picture to himself what the duke might have done if his soldiers had had for him the feelings that the French had for their emperor."

Napoleon was above all a student of character and of the passions and feelings that influence men's conduct. By means of spirit-stirring proclamations, by appeals to their love of glory, by the power of personal magnetism, by the power of splendid courage, and by the power of peculiar influence on all those points upon which he knew Frenchmen to be susceptible, he was able to extract from his soldiers everything they were capable of accomplishing.

Referring to the qualifications for a staff officer in the field, Wolseley says that, "A man accustomed to athletic exercises, having a knowledge of human nature, and possessed of a good round share of common sense, even without book-lore, is preferable to the most deeply-read one of lethargic habits. The worst staff officer I knew in the Crimea had taken the highest degree in the senior department at Sandhurst; and the most useless and impossible general I have ever served with in the field was most deeply versed in the theory of war. I do not wish to depreciate the value of military knowledge, but to point out that scientific attainments *alone* can never make either a staff officer or a leader."

Let officers of all ranks ponder on this subject, and in their own sphere, no matter how humble that may be, let them endeavor to call out the finer and better qualities of those serving under them. Let them learn to measure the capacity of their men, and use them accordingly; let them learn to judge human nature by common-sense rules; compel them to make the best use of the men and material at hand; with equal readiness and accuracy must they learn to judge of men as of the adaptation of ground to military purposes. No man can respond with greater alacrity than the American soldier will when an officer who understands him makes an appeal to his honor, his love of country, his loyalty, and to all those subtle but powerful influences which alone can convert mobs into armies.

The greatest talent of a general, says Plutarch, "is to secure obedience through the affection he inspires." In fact, if you want to win battles, make sure of the unqualified devotion of those who serve under you. Acquire knowledge of human nature and apply that knowledge with a good modicum of common sense.

Says Von der Goltz, "A great number of *human* qualities are identical with great *military* qualities."

War is a perpetual struggle with embarrassments, but nowhere in the whole system of warfare is there any dark corner which the magician's art can alone enlighten. Knowledge, and especially knowledge of human nature, enhances security, while ignorance of it is the beginning of moral dissolution.

JOHN P. FINLEY,
First Lieutenant, Ninth Infantry.

LEGION D'HONNEUR DE FRANCE.

As it has occurred to the writer that an article on the Legion d'Honneur de France would be an appropriate theme for a military magazine, he begs to present the following to the readers of the UNITED SERVICE. Before treating directly upon the subject of the legion, it will be germane to refer to knightly orders of early days as precedents of those now existing.

The first records of such orders are found in Roman history, that warlike people granting military decorations and distinctions for prowess, thus constituting a class set apart from those not so favored. The system was adopted by the Germans, among whom orders and codes grew into great importance in the development and defense of government, a citizen under the German plan becoming, upon being knighted, an active servant of the state and doubly subject to military duty.

The knighting or distinguishing of men above their fellows developed in their breasts a self-esteem leading to the establishment of codes of conduct and precedence out of which grew the institution of chivalry, which by the twelfth century had become a positive force in Germany. The chevaliers, the sons of the barons, were instructed in all the polite learning of the age, receiving social and military training not acquired by others, and thus formed a distinctive class possessing valuable privileges. But soon knighthood, originally a military distinction, was conferred on civilians quite as frequently as upon soldiers as a reward for service rendered government or the community.

The possessors of these chivalric distinctions naturally adopted devices embroidered or painted upon banners, shields, and armor, and thus they developed heraldry, first in notable use among the French soldiery, who in 1200 began the placing of distinctive emblems upon their shields "that no Norman might perish by the hand of another Frenchman." The Bayeaux tapestry illustrates the French soldiers as alone bearing shields having devices of heraldric character. In England in the year 1200 every person possessed of an income of ten pounds a year was forced to become knighted under penalty. In 1600, in Spain, the investiture of knighthood became so common that Cervantes conceived his immortal work, "Don Quixote," aimed to bring

into ridicule the entrancing romances of chivalry. At this time the Spanish had a saying that "formerly rogues were hung on crosses, but now crosses are hung on rogues."

Among the individual knights of the Middle Ages arose the communities of knightly orders, some military, others monastic, others charitable. At first these communities were all connected in some way with the early churches, but subsequently became more or less independent. The title of knight was synonymous with servant,—first, to religion; second, to sovereign; third, to "ladye." The conferring of a decoration by government then, as now, adds nothing to personal merit, simply emphasizes a condition; works alone are meritorious, the decorations baubles, but it is human to want to possess them. Originally nearly all titles of honor arose from the name of the employment of the recipient, but of latter days are without special significance. Nearly all barbarous tribes give titles to distinguish merit, our North American Indians being familiar examples.

The most ancient orders existing in unbroken continuity are:

1. That of the Red Cross of Constantine, established in Constantinople about 330.

2. That of the Order of St. John, established about 1100.

Of course the present degrees of quasi-knighthood of these two voluntary but very ancient associations—the mere shadow of the original orders—are only sentimental, as membership among them is within the grasp of any reputable man desirous of joining the organization; but they still are representative of something which was once a power, and as such are worthy the respect of all men, especially as no other institutions of man have survived so long.

All nations, except the great republic, have instituted, at some time or other, degrees of knighthood as recompenses for public service, but in the United States such distinctions, being considered undemocratic, are neither conferred by government nor does the government permit any of its servants to accept, without permission of Congress, a decoration from a foreign nation. Under the English practice, no subject of Great Britain, either in or out of office, is permitted to accept a decoration from a foreign government without a royal warrant authorizing its acceptance. The nearest approach to true orders of knighthood founded in the United States are those of the Military Orders of the Cincinnati, established at Newburgh, the head-quarters of the Revolutionary army, 1783, and the Loyal Legion, established in Philadelphia in 1864, both of army and navy officers, and membership in each descending by heredity in the male line,—this transmission of the succession affording stability to both orders.

The first meeting for organization of the Society of the Cincinnati was held on the 10th of May, 1783, and on the 13th the articles of agreement were adopted, the object of the society being expressed in

the following words: "The officers of the American army, having generally been taken from the citizens of America, possess high veneration for the character of that illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus, and being resolved to follow his example by returning to their citizenship, they think they may with propriety denominate themselves the Society of the Cincinnati, the following principles forming the basis of the society: An incessant attention to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing. An unalterable determination to promote and cherish between the respective States that union and national honor so essentially necessary to the happiness and the future dignity of the American empire. To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers. This spirit will dictate brotherly kindness in all things, and particularly extend to the most substantial acts of beneficence, according to the ability of the society towards those officers and their families who, unfortunately, may be under the necessity of receiving it."

At the second meeting of the organization it was determined to elect all those gallant officers of the French troops who served in America under Count Rochambeau, and present the medal of the order to the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Sieur Girard, the Count d'Estaing, the Count de Grasse, the Count de Barras, the Chevalier de Tousches, the Count de Rochambeau, and all the French generals and colonels.

The eligible original membership in the Cincinnati was less than seven or eight thousand; but it is doubtful if many over two hundred and fifty ever assumed active membership, the original signatures numbering less than two hundred. The present membership is less than four hundred.

A few years after the institution of the Order of the Cincinnati there was a great outcry against it. Justice Barker saying it created a class of hereditary nobility. Franklin ridiculed them as hereditary knights. John Jay said the order would divide the country into two factions. The General Court of Massachusetts said the order was dangerous to the peace of the Union. Thomas Jefferson saw in the order a germ to destroy the constitution and change the government from the best to the worst in the world. Samuel Adams said it was an odious distinction of families. John Adams said it is the deepest piece of cunning yet attempted. Governors of States denounced the order and legislatures passed hostile resolutions. But none of these disastrous results ensued. To the country, the order dreamed away into innocuous desuetude, but in the estimation of sentimental people it is a highly distinguished and much-praised heirloom.

The Military Order of the Loyal Legion is too young yet to have

any history not known to every American of average intelligence. Membership in it is a valuable distinction, and like that of the Cincinnati is inheritable.

Of all foreign orders not of the nobility certainly that of the French Legion of Honor is the best known and most prized, and, as it is not far from one hundred years of establishment and having been sustained through many radical changes in governmental forms, it possesses a dignity and has shown a stability not held by any other order.

Under the revolutionary and leveling sentiments of 1789 the French orders of chevalrie had been suppressed, as they were considered antagonistic to the new principles of equality, but by 1802, Bonaparte, as First Consul having acquired great power and influence, realized he could further strengthen his position and stimulate an intense emulation among his soldiers by the re-establishment of an order to take the place of the suppressed orders of St. Michel, St. Esprit, and St. Louis. He accordingly suggested the foundation of an order to be called the Eagle, subsequently changed to the LEGION D'HONNEUR, the membership in which should be open to civil as well as military aspirants, both receiving the same recognition. This proposition met with decided opposition as contrary to freedom and equality, the proposed chevalrie being called "vain futilities" and the titularies "hobby-horses." Bonaparte replied that the "hobbies" would be heroes. The bill finally passed the legislature on the 29th of August, 1802, and was announced much as follows:

"In the name of the French people, I, Bonaparte, First Consul, hereby proclaim the following decree made by the legislature concerning the recompensing for military and civil services, to the effect that there be established an order to be known as the Legion d'Honneur. The decree shall be confirmed by the seal of the state, in the Law Bulletin, written in the Register of Judicial and Administrative authorities. The Minister of Justice shall be charged with the proclamation of the law."

The order, modeled somewhat after a Roman legion, comprehended six thousand dignitaries, divided into fifteen cohorts each, with a seat in a different city of France. Each cohort, or battalion, comprised seven grand officers, twenty commandants, thirty officers, and three hundred and fifty legionaries or knights.

The Roman legions military corps, composed exclusively of Roman citizens, were so invincible that the term legion has been for centuries significant of discipline and prowess, and as such the term has been adopted by many organizations. For example, in 1534 the whole French army was organized after the Roman plan, and at a later day, and nearer home, our own army of the United States, 1792-1796, was officially designated as the "Legion of the United States," the brigade

organizations being styled sublegions, the general officers being styled legionary and sublegionary commanders.

Under the organization of the Legion of Honor the military members received pensions,—those of the grand cross receiving annually five thousand francs; commandants, one thousand francs; officers, five hundred francs; and chevaliers, two hundred and fifty francs. The affairs of the legion were managed by a Council of Administration. Under the consulate all members had to take an oath as follows:

"I swear, on my honor, to devote myself to the service of the republic, to the preservation of the integrity of its territory, to the defense of its government, its laws, and the property by them consecrated, to oppose, by every means which justice, reason, and the laws authorize, all acts to re-establish the feudal system or to revive the titles or distinctions belonging to it. Finally, to contribute to the utmost of my power to the maintenance of liberty and equality."

When the empire was established, the members took oath to devote themselves to the service of the empire, to the preservation of the integrity of the French territory, to the defense of the emperor, to the support of the laws and of the property which they had made sacred, to oppose by all the means which justice, reason, and the laws authorized every attempt to re-establish the feudal *régime*, and to unite with all their might in maintaining liberty and equality.

After the restoration this republican order was coldly treated by the monarchical party, the Order of St. Louis and others of the suppressed orders being revived by Louis XVIII., but in ten or fifteen years the legion was accorded full recognition and its honors eagerly sought. Louis XVIII. substituting the likeness of Henry IV. for that of Bonaparte. He changed the commandants to commanders and the grand eagles to grand crosses, and reduced the pensions one-half.

Many changes in the order were made by Napoleon III. Under the empire for some years it was the rule to make only one nomination for each two deaths, but subsequently this restriction was removed; nominations followed rapidly and the order gained great prominence. The design of the medal and inscription were altered and foreigners were admitted.

In 1870 it was decreed that the President of the republic should be the head and grand master of the order, and it was also decreed that the imperial crown surmounting the cross should be replaced by a wreath of oak and laurel leaves. The cross as now authorized is a white enamel star of five rays, each at the end dividing into two points tipped with small balls. Engaged within the five spaces between the five rays is a broad green wreath representing oak and laurel leaves. Within the circle of the wreath, on the body of the star, appears on one side the head of the republic with the surrounding inscription,

"REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAIS 1870," and on the reverse are two crossed tricolor flags each with a surrounding inscription, "HONNEUR ET PATRIE."

The cross of chevalier is picked in with gold and silver and suspended by a wide scarlet ribbon passing through a ring. On the cross of an officer the silver is omitted, gold taking its place. The scarlet ribbon in the case of an officer being surmounted by a scarlet rosette.

In 1870 it was decreed that the number of grand crosses should be limited to eight, commanders to one thousand, grand officers to two thousand, officers to four thousand, and chevaliers at the option of the government.

A decree of 1873 provided that only one appointment could be made for each two extinctions in the civil, and three appointments for each four extinctions in the military, and that each nomination should be entered in the official journal with a full presentation of the services of the applicant. In 1881 very stringent rules were proposed to regulate the conferring of decorations, and had they been accepted by the Chamber much abuse and scandal would have been avoided.

The present administration of the order is intrusted with a grand chevalier as general director and twelve members meeting once a month. The council reports every six months the number of vacancies, makes suggestions to the different ministers of state upon nominations or promotions, gives estimates as to the appropriations required, and deals with all matters relative to the discipline of the order.

By the decrees of 1852 a member of the legion became disqualified by the same causes as disqualified him as a French citizen. No infamous penalty can be inflicted upon a member until after he is degraded from the order. To effect this the president of a court, upon the recommendation of the advocate-general or the War Department, pronounces immediately after the reading of judgment the following formula: "You are wanting in honor. I declare, in the name of the legion, that you have ceased to be a member of it."

No member of the legion can accept in addition a foreign order without first obtaining permission from the chief of state, transmitted through the chancellor of the order.

Up to 1895 the council of the order was supreme in matters relating to appointments or rejections of members, but at that time the Chamber of Deputies assumed a decided voice. Now all the ministers can grant the order under approval of the council of ministers responsible to the legislature, but even appointments by the council and the legislature do not obligate the President of the republic to confirm.

In 1895 it was decreed that the grand chancellor must be a general and the grand secretary a civilian. Since the establishment of the order, in 1802, there have been twenty-one grand chancellors. Candidates in time of peace must have served with the requisite distinction

for twenty years in a military or civil capacity. The nominations of military persons take place on parade, that of civil persons at the courts of justice and in the presence of the grand chancellor.

The Americans now holding title in the French orders number about twenty-five in the legion, eight in the Mérite Agricole, and fifteen in the Palmes Académiques. In the grade of grand cross is General Franklin, and among commanders, Generals Howard, Schofield, and Sickles, Admiral Ammen, and Mr. Edison. In the city of Philadelphia the Americans honored with French decorations number one chevalier of the legion, three officers Instruction Publique, one officier d'Académie, one officier Mérite Agricole.

The membership in the legion, according to the decrees of 1873, is fixed at four thousand officers, one thousand commanders, two hundred grand officers, eighty grand crosses. The number in the lower grade of chevaliers was not limited, but it is now proposed to limit the chevaliers to twelve thousand. A legislative commission is at present considering a revision of the laws governing the order, two leading propositions being:

1. Complete stoppage of all nominations till the "extinctions" reduce the present number very considerably.

2. The creation of a limited reserve- or waiting-list through which all titularies shall first pass before reaching actual membership in the legion.

The legion as an order below that of the nobility outranks all others in France, and consequently is so much sought for that no effort to attain it is beyond endeavor. In France it is a statute offense to wear at the button-hole any insignia excepting one conferred by government, the penalty being six months to two years' imprisonment. Similar penalties are imposed in Germany, a case lately being published where a man was sentenced to one year for wearing on the watch-chain an iron cross conferred upon a deceased soldier-brother. Foreign members of the legion are not required to take an oath or are they paid pensions or entitled to military funeral honors, as are French members; but they, however, like Frenchmen, are exempted while members from ignoble punishment.

The corporation of the legion holds valuable property and is possessed of large capital, from which it derives funds to pay an annual pension-list of over one million dollars. The official seat or hotel of the legion was burned by the Communists in 1871. The organization has proved itself to be very elastic, as, originally republican, it has been by turns imperialistic, monarchical, and again republican. At present, and for many years past, the French people have placed on record their opposition to the old chivalric orders, adhering to the legion and its collateral branches, considering them all-sufficient recompense for bravery, skill, science, patriotism,—merit of every sort.

One French writer in effect says, The legion is already consecrated as if it had passed through centuries, to such a degree has it become the recompense of heroism and of knowledge. The establishment of this honor conferring distinction by Bonaparte, First Consul, was a dazzling triumph of equality; not of that equality which puts men on a level by debasing them, but which equalizes while it elevates them.

There are two other French orders which may be considered collateral to the legion, though not a part of it,—the "Ordre de Palmes Académique" and the "Ordre Mérite Agricole." The first was incorporated by imperial decree in 1808, when the University of France was organized, and it was further established and dignified by Napoleon in 1866. It is bestowed by the Minister of Public Instruction upon individuals who have rendered eminent services in connection with literature, and is of two grades:

1. Officier d'Académie,—the insignia of this being two palm leaves of *silver* attached to a violet ribbon.

2. Officier de l'Instruction Publique,—the insignia of this being two palm leaves of *gold* attached to a violet ribbon and rosette.

The Order of Agricultural Merit was instituted in 1883. It was intended as a recompense for service rendered French agriculture, and comprehends two grades:

1. Chevaliers, limited to two thousand.

2. Officers, limited to three hundred.

The chevalier cross is a sharp-pointed, six-rayed star of white enamel, edged and pointed with silver, and surmounted with a silver ring by which to suspend it. Engaged between the bars or within the six spokes of the star is a broad gold wreath representing leaves and grain of wheat and corn. Within this wreath is the solid body or centre of the star, and upon it on one side is in relief upon a gold ground the head of the French republic with the inscription on a blue fillet, "REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE." On the reverse side upon a gold ground, surrounded by a blue fillet, is the inscription, "MÉRITE AGRICOLE, 1883."

The chevalier's cross is suspended by a broad ribbon of green with a red border. The cross of the officer varies from that of the lower grade by the substitution of gold for silver in every case. The silver ring is superseded by a gold wreath of laurel and oak leaves, above which is a gold ring. The officer's ribbon is the same as in the lower grade, with the addition of a rosette of green and gold.

When the Ordre Mérite Agricole was founded, in 1883, members of the legion did not look favorably upon it, but soon the new decoration became a desirable distinction, especially as its membership is quite limited.

There is another decoration conferred by the French government, known as the military medal, instituted in 1852. This does not carry

with it a title or grade. It is conferred principally upon sailors and soldiers, though prized by the most exalted as a distinguishment for bravery.

In Belgium there is an order, very similar to that of the legion, established in 1852 by Leopold I., consequently known as the Order of Leopold. It comprises five grades, and is conferred for military and civil distinction. It has not the history nor the prestige of the French order, but, like it, is much sought.

Whatever may be said against decorations conferred by governments, certainly the distinctions are most powerful stimulants to meritorious effort. They are intended as recognitions of personal merit as discriminated from official rank or hereditary station, and in this sense are to be commended. Since remotest periods there has been among men a desire to possess honorary distinctions, the objects of human ambition to obtain which no sacrifice was too great.

Like the American Order of the Cincinnati, the establishment of the legion seemed at the time to be a step backward by people who had just declared against all monarchical institutions, but in both cases time has demonstrated the harmlessness of each as respects their political influence.

> "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow."
>
> "Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The writer expresses his obligations to M. Henri L. de Vilmorin, of Paris, and to M. Victor Rigueur, of Philadelphia.

BURNET LANDRETH.

MODERN RIFLE-SHOOTING.[1]

To those who follow with any interest the records of the chief shooting competitions at Bisley the names of the two writers who head our list will at least carry with them a voucher for practical familiarity with their subject. The late Mr. Foulkes from his school-days onward played a conspicuous part in the chief matches at Wimbledon and Bisley; Mr. Fremantle has done so too; and though "A Marksman" has chosen to remain anonymous, his work bears on it plainly the stamp of practical experience.

The aim of Mr. Fremantle's book is to sketch the development of rifles and projectiles belonging to them, and to set forth in a clear and unpretending fashion the mechanical principles which have controlled that development. The writer, too, has not only a sound knowledge of the practical sides of his subject, but his book shows, so far as the limits of it allow, a careful and exhaustive study of the literature of the rifle. Here and there the style bears traces of what one may call amateurishness. But these are few, and the book throughout displays a noteworthy power of dealing with a technical subject in such a way as to make it intelligible and interesting to the ordinary layman. The special language of mechanical science is used sparingly and judiciously.

Mr. Foulkes's book and that by "A Marksman" are in a sense more practical. They contain, that is to say, a good deal more in the way of advice and suggestions as to the use of the rifle. At the same time each writer clearly understands that a man cannot be a successful rifle-shot if he trusts merely to natural skill and to good luck, and is ignorant of the mechanical conditions which limit his efforts. Accordingly, each of these writers has given a sketch—less elaborate than Mr. Fremantle's, but clear and business-like so far as it goes—of the laws which must govern the construction of rifles and ammunition. Indeed, this part of "A Marksman's" work strikes us as a singularly happy attempt at stating scientific truths in a clear, practical fashion.

These three books are, we think, a very satisfactory illustration of what the volunteer movement and the labors of the National Rifle Association have done for the country. It is not the least among their

[1] Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* by permission of Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York, the American publishers of *Quarterly Review*.

services to have called into existence, outside the army, a number of persons keenly interested in gunnery and capable of bringing to bear on the problems of the subject both trained intelligence and practical experience. We greatly doubt whether forty years ago civilians would have been found with the practical knowledge needful to produce books. We are very certain that forty years ago such books would have found but few civilian readers.

Captain Mayne's book on "Infantry Fire Tactics" is more distinctly didactic in purpose than either of the three already mentioned, and, as might be expected in the work of a professional soldier, it deals with the subject more exclusively from a military point of view. It may be looked on as in a measure supplementing them. Underlying the whole of Captain Mayne's work is the thoroughly sound contention that effectiveness in individual shooting, whether due to personal skill or to improvements in fire-arms, is valuable only so far as it enables the marksman to play his part more efficiently as part of an organized force. It is clear, therefore, that in all attempts to develop individual skill or to improve the rifle, no condition should be introduced which is inconsistent with the end to be finally sought,—that of effective organized fire. And no one can have carefully followed the history of rifle-shooting since the foundation of the National Rifle Association, and not see that there have been times when the search for mere accuracy at the target has led to forgetfulness of military conditions, and that the considerations set forth by Captain Mayne must be constantly kept in view alike by rifle-shots and rifle-makers.

The book which appears last but one on our list, "The Official Text-Book of Military Small-Arms," carries the detailed history of the subject back to a point earlier than that chosen by Mr. Fremantle. It gives contemporary sketches of the "gonnes" used by foot- and horse-soldiers respectively in the middle of the fifteenth century. One is tempted to think that they must have demanded even greater courage from the shooter than from the recipient. But it is with rifles, not fire-arms generally, that we are concerned. As a military weapon the rifle first came to the front in America, where the value of an arm of precision soon made itself felt in woodland warfare. Braddock's defeat was due not only to his own contemptuous ignorance of the peculiar conditions under which he had to fight, but also to the effective marksmanship of French irregular troops and their Indian allies, armed with hunting-rifles. At Saratoga the deliberate aim of an American rifleman deprived Burgoyne of his best subordinate, Fraser. The years which separated Waterloo from the Crimea were not years of military inventiveness; nevertheless, the result of the battle of the Alma gave the old smooth-bore its death-blow. Readers of *Punch* will remember the horrified face of the elderly spinster in Leech's picture as she listens to the letter in which the writer announces that he has aban-

doned his old "Brown Bess" in favor of his "Beautiful Minié." But as a pastime for civilians, rifle-shooting then was as much the exclusive hobby of a few enthusiasts as golf was south of the Tweed twenty years ago, and even among them long-range shooting was unknown.

With the volunteer movement, and as a consequence the formation of the National Rifle Association, came a revolution. The volunteers had not been in existence two years when it became clear that target-shooting was definitely taking its place among the manly exercises of Englishmen; and that whatever might be the deficiencies of the volunteer force in drill, in organization, or in commissariat, it had in it the making of an effective body of marksmen. And it soon became clear, too, that the volunteer movement, acting mainly through the National Rifle Association, which it had called into existence, was destined to do another work, and, estimating its services at their very lowest, to give the military authorities of the country invaluable help in the task of supplying the army with a weapon of precision.

As we have already implied, rifle-shooting previous to the volunteer movement had been the pursuit exclusively of the deerstalker and of a few enthusiasts whose prowess was wholly unknown to the general public. One such formed a noteworthy link between the past and future of rifle-shooting. Thirty years before the volunteer movement few names had been more conspicuous in the world of sport than that of Captain Horatio Ross. To the general public he was best known as probably the finest living game-shot and the owner of the famous steeple-chasers "Clinker" and "Smasher." But he had fully as good titles to fame as a deerstalker and a target-shot. His son Edward, then a lad just about to matriculate at Cambridge, showed how thoroughly he had inherited and learnt his father's craft by carrying off the queen's prize at the first Wimbledon meeting in 1860. Captain Ross himself, with nerve and eyesight unimpaired by nearly sixty years, himself at once appeared on the scene as a conspicuously successful competitor in the extramilitary competitions at Wimbledon, and his example was followed, not only by Edward, but by two more sons. In fact, it may be doubted whether a long-range competition between England and Scotland could have taken place at all in those early days if the Ross family had not furnished the nucleus of a Scottish Eight.

If the National Rifle Association had confined itself to its obvious and primary duty, that of fostering volunteer shooting, it would no doubt have done something to make our auxiliary forces more useful, but it would not have contributed anything towards solving the important problem,—what should be the arm of the future? For the Enfield rifle was inaccurate at any distance beyond five hundred yards, and hopelessly untrustworthy at such a range as eight hundred, and no practice with it could have done anything to develop an arm of

precision. But, happily, the rulers of the National Rifle Association took a wide view of their duties, and long-range competitions, with rifles deviating from strict military conditions, at once formed part of their programme. The queen's prize, too, was not merely a competition with the service arm at the ordinary military distances. The second and more important stage of it was shot with small-bore rifles, conforming in other respects to military regulations, chosen by a competition among gun-makers. Furthermore the cause of long-range shooting was greatly advanced by the establishment of a competition to which we have already referred. In 1862 that stanch friend to rifle-shooting, the present Earl of Wemyss, gave the Elcho Shield to be competed for at long ranges between England and Scotland, and in 1865 Ireland was admitted as a third competitor. The position of the last-named country in the match is not without interest as illustrating the value of strict co-operation in rifle-shooting. The absence of volunteers in Ireland, and consequently the small number of those who turned their attention to rifle-shooting, seemed at first likely to be fatal hinderances to success. This, however, was counterbalanced, firstly, by the fact that there was no short-range military shooting to distract the attention of competitors, but probably even more by the fact that the competitors, being drawn almost exclusively from two small clubs, those of Dublin and Belfast, had a knowledge of one another's shooting, and felt an *esprit de corps* hardly to be found among competitors chosen from a wider area. How this acted is best proved by the fact that between the years 1873 and 1890 Ireland was no less than eleven times successful.

Another important step towards the furtherance of long-range shooting was taken in 1864. The Cambridge Volunteer Corps had then the good fortune not only to number among its members Edward Ross, but also to have for its commanding officer one of the finest long-range shots ever known, Colonel Baker. Furthermore, it possessed perhaps the best range in England, extending to eleven hundred yards. This happy conjunction of circumstances led to the formation of a long-range club, not limited to members of the university, and holding an annual competition. It was at one of these competitions that Captain Ross, of whom we have already spoken, beat, when in his sixty-sixth year, a field which included nearly all the first-class long-range shots in the kingdom. And it is also worth noticing that the Metford rifle, which with its shallow grooves and increasing spiral marked an entirely new development in the practice of rifle-making, made its first public appearance when in 1865, in the hands of Colonel (afterwards Sir Henry) Halford, it won the Cambridge cup.

The records of the first Elcho Shield match furnish as good a gauge as one could find of the general progress of long-range shooting. Without going into statistical details, which to the generality of readers

would convey no definite meaning, we may shortly state the case thus. In the first match, that shot in 1862, no competitor hit the bull's-eye more than thirteen times, and one competitor only hit it five times. No competitor completed his score without missing the target seven times, and one competitor missed it no less than thirty-three times. The conditions of wind and light under which the match is shot vary so much that statistics can hardly be said to give even an approximate guide to what are normal results. But, speaking generally, one may say that under ordinary conditions any competitor would be endangering the success of his side who did not place two shots out of every three in the bull's-eye, and that the prospects of a team would look very black if, not a single competitor, but the whole eight competitors together, missed the target as often as seven times.

It need hardly be said that only a portion of this change, probably not the chief portion, is due to advance in individual skill. Rifling, projectiles, sights have all been revolutionized. The marking in those days only indicated the value of the shot, and left the exact position to be ascertained somewhat conjecturally by a man at the firing-point with a telescope. The art of "coaching"—that is to say, of utilizing to the utmost all that can be learned both by direct observation and also inferred from the result of each shot as to changes of wind, light, and so on—instead of leaving each competitor to his own guidance has been brought to perfection. The universal adoption, too, of the back position, a change due mainly to the brilliant results achieved by American marksmen who made use of it, has had an even more important result on matches, such as the Elcho Shield, than on individual scores: for the superiority of the back position lies not so much in the fact that each individual shot is fired with greater steadiness, as that there is less danger, and, indeed, with competent and experienced shots no danger, of an erratic shot being unknowingly fired. Thus each successive shot may be taken as a guide to the strength of the wind, with a degree of certainty which never could be attained when competitors shot in the prone position.

While on the subject of the back position, we may notice a somewhat interesting discovery which Mr. Fremantle has unearthed. He quotes (p. 19) from "A History of the War of Independence," written in 1785, the following description of Colonel Ferguson, a leader of irregular troops on the loyalist side, who fell at the battle of King's Mountain, fought in North Carolina in 1780.

"He was perhaps the best marksman living, and probably brought the art of rifle-shooting to its highest point of perfection. He even invented a gun of that kind upon a new construction, which was said to have far exceeded in facility and execution anything of the sort before known; and he is said to have greatly outdone even the American Indians in the adroitness and quickness of firing and loading and

in the certainty of hitting the mark, *lying upon the back* or belly and every other possible position of the body."

Mr. Fremantle also reproduces from a book written early in the present century by Ezekiel Baker, and called "Remarks on Rifle Guns," two singular and interesting prints. One represents a volunteer in uniform on his back, aiming, with the sling of his rifle twisted, as it is occasionally in the present day, round one foot. The other print represents a startling form of the prone position. The marksman has divested himself of his shako, which, placed on the ground before him, serves as a rest for his rifle barrel! A reviewer of Mr. Fremantle's book has ingeniously and plausibly suggested that the height of the shako was designed to fit it for this purpose.

In the year 1864 a congress of rifle-shots was held in London. It appears to have been open to all who cared to pay half a guinea for a ticket, and it had no executive powers. Nevertheless, their debates seem to have been carried on in a conspicuously sensible and practical spirit. Their deliberations occupied three days, and it is noteworthy that the opening day's discussion was held under the chairmanship of Mr. Willian Forster, not yet a cabinet minister.

The report is of very great interest, as showing what the leading rifle-shots of that day thought on a good many questions which have since been warmly debated, and how far their anticipations and their fears have been fulfilled. It is also worth noticing that, on more than one important point, the National Rifle Association has, in some cases rather tardily, and as the result of warning failures, adopted the methods recommended by this congress. There was, for example, a consensus of opinion that the minimum number of shots should be seven instead of five, and the association, after some years, definitely adopted that change. The conference furthermore recommended the encouragement of second-rate shots, not, as was then often suggested, by handicapping, but rather by diminishing the individual value and enlarging the number of prizes, and the policy of the association has steadily tended in that direction. The conference, too, expressed a decided opinion as to the expediency of making each competition, or at least each distinct stage of every competition, take place on the same day, so that all competitors might, as far as possible, shoot under the same conditions of wind and atmosphere. From this policy the National Rifle Association gradually drifted away. Long-range competitions were established, increasing year by year in importance, which ran on for several days, and for which a competitor might enter any number of times with the one limitation that he could not shoot twice on the same morning or afternoon. As a consequence, a few first-rate scores made in easy
paralyzed subsequent shooting, and during a spell of wind or
t t targets might have been seen standing idle for hours, if not for
s, Moreover, the system bore hardly on busy shots who

were occupied in various competitions, and who consequently could not pick their time. Such was the disaffection created by the system that in 1892 the association thrust back these "bidiurnal" competitions into a secondary place, and arranged all the principal matches throughout the meeting on what has been called the "shoulder to shoulder" system, whereby all the competitors for any one prize are shooting at the same range simultaneously. In doing this they were simply reverting to a principle which had been clearly and emphatically laid down by the congress of 1864.

It is also interesting to find that the battle had already begun on behalf of strictly military shooting as against so-called "fancy" shooting; we shall endeavor to show that we use the latter term in no invidious sense. The case for the former was put tersely and effectively by Lord Ducie, himself no mean performer with the match rifle fitted with aperture-sights. That weapon, he said, would be useful "if the British soldier were always certain of meeting with a black enemy, if the ground upon which that enemy stood were always covered with snow; and, further, if the enemy would be so complaisant as to dispense with his clothes." And it has been added to this criticism that, since long-range shooting does not test the power of judging distance, it would be needful for the nude enemy to mark time while sighting-shots were being fired.

Nevertheless, we think that Lord Ducie, in a somewhat Balaam-like fashion, removed half the sting of his curse and changed it into something like a blessing by another passage in his letter:

"I am convinced that it is now no longer the steadiest hand or clearest eye that will win.

"Lying down gives practically a perfect rest; the aperture-sight clears off all haze (in tolerable weather), and makes my short sight equal to your long sight.

"The real skill now lies in watching the wind and the light, in keeping the rifle in good condition, in careful manipulation in loading, and in having the best ammunition."

Is not that another way of saying that aperture-sights get rid of the personal element of error, and furnish the best means of testing systems of rifling and varieties of ammunition, and so of working by experiment towards an ideal military weapon?

That side of the case was well put in a paper read at the congress by Mr. John Rigby, lately the superintendent of the Government Small-Arms Factory at Enfield. The paper was further noteworthy as setting forth very clearly what the whole aim of the National Rifle Association ought to be, and what, we think, allowing for certain deviations and imperfections, it in the main has been.

"There is one further matter which, as it comes strictly under the head of general principles, I feel I cannot pass over altogether, and

that is the rule by which we ought to be guided in laying down the conditions of any match. It appears to be manifest that in every case we should first ascertain the object which the match is intended to promote. If it be to encourage volunteers to attain proficiency with their regimental rifles, then manifestly that rifle only should be used, and all the rules should be modeled on the military standard, with the addition that as shooting at a target at measured distances is only the first step towards the efficient use of the rifle in war, far more attention should be given than has hitherto been done to matches so arranged that the proficiency of the competitors in judging distances, calculating the elevation for intermediate ranges, and the allowance for wind, delivering their fire with rapidity and accuracy as in file-firing, etc., may be tested and rewarded. I cannot but think that such contests are of more practical value in a military point of view than the unvarying succession of matches at two hundred, five hundred, and six hundred yards.

"Among the other objects which are well worthy that special matches should be arranged for their promotion are the encouragement of rifle-shooting as a healthy, manly, and scientific *pastime*. And again the stimulation of improvements in the manufacture of rifles. If, therefore, it be proposed in any contest to unite these two last-named purposes, the greatest latitude should be given in the matter of aperture or other sights, of special and costly projectiles, etc.; and of such a nature are the small-bore contests at Wimbledon.

"There is, however, another and a most important object which may and ought to be promoted by means of matches, with conditions suitable to that end. And this is the improvement of our military arm. There should be the matches with rifles suitable for service alluded to in the programme, and the existence of such matches would stimulate powerfully the improvement of military rifles. Fine screw adjustments, wind-gauges, sight-covers, aperture-sights, ammunition such as would not be suitable for service, should be prohibited, and the conditions should be so arranged as to supply a test of the efficiency of the weapon in a military point of view, such as easy and quick loading, durability, non-liability to foul, etc. These matches would, I think, be highly popular. They would open a fair field to many a skillful shot, who, not finding sufficient reward for his skill in the use of the Enfield rifle only, is yet unwilling to enter the lists with the small-bore competitors under the present rules." (Report of Congress, pp. 177, 178.)

It is hardly too much to say that the whole experience of the association, during the time which has intervened, illustrates the soundness of the views set forth in the above extract. The competitions for rifles of an intermediate character—military arms, that is to say, but not conforming to all the existing government regulations—were gradually and tentatively introduced till they became one of the most conspicuous

and interesting features of the annual meetings. If they are doomed to extinction, it is only because they have done their work thoroughly, and have in conjunction with other influences called into being a government rifle which treads close on the heels of the match rifle.

Mr. Rigby also furnishes a full justification for the match rifle, with its elaborate sights and appliances, unfit for actual service in the field. But it must always be borne in mind that the long-range rifle, though it need not be itself a military arm, must be such as to carry us onward in the process of discovering and testing the best military arms. The non-military conditions superimposed must be designed merely to get rid of chance and to test more exactly the military fitness of the weapon; they must be such that their removal will merely diminish the accuracy and not destroy the efficiency of the weapon. There was a time when the association, and indeed the friends of long-range shooting, generally forgot that wholesome truth, and when the cause was very much endangered thereby. The episode forms a somewhat interesting and instructive chapter in the history of rifle-shooting, and we will venture therefore to tell it in detail.

In 1874 a team composed of six Irishmen crossed the Atlantic to shoot a match at New York against a team chosen from the whole of the United States. The match was to be identical in distance conditions with that for the Elcho Shield. Little was then known in this country as to the powers of the Americans at long ranges; indeed, it was generally thought that accurate marksmanship at short distances, standing, was their strong point. The Irish were all armed with Rigby muzzle-loading rifles; their opponents with American breech-loaders. The Irish team, though a strong one, was not absolutely the best that could be found; they were shooting under new and somewhat trying atmospheric conditions, and they probably held their opponents rather cheap. Consequently the defeat of the Irish by the very narrow margin of three points could hardly be looked on as conclusive either as to the merits of the competitors or their respective arms. By far the most significant feature of the match was that the Americans owed their success to the shooting of one man, Mr. Fulton, who made eight points more than any of the Irish, and whose score had up to that time never been approached in any of the Elcho Shield matches. He shot, as we have said, with a breech-loader and also on his back.

The lesson given by Mr. Fulton's performance was soon most emphatically enforced. In 1875 and in 1880 American teams visited Ireland, and each time defeated a carefully-chosen and representative Irish team on its own ground; and this, it should be observed, was at a time when Ireland was more than holding its own in the international competitions at Wimbledon. Nor was that all. In 1876, the year of the Philadelphia exhibition, a competition was held at New York, in which teams from Scotland, Ireland, and Canada all competed

and were beaten by the Americans, while the result was subsequently confirmed by a match in the same year between the Irish and an American team. In the following year a team from Great Britain and Ireland, carefully chosen and well organized, tried its luck against the Americans and fared no better.

This series of reverses taught British riflemen two lessons. The Americans all shot in the back position, which previous to 1874 had only been adopted by a few competitors here and there. The success of the Americans effectively gave the death-blow to the old prone position, except with military rifles. English riflemen, too, had been in a complacent and somewhat unintelligent fashion plodding on with the muzzle-loader as a target weapon, regardless of the fact that it was already regarded as obsolete for military purposes. The conviction that no cartridge could be invented which would clean the barrel as effectively as the wad used with the muzzle-loader was so firmly rooted that no serious attempt was being made to develop a breech-loader for long-range practice. The success of the Americans annihilated the muzzle-loader as it had annihilated the prone position. But, unhappily, the breech-loader *as used by the Americans* was every whit as much a toy, void of all practical use except for target purposes as the muzzle-loader; for after every shot an elaborate process of cleaning was gone through before another shot was fired. In fact, the reasons which led the Americans to adopt the breech-loader had absolutely no connection with the reasons which made it valuable for military purposes. It was preferred as a target weapon simply because it could be cleaned between the shots, and thus the barrel could be brought every time to a state of uniformity unattainable with the muzzle-loader. The writer remembers hearing one of the most distinguished long-range shots in America say that if he wanted to make a big score he must use his breech-loader; if he wanted an enjoyable day on the range he took his muzzle-loader. An incident which occurred in 1874 ought to have warned all parties of the thoroughly unsatisfactory nature of the American system of long-range shooting. After the match at New York, above mentioned, a second match was arranged, rather to test the merits of the rifles than of the men. The Americans were to shoot their breech-loaders this time without cleaning. The distance was a thousand yards, and each competitor was to fire twenty-five shots. The result was an utter and hopeless breakdown on the part of the breech-loader. The best American score was below the worst Irish. One American competitor only hit the target four times, and had to retire from the contest with an incapacitated gun, leaving ten shots still unfired.

It seems astonishing that British riflemen should, after such a lesson, in their desire for mere target accuracy, have adopted not only the breech-loader, but the American method of using it. Nevertheless,

the legitimate aim of long-range shooting, the development of a military rifle, was set aside in favor of high scoring. By 1881 the muzzle-loader had virtually disappeared from all high-class competitions at Wimbledon, and an assortment of rods and long-handled brushes, a handful of patches, and a can of water were to be seen among the appliances of every long-range shot. A pursuit carried on under these conditions was not likely to enlist recruits, and we can hardly doubt that, if this state of things had been suffered to continue, long-range shooting would have died out here, as it has, we believe, on the other side of the Atlantic. The discomfort and cumbrousness of the system forced men, however, to look for a remedy. It was found that by careful treatment of the cartridge satisfactory results could be got, and in 1883 cleaning between shots was definitely abolished at Wimbledon. At the same time, one can hardly say that the whole abuse was got rid of, since the cumbrous and unmilitary practice of blowing through the barrel to moisten the fouling was still permitted and very generally practiced. Nevertheless, since the abolition of cleaning one may fairly say that the long-range competitions of the National Rifle Association, and those throughout the country which are indirectly dependent upon it, have been doing their legitimate work in testing systems of rifling and ammunition for military purposes. Nor is there any doubt that much experimental work of the greatest value has been done by amateurs whose training as riflemen has been mainly gained at Wimbledon and Bisley, and whose interest in the subject has been created and kept alive by the meetings of the association.

By the introduction of the Lee-Metford as the accepted government arm the whole situation has been greatly changed. There is no longer any wide gulf between the match rifle and the regulation arm. Competitions for long-range rifles other than those of government pattern, yet conforming to military requirements, seem to have lost their meaning. In the days of the Martini such competitions were the only means whereby the skill of the marksman using a purely military weapon could be tested at long distance; now the Lee-Metford is amply sufficient for that purpose. If the object be to test systems of breech action, or a calibre or cartridge other than those of the Lee-Metford, that can be perfectly well done by competitions where aperture-sights are allowed. That has not been the case hitherto. So long as a maximum bore of .450 was allowed in the match rifle, as has been hitherto the case, any of the foreign military rifles, such as the Mannlicher or Maurer, carrying a light bullet, were in strong or variable winds so severely handicapped as to be practically out of the competition. The National Rifle Association has, however, now definitely accepted the reduction of bore as final; and though the precise conditions which will be required in 1897 are not yet declared, it may safely

be assumed that no bore exceeding .315 will be permitted. In accepting this bore, both the military authorities and those of the National Rifle Association are adopting the principle clearly and forcibly set forth by Captain Mayne, that mere target accuracy is not the only thing to be sought in a military rifle, and that, even apart from such considerations as the weight of the arm and the ammunition, the greater susceptibility of the bullet to lateral winds is not too heavy a price to pay for a flatter trajectory; for, as any one will see on a moment's reflection, the flatter trajectory lessens the effect of an error in judging the distance of the object fired at; and it is not less obvious that, as in war, the object fired at is as a rule extended laterally, lateral accuracy as compared with vertical is a comparatively unimportant matter.

If any one should be tempted to think that because the Lee-Metford reaches the maximum of accuracy needed for military purposes, therefore long-range shooting with aperture-sights has served its practical purpose and become a mere ornamental accomplishment, it is not, we think, difficult to disabuse him. The question of rifle may in its main outlines be settled; that of cartridge is assuredly very far from a final solution. At present the Lee-Metford cartridge labors under two defects,—the deficient stopping power of the bullet and the corrosive effect of the explosive, cordite. Mr. Fremantle has a good deal to say on the first of these points. He quotes several instances where the Lee-Metford bullet has passed right through a man and done but little injury. In the Chitral campaign a native is said to have received six wounds, and two or three days later to have walked nine miles into hospital complaining of a stiff neck! And, as Mr. Fremantle points out, this is of peculiar importance to the British soldier, much of whose fighting has to be done against savages, since it is "a well-recognized fact that it requires a much more severe wound to stop the rush of a savage enemy than that of a well-cared-for European soldier."

Now, target experiments—such, at least, as those to which the Bisley competitions lend themselves—cannot measure the stopping power of the bullet; indeed, this is just one of the points where the criterion of accuracy as tested at the target is inadequate; but target-practice can show whether changes made for the sake of increased stopping power have or have not impaired accuracy.

Again, the deleterious influence of cordite in the barrel may have been exaggerated, and it may be possible by prompt and careful cleaning to neutralize it; but the soldier being what he is, it is very certain that the influence will be felt, and whoever can invent an explosive free from the drawbacks of cordite will be doing an incalculable service, for the use of an explosive which destroys the barrel is manifestly not merely extravagant in time of peace, but actually dangerous in war. And here again, in the long-range competitions at Bisley, govern-

ment can have this work of experiment done to their hand without cost.

We have dwelt so fully on one side of the question of rifle-shooting that we can only consider other aspects of it somewhat cursorily. Mr. Rigby, in the paper from which we have already quoted, speaks of "encouraging volunteers to attain proficiency with their regimental rifles," as one of the objects to be sought. A study of the programme of one of the National Rifle Association meetings will show how that body has accepted this object as its primary end. No doubt one hears from time to time complaints that even in the so-called strictly military department of the meeting too much stress is laid on accuracy, often obtained by a sacrifice of the conditions which would have to be observed in real warfare.

To that criticism there are, we think, two answers to be made. In the first place a careful study of the programme will show that in the last year, which was not marked by any special innovation in this way, over five hundred pounds, to say nothing of challenge cups, was given to be competed for with regulation rifles, in matches where mere accuracy was not the sole, often not the chief object, but where it had to be combined with rapidity, simultaneity of fire, power of judging distances and dealing with moving objects, or with running, riding, or cycling. It is true that the public does not hear much of such competitions as compared with the queen's or Prince of Wales's prizes, and why? Largely because in most of these competitions excellence is only collective and not individual. Let the display of skill be in what department one may choose, cricket or athletics, conspicuous individual excellence is what the imagination of the public fastens upon. The precise proportion in which the too scanty prize funds of the association should be allotted is of course a reasonable matter for discussion. All that we would point out is that individual shooting, though the most prominent feature of the Bisley meetings, is far from monopolizing the prize list.

There is another side to the matter. The winner of the queen's prize is probably for practical military purposes very little more valuable than the man who can just get his marksman's badge. But the capacity of the individual winner is a very incomplete measure of the value of such a competition. If a very estimable body of men will forgive so degrading a comparison, a queen's winner is in the shooting world what a Smithfield prize ox is in the farming world. The prize beast is probably not what the epicure would choose to dine off, certainly not what the farmer would choose for profit. But he serves to show what can be done, and he fixes a standard to aim at. So the existence of a great competition like the queen's, with its long string of prizes culminating in what is virtually the championship of the year, stimulates shooting in every corps which comes under its

influence, and affects indirectly many who never take part in it. It is the old story of the husbandman and the pot of gold. In reaching for a success which is only within reach of the few, the many attain that amount of mastery over their rifle which is a needful condition of efficient soldiership. No doubt that does not meet the argument often urged, that the volunteer force is divided into a little aristocracy of skilled shots and a great mass who can hardly shoot at all. That can only be remedied by extended action operating in different localities, and wholly beyond the resources of the National Rifle Association. What that body may, we think, claim for itself in the matter is that it does not a little to remedy that state of things.

And this brings us to the third and last requisite laid down by Mr. Rigby in his paper, "the encouragement of rifle-shooting as a healthy, manly, and scientific *pastime*." (The italics are Mr. Rigby's.) In that, it seems to us, lies the answer to a good deal of vague talk that one hears as to the policy of the National Rifle Association. There are those who denounce its meetings as "picnics," and who clamor for a larger amount of military administration in the conduct of them. We should remind such critics, in the first place, that the competitors at Bisley consist largely of volunteers who are already freely giving up a good deal of time to the public service. To many of them the Bisley meeting is their one annual holiday; it is to them what six weeks in Scotland or among the Alps are to their more favored neighbors, and they have surely a right to ask that nothing should be grudged which makes their holiday brighter and more attractive, provided it no way interferes with the main purpose of the meeting, the display of the highest order of skill with the rifle. As for the increase of discipline, we would remind our readers that a section, and a not unimportant section, not only of the competitors, but even of those who control it, are civilians (using the word not in its ordinary sense, but as excluding volunteers), while even the volunteers there are merely brought together for the occasion and not bound together by any organic tie. How is a body so composed to be made subject to anything that can be called discipline, to parades, practice in tent-pitching, strict mess regulations, or any of the incidents which properly enough belong to the conduct of a regimental camp? We cannot help thinking that the mere term "camp" somehow misleads persons as suggesting something military. They forget that the camp in this case simply means the cheapest and most convenient way, indeed the only way, of housing a large body of competitors and those who have to manage the competitions close to the range. Under such circumstances the utmost that the association can do is to permit, within its own bounds, the formation of regimental camps, which can practice such amount of drill as seems good to their respective members. If any one chooses to say that a large national volunteer camp for mixed

purposes of drill and shooting would be better than the present mixed camp of volunteers and civilians for shooting solely, one can only answer as Mr. Bingley answered his sister when she suggested that a ball "would be much more rational if conversation instead of dancing were made the order of the day:" "Much more rational, I daresay, but not near so much like a ball." It is at least very certain that such a meeting would not be, what the association meetings are compelled to be, practically self-supporting.

This view, of course, does not ignore the fact that all the shooting requires to be conducted under strict regulations, and therefore with strict discipline, that much of it is military, and that to such shooting strict military discipline is applicable. Apart from that, it seems to us that all which the association can reasonably be asked to do is to see that the volunteers do not learn any unmilitary habits, and that such general discipline is enforced as is needful for the main object in hand,—good shooting. As to the first point, no one who remembers the slovenly costumes, half-uniform, half-mufti, which were to be too commonly seen at Wimbledon some fifteen years ago, and notes their present disappearance, can doubt the improvement which has been wrought. On the latter point it is, we think, not too much to say that all the association has to do is to help the many to protect themselves against the few. The competitors are not children. Though the volunteer often comes to Bisley, as we have said, for a holiday, yet he also comes there with a very definite and serious purpose, and not once in five hundred times is he such a Hippoclides as, after months of practice, to dance away his chance in ill-timed revelry.

No one who has the interest of the volunteer movement at heart can but regret that neither the National Rifle Association nor any other influence has succeeded in giving rifle-shooting a higher place among the recognized athletic pursuits of the country. Our universities have never been the homes of rifle-shooting that they might be expected to be. Not, indeed, that they have been wanting in individually distinguished shots. In 1871, the queen's prize fell to the lot of a Cambridge undergraduate, Mr. Humphry. Only as late as 1895, an Oxford freshman, Mr. Ranken, shooting for Scotland, made the highest score in the international match; and in previous years, Oxonians, shooting for England and Ireland respectively, have achieved the same success. Yet it cannot be said that the inter-university matches have ever excited anything like the same interest which attaches to other contests.

Rifle-shooting, no doubt, suffers in popularity from its total lack of what one may call spectacular interest. Let us suppose a man looking on at the Elcho Shield match. What does he see? A knot of people are sitting together. One looks at the target through a telescope. Another is closely watching the motion of the flags through a binocular.

A third is poring over a register of figures in a fashion which suggests that he is endeavoring to find Easter by means of the Sunday letter; as a matter of fact, he is considering the force of the wind as shown by the last half-dozen shots. After a minute or so of whispered consultation, a report is heard and a puff of smoke seen somewhere among the feet of the group which we have described, and the spectator then learns that the real performer, he whose name will appear in the morrow's paper with the whole glory of success or disgrace of failure attached to it, is the one whose prostrate figure surrounded by counselors has hitherto escaped his notice. No doubt in a great competition, such as the queen's prize or the Elcho Shield, when the end is near and the struggle runs close, excitement becomes intense and contagious. But that is because

> "That needs must be a mighty minute
> When a crowd has but one soul within it."

The interest is that of a contested election rather than of an athletic contest. There is no outward and visible mark of individual skill. Except by the marking on the target there is nothing to tell the looker-on whether he is watching the efforts of a queen's prize winner or a man who has struggled out of the second class.

Another drawback to the popularity of rifle-shooting has been that by far the most attractive form of it, long-range shooting, has been hitherto attended with considerable initial expense. A good long-range rifle with its appurtenances costs at least twenty-five pounds, and a young man thinks twice before he invests that sum in a pursuit in which his interest and his capacity are as yet virtually untried. The substitution of the Lee-Metford for the Martini may do not a little to obviate this. It will put an arm of precision adapted to long ranges in the hands of every one who shoots at all. What will be its effect in the competitions at present open to match rifles—that is to say, to rifles fitted with aperture-sights and movable wind-gauges—it is not very easy to foresee. On the one hand, the cost of fitting a Lee-Metford with these appliances will be but small. On the other hand, the effectiveness of the Lee-Metford, even with its ordinary military sights, will perhaps diminish the desire for a more exact weapon.

Unhappily there is a serious set-off to the advantage which rifle-shooting will derive from the new service arm. As is well known, the extra distance traveled by the Lee-Metford bullet, albeit not more than three hundred yards, has already led to the condemnation of many ranges as unsafe. It is possible that a partial remedy may be found in the adoption of a bullet with more "stopping power" than that now in use: for the same quality which will make it more effective, its tendency to become deformed or to break up on striking an object, will obviously lessen the tendency to ricochet. And it is to be observed that it is really only from ricochets that danger is to be expected. Misses over

the target can be intercepted by a sufficiently high butt: the chance of a rifle being let off pointed high in the air is simply one of a number of contingencies, all of which imply either some fault in the construction of the rifle or great carelessness on the part of the shooter. No range can guard against such accidents: the superiority of a range which guards against one per cent. of them as against one which makes no provision is not worth considering.

One measure that has been suggested is the use of a reduced charge. We will not say that the remedy is worse than the disease, but we certainly do say that it would be but a feeble palliative for a thoroughly unsatisfactory state of affairs. It is scarcely possible to overrate the evils which might result from the existence of two sets of ammunition of widely different force, "practice" ammunition and "service" ammunition. Imagine a battalion going into action without a single man knowing the sighting of his rifle with the full charge. Imagine the panic if a rumor got about that two or three regiments had by mischance had the "practice" ammunition served out to them. Let it be supposed that by a large expenditure of government money safe ranges are found for the regular forces. What would be the fate of the great volunteer competitions at Bisley when one-half of the force were trained on safe ranges with "service" ammunition, while the other half had only been allowed "practice" ammunition? And be it remembered that anything which lowers the standard of volunteer shooting at Bisley will in all likelihood carry with it a lowering of the standard of shooting throughout the whole of our forces. Those members of the regular service who have formed the Army Eight Club, and have hereby done much to raise the standard of military shooting, would, we are sure, be the first to acknowledge the value of the lessons learnt at Wimbledon and Bisley, and the stimulus which the shooting there has given to their efforts. The annual match between the different branches of the service has acted in the same way.

If ranges cannot be found, and the reduced charge must be employed as a means of utilizing those already in existence, it is at least not too much to ask that it should be only used by tyros from whom wild shots may be expected. Allow at least every man who has shot into the first class to use the full charge; then at the worst there would be in every corps a certain number of men who know the sighting for the full charge.

Want of ranges and want of officers seem to be the two difficulties under which the volunteer corps, especially in country districts, now labor. The leisured and landed classes can do something to supply both wants, and there are few services by which they can more certainly and more effectively secure the gratitude of their countrymen.

"A MARKSMAN."

THE CASTLE OF SAN JUAN DE ULLOA AND THE TOPSY-TURVYISTS.

CARELESS reading and hasty generalization are apt to turn things topsy-turvy in the mind, thus presenting a reversed view misleading and false.

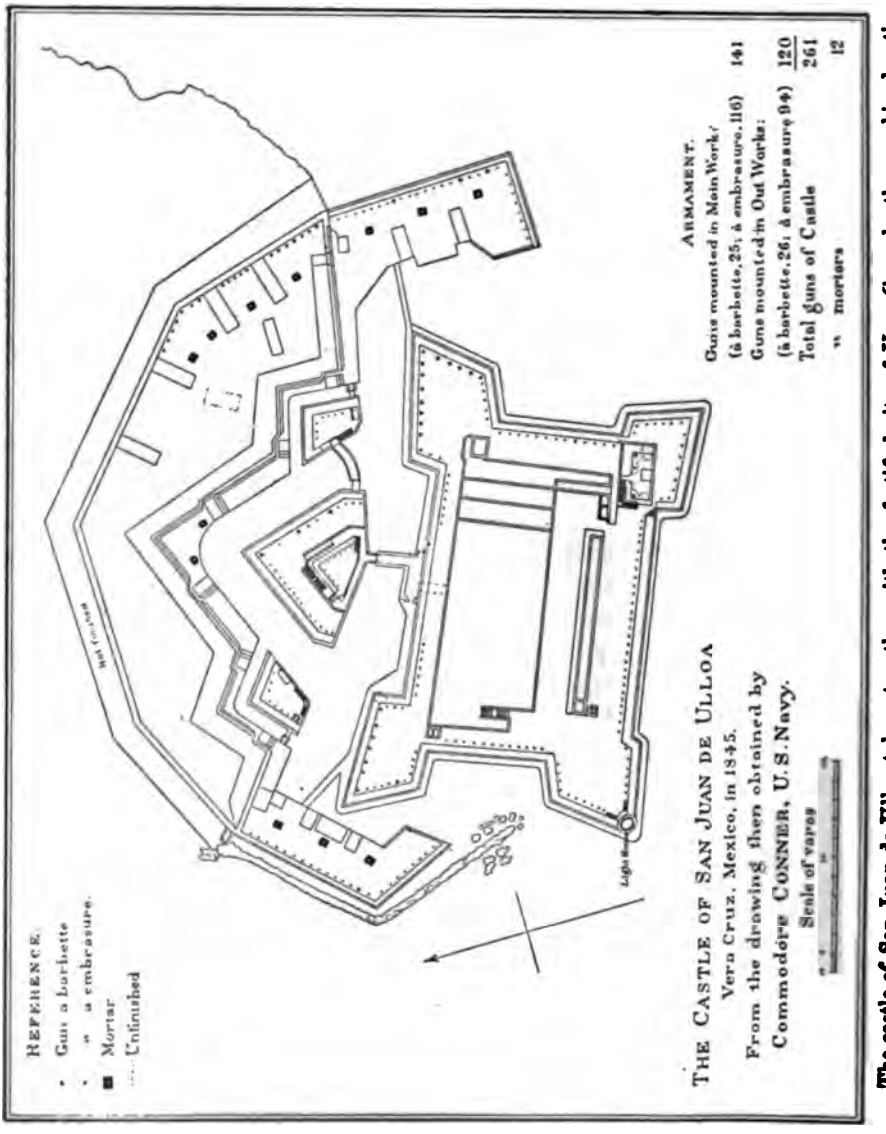
A very good illustration of this is found in the assertions and opinions of some of the writers on the Mexican War, regarding the condition of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa and the manner of its reduction by our forces. Thus, for instance, we are told by some that San Juan in 1847 was in no better condition of defense than in 1838, and that half a dozen of the wooden frigates of that day could have taken it by direct bombardment; a painful feeling of failure and disappointment following our omission of this cheap victory. Yes, truly, we should feel humiliated, indeed, were fancies facts; but, since facts will not turn into fancies, in accord with the vagaries of ignorance or prejudice, we really have no whining disappointment to stroke down nor any sobbing regret to coddle.

In 1846, as well known, upon the breaking out of war with Mexico, our fleet—all wooden vessels and but two of them steamers—was before San Juan. Of course popular expectation looked for an immediate bombardment by the ships, but it never came. Not, however, because the officers of the navy avoided such action willingly, but because, as will be shown by me, they were forced so to do by prohibitory circumstances.

Such being the case, and our government fully understanding and appreciating it, the whole matter of a mere naval attack was dropped by the Department and by those naval officers fully aware of the existing conditions, the combined movement of army and navy being decided on, which was carried out, and resulted, as well known, in the speedy capture of both castle and city.

But although the well informed had regretfully resigned a purely naval attack, there were still some persons who—through misconception or blinding zeal having advocated a purely naval attack—could not bring themselves to its abandonment, but, like the proverbial "man convinced against his will," were "of the same opinion still."

That these malecontents grumbled is not surprising; but in their



The castle of San Juan de Ulloa taken, together with the fortified city of Vera Cruz, by the combined action

day these murmurings were known to be but the mere grumblings of the discontented, a class then embracing even Farragut, our future great admiral; for this officer, then but a commander in rank, dazzled by the vision of glory to be gained by the capture of San Juan, and basing his plans for action on the circumstances of the past, was so blinded by his zeal that he took no heed of and refused to acknowledge the changed condition of the time, stubbornly maintaining that the castle had not been strengthened since 1838, and even asserting that the officers then in command—Conner, Perry, and Scott—were all deceived as to the truth when they declared that it had been strengthened. How thoroughly Commander Farragut deceived himself in this matter is shown, I think, by this paper, while his own journal reveals the secret of his self-deception,—namely, mortification and chagrin at being slighted by both his commander-in-chief—Perry—and the Department, and also from having incurred the displeasure of the Secretary of the Navy.[1] (Farragut's journal, quoted in his "Life," by L. Farragut, pp. 158–164.) Fortunately for us, as well as for Farragut, he did not have his over-zealous way, but was preserved for a great and glorious future.

However, time passes on, and the popular historians of the following generations, in the pleasant, easy manner of their kind, skimming the surface of the past and thus collecting its froth, coming across these grumblings, parade them forth as sage opinion and well-founded fact. Thus we are gravely told that San Juan was not greatly strengthened after its capture by the French in 1838, and that during our war it could have been taken by Commodore Conner's squadron. In direct refutation of these vagaries I give the following positive assertions and facts as to the strength of San Juan de Ulloa after 1838, and just before the commencement of our war, and during the same, in 1846 and 1847, with evidence that it was then, indeed, a strong place. But, in advance, let us see what its condition was in 1838 when taken by the French.

Although there were then found one hundred and eighty-seven guns of all kinds within the castle, a large portion were but for land defense, while of the rest—the remainder of the one hundred and eighty-seven—we are left in doubt as to the number mounted. But this is of no consequence, for it matters not, even if that number had reached a thousand; because, instead of sinking the French ships at once by concentrated fire as they came up in range, the Mexicans allowed them to pass on over the points of concentration and into berths where but nineteen guns in all could be brought to bear upon them.[2]

[1] Either this or the alternative, that through inconsecutive quotations Farragut's sayings have been misplaced and confused so that the true meaning is lost.

[2] There is a special reason for this slackness, to wit: the Mexican government was so averse to the war that it gave positive orders not to fire a shot until fired upon by the French.

But even this small number must be reduced by nine, since General Halleck shows in his "Elements of Military Art and Science," p. 190, that it was but equal to ten 24-pounders. Very few guns were dismounted by the French fire; Commodore Conner's informant said not one. (Dispatch of Commodore Conner to the Secretary of the Navy, June 11, 1846.) Those found displaced were either upset by recoil or by the shock from the exploding magazine, which was an *accident* as fortunate for the French as was the omission of the Mexicans to fire upon the approaching ships the moment they came within range; an omission "lucky for us," says the French officer of engineers quoted by Halleck. H. H. Bancroft, in his history of the Pacific state (Mexico), says that at this time the castle had hardly any casemates,[3] that its artillery was of inferior calibre and poorly mounted, while the whole place was in a state of utter neglect, and that General Rincon's late efforts to improve its condition chiefly served to infuse a false confidence in its strength. It was garrisoned with about twelve hundred men. (Vol. viii. p. 192, etc. Bancroft writes from both Mexican and French authorities, giving them in detail.)

The French fleet (consisting of frigates, corvettes, and bomb-ships) mounted one hundred and eighty-four guns at least, the half of which, together with four heavy mortars, was in constant action during the attack; which, moreover, was begun by the French, as stated, who thus were quietly yielded the advantage in time as well as in position. The French fired bombs, Paixhan shells, and solid shot from 32- and 80-pounders; the Mexicans, 9-, 12-, 18-, and 24-pounder shot (but one cannon of the latter calibre), the most of which but stuck in the ships' sides, so poor was the powder. ("Elements," pp. 189–191; Farragut's "Life," pp. 132, 135.)

However, the advantage of the gun ashore is so great over the gun afloat that, even in this instance, some of the ships had to withdraw for a while to refit, the castle managing to hold out for nearly six hours ("Elements," p. 190), in spite of being much shattered by the accidental explosion alluded to. Commander Farragut, seeing the damage thus done, and being under the impression that the French fired mostly Paixhan shells, attributed it chiefly to them, receiving and giving the idea that two hundred shot and shell were poured into the fort per minute. (Farragut's "Life," p. 130.) This would be at the rate of twelve thousand per hour, and, as it is well known that the bombardment lasted at least five hours ("Elements," p. 190), this would give a total of sixty thousand, a quantity seemingly sufficient to warrant Farragut's supposition,—viz., that the Paixhan shells knocked down the castle's walls. But the French officer of engineers quoted by Halleck ("Elements," p. 190) puts the total number of shot and shell

[3] This is corroborated by a remark of Commander Farragut. See "Life" of Farragut, by Farragut, p. 134, second paragraph, second line.

at but eight thousand two hundred and fifty, while from Young's "History of Mexico" we get the same number, together with a particular statement thereof thus specified: Bomb-shells, three hundred and two; solid shot, seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-one; Paixhan shells, one hundred and seventy-seven (Young, p. 272, etc.), —that is, a quantity of Paixhans not one-forty-seventh part of the whole number of projectiles thrown.

Now, it is possible that the walls of a fort might be breached by the discharge of a hundred and seventy-seven Paixhan shells directed against its face, at moderate range, striking directly and within a limited circle of concentration, provided, as Commodore Sicard, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, sagaciously remarks in a letter to me, the shells have enough penetrative and explosive force; but such a result is not possible when those shells are fired at long range, at different times, and scattered in space, and such must have been the character of the discharge of the hundred and seventy-seven under consideration, for Farragut himself says, "I do not think the ships were near enough to damage it [San Juan de Ulloa] materially." (P. 129, Farragut's journal, as above.) Hence, while some of the cracks seen by Farragut were doubtless made by the Paixhans, the great damage to the fort was caused by the explosion of its magazine,—indeed, two blew up,—as at first asserted by Farragut (p. 129, journal) and confirmed by the French authorities quoted by Halleck, who, moreover, finds that but slight injury was done by the French fire (pp. 190, 191, "Elements"), thus corroborating Farragut's assertion to the same effect, as well as the similar declaration of Commodore Conner's informant. As for these explosions, so fatal to the Mexicans, whether they occurred through the carelessness of the garrison or from a lucky French shell, they were, in either case, but accidents, the magazines which caused them being hidden, and therefore invisible to direct aim, and but to be reached by chance. (See the references noted, also Young's "History," p. 271, and Farragut's account in his "Life," mentioned p. 128 *et seq.* and p. 156 *et seq.*)

But General Halleck is by no means alone in his remarks and conclusions as regards the actual uselessness of the French ship-fire upon San Juan in 1838. On the same subject and to the same end thus speaks General Totten in his report on our coast defenses. (House Document No. 206, Twenty-sixth Congress, first session, p. 25, vol. vi., labelled "Executive Document," A.D. 1839–40.)

That high authority says that the effect of Paixhans on the castle was greatly exaggerated, because for breaching stone walls they were of no use, since they exploded and broke to pieces before deep penetration. This he proved by actual test. According to Totten, the real damage done to the castle and the cause of its surrender came not directly by the French fire, but from an inherent cause,—to wit, self-

destruction. The castle blew itself up. Its own magazines exploding destroyed it, and these explosions were the result of Mexican ignorance or carelessness,—either ignorance in putting powder in weak magazines, whereby a chance French shell entered, or from carelessness in handling the powder and so exploding it prematurely. The general further declared that had the Mexicans removed all of the powder from the fort, and, not firing a single shot, remained quiet until the French had expended all of their ammunition upon the work, that it would have been as defensible then as it was before the bombardment, for *that* could not have materially injured it, while, being empty of powder, it could not blow up. But the fear of the remaining magazines (five or six) going off in the same way as the first two (whereby sixty men were buried under one wall) forced the surrender.

It is needless to say that the weak magazines were made strong by the year 1846 (for, as shown, since months of labor were expended on the castle in 1845, if these vital points were neglected, on what were the time and treasure spent?), and since the shell-stone of the sea-front was *not* faced with granite, the said original material was *not* found to be dangerously penetrable to Paixhan shells; the serious rents in it being caused not by them, but by the explosions. However, the possibility of Paixhans being effective against conchite may account for Commodore Conner naming Paixhan-gun armed ships (*together with those armed with solid-shot guns and mortars*) as fit ones to take part in the bombardment.

But even supposing the condition of the castle in 1846 to be as Farragut asserted, it is not to be presumed for a moment that the circumstances of the attack would have been the same then as in 1838; on the contrary, instead of permitting our ships to quietly sail into safe berths out of reach of the castle's guns, whole tiers of cannon would have opened upon them the moment they came within range. This difference of circumstance should in itself have been fatal.

So much for the condition of the castle in 1838, as drawn, in part, from Admiral Farragut's own statements; now let us see what its condition was just before our war, and during it in 1846. Thus, to begin, Semmes in his "Service Afloat and Ashore," p. 106, tells us that Santa Anna, regarding Vera Cruz as the key to Mexico, and anticipating war with us, repaired the castle in advance of hostilities; he then mentions its force (during the war) in combination with the supporting forts on the mainland, and the armament on the walls of the city, as amounting to about four hundred pieces of ordnance, many of them heavy pieces, just cast in the newest form, from our own foundries. Frost, in his "History of Mexico" (p. 468, edition of 1882), says, "The walls [of San Juan] are about five yards in thickness, constructed of a species of soft coral and faced on the exterior [fronting Vera Cruz]

with hard stone. It is supplied with water by seven cisterns, which will hold more than a thousand cubic feet of water. An officer of the American army describes its strength at the time of the attack (1847) in the following language: 'There are at present mounted nearly three hundred cannon, and wherever it has been possible to train a gun upon the channel approach it is planted; so that a fleet moving up to the attack must be exposed to the concentrated fire of seventy cannon over the distance of two miles before it can get into position to return a shot.'"

"The castle of San Juan is about three-eighths of a mile from the city [of Vera Cruz], and is supported by a water battery at the northwest angle of the town of fifty 32- and 42-pounder guns, all of which would bear upon a squadron passing up from the moment it arrived within range until within musket-shot."

"The garrison at this time is composed of two thousand men. In the event of an attack, they could, with the most perfect safety, retire within the casemates (which are as impervious to shot as the sides of Mount Orizaba) until the ammunition of the assailing force was expended, when they would return to their guns and sweep the waters with the most terrific effect." General Scott, in his "Autobiography," writes, "The city of Vera Cruz, and its castle, San Juan de Ulloa, were both strongly garrisoned. . . . The walls and forts of Vera Cruz, in 1847, were in good condition. Subsequent to its capture by the French under Admiral Baudin and Prince de Joinville, in 1838, the castle had been greatly extended,—almost rebuilt, and its armament about doubled. . . . When we approached it, in 1847, the castle had the capacity to sink the entire American navy." (General Scott's "Autobiography," pp. 421, 422, vol. xi.)

I will now turn to Commodore Conner's official dispatches and letters. On July 27, 1845, he tells the Secretary of the Navy that the castle is now much more strongly defended than when attacked by the French in 1838; but that, if the occasion arose, he would do the best he could against it with the force he had. At this time there was no "occasion," we being at peace with Mexico. Two months later he wrote, that, in consequence of the additions made to the fortress, his squadron would require considerable reinforcement if, in the event of war, the castle were to be attacked. That, in its then condition, it should not be attempted with a less force than three frigates of the first class, two ships of the line, two bomb-vessels with 13-inch mortars, and such vessels of his present squadron as were fit; for, adds he, "The honor of our arms demands that the attack should be in force at least sufficient to render success probable." Time passed on, the Mexicans continuing to add to the castle's strength until, on the 11th of September, he had to report that the old armament of San Juan had been principally replaced by new of heavier calibre. The guns

mounted numbered two hundred, or thereabout, with twelve mortars in addition,[4]—his own force then being as follows: frigate "Poto-

[4] See plan of San Juan de Ulloa in 1845, on page 116. Early in the autumn of 1845 Commodore Conner, being detained at Pensacola in consequence of a leak in his flag-ship, the "Potomac," dispatched Captain McCluney in the "John Adams" to Vera Cruz, in quest of information. He was followed by Lieutenant James S. Biddle under similar orders. McCluney reported, on the authority of our consul at Vera Cruz, Mr. Dimond, that the castle was "pretty well armed and manned;" Biddle, that it then had about one hundred and twenty guns mounted, with thirty more in the sea-front of the city, which numbers were constantly being added to, while by the "Saratoga," direct from Vera Cruz, the commodore re-

SAN JUAN DE ULLOA AND VERA CRUZ.

Plan showing the castle, with its supporting forts, Conception and Santiago, and the walled and fortified city of Vera Cruz lying about half a mile from it, on the main land.

ceived the accompanying plans of the castle, showing two hundred and sixty-one guns and twelve mortars mounted. Such was the reported armament of San Juan de Ulloa in the fall of 1845, a report obtained by Commodore Conner from a confidential source, in which he had reason to have confidence, and which he states was verified in part by his own observation, and which, moreover, is corroborated by the official returns of our army officers after the capture of the city and castle, in March, 1847, since over four hundred pieces of ordnance are therein stated as found

mac," 50 guns; sloop "Saratoga,"[5] 24; sloop "Falmouth," 24; sloop "St. Mary's," 24; sloop "John Adams," 24; side-wheel steamer "Mississippi," 10; steam propeller "Princeton," 9; brig "Porpoise,"

in Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ulloa. (Commodore Conner to Secretary Bancroft, September 3–11, 1845,—plan forwarded by letter;) General Scott, General Orders, March 30, 1847, p. 239, vol. ii., Executive Document for 1847–48; corroboration of same, Scott to Secretary of War, April 5, 1847, Executive Document, vol. vii. p. 911, A.D. 1847–48.) However, since the accuracy of these returns, although official, has been questioned (although by no means disproved), I give about two hundred guns as the castle's armament, this agreeing with Commodore Conner's opinion as expressed in a letter, written off Vera Cruz, to the Secretary of the Navy on the 3d of May, 1846, together with the twelve mortars already mentioned, while fifty or more guns, in addition, commanded the approaches for ships to the castle between it and Vera Cruz, these guns being mounted on the sea-wall of the city and in the two forts at its extreme easterly and westerly ends (Santiago and Conception), thus affording a cross-fire. (See plan of Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ulloa on the preceding page.)

A fact which may account for some writers underestimating the armament of San Juan is that it underwent a transformation upon the threatening of our war, new guns being added to the old, the Mexican record of the mounting of which may have been mistaken for the castle's total number, whereas it was but an addition. Another reason which accounts for the smaller number of guns attributed by some to the castle and Vera Cruz is the likelihood of the truth of the assertion that, *after* it was certain that those places would not be attacked by direct bombardment from a fleet, and that, hence, it was evident that the brunt of the battle would be shifted to the route between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, many of the guns on the said coast defenses were dismounted preparatory to removal (some being removed) and transportation to the forts and batteries defending the road to the capital. Hence, while San Juan alone had two hundred and sixty-one cannon and twelve mortars mounted in 1845 and 1846,—when the Mexicans thought a fleet attack possible,—that number may have been reduced by the spring of 1847, when all danger from that particular form of assault was known to be over by reason of the plainly assured intention of the United States to outflank the fortress, gain its rear, and rush upon the capital. But, after all, the actual power of a fortress does not consist in the mere number of its guns, but in their size, quality, and position, together with force sufficient to man them, and hence, when we find that according to the smallest estimate of such power possessed by San Juan de Ulloa at the time of our attack, as made by a Mexican, it embraced a force of at least one hundred and twenty-three pieces of mounted ordnance, consisting of 24-, 42-, and 68-pounder cannon with 84-pounder mortars, with a garrison of over a thousand men, we may conclude that the castle was anything but a weak place, for here in this estimate of its force, given by a Mexican excusing and apologizing for his nation's defeat, and, consequently, put as low as possible, we have proof of a force equivalent to over six hundred guns of equal calibre afloat. (Roa Bárcena, "Recuredos," p. 158, as quoted by H. H. Bancroft in his history, "Mexico," vol. viii. p. 441.)

Had the fire of this Mexican force been directed against wooden ships, instead of sand-bag batteries situated on land, its demolishing effect would have been fatal; for ships, if knocked to pieces, as were the batteries, cannot at once be put together again, as were the latter, by simply piling up fresh bags of sand, as did our men at the siege. (See Captain Aulick to Commodore Perry, March 25; Captain Mayo to latter, March 26; Captain Breese to Perry, March 28, 1847, Executive Document No. 1, A.D. 1848, pp. 1181, 1183, 1188.)

[5] But temporarily attached, as she belonged to our Brazilian squadron. See Naval Register.

12; brig "Lawrence," 12; brig "Somers," 12; a fleet of ten sail mounting two hundred and one guns, of which number not half were fitted either by weight or shape to make any serious impression upon the walls of a fortress, but well adapted for the purpose for which they were intended,—viz., the close action of ship to ship. (Commodore Conner to Secretary of Navy, in letters of August and September, 1845.)

And now a period of eight months has elapsed and the war has broken out. In this interval the Mexicans had continued to add new works and extra guns to both city and castle until the two places together formed a veritable fortress armed with three hundred pieces of ordnance, the most, if not all, of new form and large calibre,—*e.g.*, 8- and 10-inch Paixhans (shell-guns), American and English 42- and 68-pounders, and 13-inch mortars. The garrison consisted of four thousand men. An Italian engineer with a body of laborers, in addition to the regular garrison, had repaired and in part reconstructed the works, while an English artillerist had charge of the batteries.[6]

Under these circumstances of increased strength, Commodore Conner now advised his government that to attempt to capture the place by a mere naval attack, the force he mentioned as adequate on the 3d of September, 1845, should be increased to one of the following power,—viz., five ships-of-the-line, four bomb-vessels, three frigates, and the three sloops already attached to his squadron, thus making a fleet of fifteen sail mounting six hundred and forty-six guns. (Commodore Conner to Secretary of Navy, June 11, 1846.)

Commodore Conner was anxious for the navy to take the castle and city; to that end he gave the matter much attention, using every exertion in obtaining all necessary information thereto. His wife, in her

[6] Dispatches and Autobiography of General Scott, etc.; Commodore Conner's dispatches and manuscript notes of information received by him at the time regarding San Juan; Lieutenant James S. Biddle's letter, published in *The National Intelligence*, October 1, 1845, in which he says, "Six hundred soldiers, with a gang of sixty workmen in addition, are still employed in mounting artillery in the castle."

N.B.—Mr. Biddle informed me, in a conversation with him, that Admiral Farragut was mistaken in supposing that San Juan de Ulloa had not been strengthened since the French took it in 1838, for he himself (Biddle) not only saw its restoration going on when he was there, in September, 1845, but also met the engineer in charge of this work,—an Italian, as he thinks. This officer was also repairing the castle's two supporting forts on the mainland, Conception and Santiago, and Lieutenant Biddle could have got models of them if he had chosen; but he thought one of the castle enough. This he bought from the engineer officer mentioned and sent it to Washington, where it was duly received. (Mr. Biddle's letter and inclosure of April 26, 1890, to me, and still in my possession.)

Furthermore, the work of reparation did not stop in 1845, but was carried on, as the following extract from a letter to Commodore Conner by Commander Jos. R. Jarvis, of the "Falmouth," dated "off Vera Cruz, May 9, 1846," shows: "Since you left (Commodore Conner had gone to the support of General Taylor) nothing new has transpired, the Mexicans continue working upon the outworks of the castle, and also on the works about the town."

seven hundred. Undoubtedly this was the proper course, and unquestionably his estimate was not excessive for this double object; for we have seen that it required five guns afloat to equal one on shore, and here we have barely six hundred and fifty guns set against at least two hundred,—a proportion much below equality, so far as the guns afloat were concerned.

And now let us see how, after the fall of San Juan de Ulloa and Vera Cruz, Commodore Conner's prior estimate of that fortress's strength was proved correct by the undeniable evidence of sight and touch—of fact—displayed to all. Upon its occupation by our forces, in the spring of 1847, it was found to be a true fortress,—that is, not a single fort, but a number of forts all either joined together by a chain of works or, if not, standing within supporting distance of each other. In this fortress were found over four hundred pieces of ordnance, including very heavy cannon,—Paixhans and mortars; a garrison of five thousand men, with a like number of stands of arms and a large quantity of ordnance stores. (General Scott's General Orders, No. 80, March 30, 1847, Executive Documents for 1847–48, vol. ii. p. 239; dispatch to Secretary of War, April 5, 1847, Executive Documents for A.D. 1847–48, vol. vii. p. 911.) I am aware and already have mentioned that Mexican writers, together with some of our own following them, assert that these figures exceed the actual numbers by fully a hundred in the matter of guns and a thousand in that of men; but even supposing this to be true, there would still remain three hundred guns and four thousand men, and certainly, with that or even a less force, the place could not be called weak and poorly garrisoned. Passing on from these official reports of General Scott, let us turn to the evidence of the flag lieutenant, Mr. James S. Biddle.

This officer states that he visited San Juan de Ulloa on the day of its surrender, and that he "found it a work of immense massiveness, exceeding by very much anything I had imagined. I have seen the famous fortifications at the Havana, but these are on a much grander scale." [12] Mr. Biddle further informed me, in conversation, that he saw no sign of weakness in the castle. The guns were numerous, large, and well mounted. To this may be added the answer of the British navy officers to Commodore Perry's question, when *within* the castle, that, "If garrisoned with a thousand Americans or Englishmen, it could defy the fleets of the world," and also Commodore Perry's declaration to the Secretary of the Navy on April 11, 1847, that "The attack on the city from the land side was managed with great judgment and skill; indeed, I never entertained or expressed any other opinion than that it should be made from the rear by breaching and assault." (Executive Documents, No. 1, 30th Cong., 2d sess., p. 1191.)

[12] Letter from Mr. Biddle to me of January 25, 1884, quoting from one written by him to Mrs. Biddle after visiting the castle upon its surrender, on March 29, 1847.

And now, after all this, how are we to account for the assertion that Admiral Farragut said the castle could be taken by Commodore Conner's force? How, indeed, if it were true? But, indeed, there is no proof that Farragut ever said so. What he did say is, that the castle could hardly be taken at all by the ordinary ship-artillery of that day, but that it could be taken by horizontal shell-fire from Paixhan guns,[13] an assertion in unison with Commodore Conner's expressed opinion,—viz.,that the guns of the "Potomac" and "Mississippi" were of the proper kind to use against the castle;[13] these guns were solid-shot 32's and 8- and 10-inch Paixhan shell-guns.[14]

But there still remains Farragut's assertion that he could take the castle with the "Pennsylvania," of one hundred and twenty guns, and two sloops like the "Saratoga," each mounting twenty-four guns, one hundred and sixty-eight in all. How can we account for this assertion, after knowing the full truth in regard to the condition of San Juan and Vera Cruz, as shown in this paper? How, I say, with such knowledge to us, can we conceive of Farragut entertaining such an idea? The reason is simple and easily explained. It was not necessarily, as the Navy Department came near thinking, because Farragut had become monomaniacal upon the subject,[15] but simply because, being but a junior officer—commander—at that time and without weight of responsibility or full knowledge of the state of the castle as it then was, he based his calculations on conditions and actions which he had known and seen, but which had passed away in an interval of nine years. Hence it was that he took a narrow view of the whole matter and based his method on the supposition that the castle was not changed since 1838 and that the Mexicans were timid and inefficient. Farragut was not yet the great commander-in-chief, with his native courage and daring tempered and elevated into lofty military virtues, well balanced by experience and the weight of responsibility, but merely the junior captain, aflame with daring and eager for fame.

And so, in conclusion, I will add that I think it has been shown that Conner, Perry, and Scott were not mistaken in their estimate of the strength and power of San Juan de Ulloa at the time of our war,—the result of the siege, although adverse to the Mexicans, proving them to be brave men, and justifying the basis on which Commodore Conner rested his estimates for attack,—namely, the belief that the place was strong from the sea and the supposition that it would certainly be creditably defended, making its capture by mere naval bombardment

[13] Farragut's "Life of Farragut," pp. 130, 133, 134, 135. On the last two pages the admiral says that the castle could have been knocked to pieces by the horizontal shell-fire of the French, but that "they might have bombarded with the bomb-vessels for a month without success."

[14] Commodore Conner to Secretary of the Navy Bancroft, September 3, 1845.

[15] Farragut's "Life of Farragut," p 157.

no light matter, while if well and skillfully defended, as it might be, considering the presence of trained European engineer and artillery officers within its walls, as well as native commanders of repute, it could not be taken by wooden ships, being thus impregnable; and hence, since no effort was made in time to put into effect Commodore Conner's suggestion that the squadron should be furnished with a landing *brigade* sufficiently strong to surround the city on its landward side, while the fleet did the same to it and the castle seaward, thus compelling a quick surrender of both by complete, encircling blockade (for supplies were short and no relieving force at hand), thus giving to the navy a triumph which justly should have been its alone; hence I say that since the above plan was not acted on, the one that was carried out—viz., the *combined* action of the army and the navy—was the best one possible; indeed, the only one left practicable. How well, harmoniously, and successfully both services acted in that movement is known to all.

P. S. P. CONNER.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE SWORD.[1]

THE march of democracy is not limited to mankind alone; the uprising of *nouvelles couches* is not confined to the peoples of the earth; the undermining of the upper classes is not restricted to humanity. The dismantling of aristocracies is no longer a merely moral operation; it has sapped away the bases of other privileges than those of princes; it has exterminated other prerogatives than those of blood; it has suppressed other rights than those of birth. The revolutionary spirit is swelling beyond politics and parliaments; its action is stretching outside societies, and is reaching above nations; it is pervading nature herself, and is even permeating matter. The subversiveness of our times extends to metals as well as to men; under its dissolving action—alas that we should have to say it!—steel has ceased to be a gentleman.

Until this nineteenth century, steel had retained its exalted place. It had been assailed by gunpowder, and it had been debilitated by the gradual diminution of duels, but it had held its own; its superb traditions had not yet faded; the knightly sword was still its accepted expression, still its representative idea. It is true that steel—though used in Asia from all time,—though seen, perhaps, in imperial Rome, and though introduced into Spain by the Arabs in the ninth century—had only been seriously known to Europeans since the First Crusade; it is true that the swords of Greece, of Spain, of Germany, of Gaul, contained no sign of it: but for the last eight centuries the world had learnt to associate the sword and steel together, and to instinctively regard them as implying the same conception. To-day that stately unity has disappeared. The sword has been dethroned; and steel, meanly forsaking its former self, repudiating its lineage, its alliances, and its traditions, has gone in for demagogy. And we are the sad spectators of its fall.

What a superb career it has renounced! It had shaped the world; it had carved out history; it had formed the nations; it had fixed the limits of languages and the geography of character and thought; it had vanquished the strong; it had rebuked the proud; it had succored the weak; it had been the arbiter of honor, and the accomplisher of justice. The sword was, as the ancient chronicler said, "the oldest, the

[1] Reprinted from *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

most universal, the most varied of arms; the only one which has lived through time. All people knew it; it was everywhere regarded as the support of courage, as the enemy of perfidy, as the mark of commandment, as the companion of authority,—as the emblem of sovereignty, of power, of force, of conquest, of fidelity, and of punishment." And all this has steel abandoned—to become rails! Look at what it was and at what it is. Its aspect was brilliant; its habits were punctilious; its manners were courtly; its connections were patrician; its functions were solemn; its contact was ennobling; even its very vices were glittering, for most of them were simply the defects of its superb qualities. It is true that it was sometimes cruel, and that its processes of action were distinctly sanguinary; but those reproaches apply to all other weapons too. Throughout the ages it grandly held up its head, and haughtily bore its name. It lost no cast when it allied itself with lance and dagger, with battle-axe and helm, for they were of its natural kindred; and even when, in later times it stooped to generate such lowly offspring as razors, lancets, knives, and needles, the world saw no real abasement in the act, for the chivalrous blade was still the image which represented steel to man. But now its whole character has changed; now it has thrown aside its gallantry, its grace, its glory; now it has forsworn its pride for profit, its pomp for popularity. Steel is now bursting coarsely on the earth at the rate of thousands of tons a month. It is positively being made into steam-engines and cannon and ships, and all sorts of vulgar, heavy, uncomely, useful objects. Worse than all, it is becoming cheap! Steel cheap! The steel of old, the steel of legend and of story, the steel of the paladin and the chevalier, the steel of the noble and the brave, the steel of honor and of might, the steel that was above price, that knew not money and cared naught for profit, —that steel is no more. It has been driven contemptuously out of sight by metallurgic persons called Bessemer and Krupp and Siemens, and these destructive creators have put into its place a nineteenth century substance, exactly fitted to a mercantile period, but possessing no tie whatever with time or fame.

No more will steel append its personal signature, its glaringly recognizable autograph, to the great events of history. The dagger that slew Cæsar, the glaive that Brennus hurled into the scale to weigh against the liberty of Rome, the axe that gashed off Mary Stuart's head, the knife that armed the hand of Charlotte Corday (of course they were not all steel, but they admirably represent the notion of it), are mere faded antiquities. Steel has other functions to discharge now; it has given up marking dates in the world's life, and has gone in for trade; it has ceased to be history, and has become actuality; it is in a state of new departure; it no longer incarnates a sentiment; it is nothing but a fact. It has turned its back on the blades of Damascus, on the armor of Milan, on the shields of Augsburg, on the rapiers of Ferrara, on the

halberts of Flanders, on the poniards of Bilbao, and, at this very moment, is forsaking almost the last refuge which was left to it, and is deserting the marvelous sabres of Japan. In the place of its former glories it is taking up all sorts of low associations; it is being manufactured in big furnaces; it is being "cast," as if it were mere clownish pig-iron; it is being rolled as if it were uncouth "bar"; it is condescending to be boiler-plates and axle-trees and driving-shafts and girders. To this is steel reduced.

In what else has evolution worked a sadder change than this? Where else has relentless progress stamped out a nobler past? Of course the present development of steel is very serviceable, and very commercial, and very profitable; and it is, perhaps, our duty to be delighted at it. But views and opinions are, after all, like religious faiths, affairs of temperament rather than of reason. Just as some people regret post-chaises, and just as some others mourn over the divine right of kings, so is it comprehensible that a few of us may deplore the disappearance of swords and the desecration of steel. The feeling may be absurd, and it is certainly purely sentimental, and altogether impractical and out of date; but in a conservative country like ours there is some excuse for lamenting the disappearance of landmarks, and never was there a bigger or more universal sign-post than the sword, for it pointed the road to almost all the ends of life. Men were what their swords made them. To be "as brave as his sword" was the highest aim of a warrior's heart. And yet the sword has vanished so completely that we can scarcely suppose the world will ever see it at its true work again. A lingering survivor of the family is still to be detected in the French dueling tool; but, with the exception of that pallid, sickly inheritor of a fallen crown, all direct descendants of the one mighty race have died out. No one can seriously pretend that the soldier's sabre of to-day is anything but a bastard of the kin; it is a vulgar article of commerce,—like skewers, or chisels, or nails, supplied by contract from Liège or St. Etienne, from Solingen or Birmingham. It has no place in the glorious lineage of fighting steel; it is a mere article of military accoutrement; among the tools of actual war it stands a long way below knapsacks, a little above chin-straps, and about on a level with shovels; it has been cast out into the cold shade by breech-loaders and rifled barrels; it has scarcely any blood relationship with the real sword,—with the sword which was the one essential weapon of every man who fought. That trusty friend is gone forever; an awkward instrument of inferior iron, which, like Charles the Second's promises, "no man relies on," has assumed its place. Never again will poets sing of puissant falchions or of adamantine blades. The Balmung of Siegfried, the Escalibur of Arthur, the prodigious Mistelstein, which expunged two thousand four hundred men, the Joyeuse of Charlemagne, the Flamberge of Renaud, the

Altecler of Oliver, the Quersteinbeis of Hakon which chopped in two a millstone, the Tisona and the Colada of the Cid,—all these, and all their like, have faded into "dreams that tempt no more." Even Durandal, the epic Durandal of Roland, the wondrous brand that cleft the cliff at Roncesvaux, and left its yawning mark upon the Pyreneean crest, has flickered into night, and is bewailed by none. A rusty rough-edged bar, purporting to represent it, is shown to curious travelers in the armory at Madrid; and an equally veracious rival is exhibited in the church of Rocamadour, in the department of the Lot; but the true Durandal is, of course, as the legend tells us, still lying in the waters into which the dying hero flung it, as the last blast of the Olifant expired on his lips, in the vain effort to call back Charlemagne to the field; it is still, undoubtedly, at the bottom of the enchanted poisoned stream "which passed by there." And there, we may presume, it will remain, unless somebody finds it. No more will champions hew a foe in half at one wild sweep, as Godfrey and Conrad did to several Paynim in the Holy Land. No more will shields be split from top to bottom, as Renaud treated the buckler of the wicked infidel Sacripant. All that sort of behavior is no longer in our ways; we do not work so laboriously in conflicts now; battles have become lazy, in company with most other acts of modern life. Like stone cannon-balls, the rack, the toga, and cups of hemlock, hard-hitting has passed out of our wants.

The ferocity of sharp strokes, the immensity of savage smiting, which constituted, for thousands of years, the essential characteristics of the sword, form, however, but a poor part of its vast story. There came into it, with time, new lineaments, fairer and nobler than these. By small degrees, as centuries passed on, the sword began to mount, its uses rose, its functions soared. It never ceased to be a slaughterer, for killing is the essence of its being; but it grew to be a creator as well as a destroyer; men made of it their great ennobler. Its touch upon the shoulder conferred the knighthood which soldiers longed to win; and reverence for it waxed so deep that its simple presence on the hip was taken to be sufficient evidence that its wearer was, to some extent at least, a gentleman. It came to be regarded as the one accepted emblem of manly pride, as the outer symbol of all that men prized most, —their courage, their liberty, and their honor. The practice of disarming captives had naturally engendered the idea that to give up a sword was an act implying defeat, bondage, and disgrace; and by a not incomprehensible extension of opinion, its possession was counted as indicating the exact contrary of all this, as constituting evidence that its wearer was undegraded and free, as supplying an unquestioned certificate of his liberty. It was the visible badge of birth, of bravery, of freedom. No other material object ever attained such a place in the eyes of men; the sword stood absolutely alone in its honor-

bestowing efficacy. The crown, the sceptre, and the robe of ermine were for the elect alone,—even the spur was only for a narrow class; but the sword was for large numbers at once, and it made no distinctions between its holders,—it treated them all alike, and rendered precisely the same service to each of them. This enormous power was, however, of slow growth. This highest of the attributes of the sword, this noblest of its privileges, was, after all, almost modern; the earth got on without it for long ages. The Greeks and Romans (who only handled swords in war and discarded them in peace-time) knew naught about it; they contemptuously scoffed, indeed, at the barbarians, their neighbors, for carrying weapons when they did not want them, and saw therein conclusive evidence of their savageness. It was not until a state of life was reached in which almost every man bore arms as a distinction, until the sword became a daily and cherished companion, that its value as a mark of personal position stood out complete. But when it did at last attain the faculty of bestowing repute on all who touched it, it added a new and special glory to its previous splendors. Its legendary, historical, and political aspects, which were all stately enough already, became supplemented by another and a still higher phase.

And so the sword went forward, noble and ennobling, until another totally new life began for it with the sixteenth century. Until that period it continued to be the vehicle of honor and of blows; cleaving, slashing, mangling, and making gentlemen were its perpetual occupations; and very grand they were,—so grand, indeed, that they would have sufficed for any other lesser ambition. But the sword was not content: it wanted more. Before it died it seized a new and still more wonderful position. There came a day when it assumed another function, acquired another potentiality, and claimed another place. Radiant as had been the sparkling brilliancies which light up its regal history, a still brighter effulgence suddenly illuminated it about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. That glorious epoch, so full of dates and memories, was the starting-point of further splendors which the sword, with all its accumulated majesty, had not yet known. In Spain, four hundred years ago, it was converted from a weapon of pure attack into a mixed arm of offense and defense combined. In contradiction to all its previous usages and aspects—which had been exclusively aggressive—it burst forth with a new complexion, and became a protector as well as an assailant. It remained the sword, but it replaced the shield; it lost no atom of its ancient powers, but it added to them new ones, which, so far, no one had suspected it of possessing. It unexpectedly duplicated its operations; it went on being itself, but it simultaneously became its contrary. Never did the nature of things protest more strangely against its own essence. The destroyer set itself to save, the slayer to rescue. The sword had always possessed the cut and thrust; it obtained the guard and parry. Fencing was invented!

Fencing could have had no possible existence while bucklers were alive. It was, equally, an impracticability while armor was employed. But, when the ægis and the coat of mail had disappeared together,—when the road was opened, without barriers, to each man's skin,—when the ponderous glaives that hewed heavily through casque and cuirass had lost the reason of their being,—then the long thin *coutille* of the Germans—a prodding utensil, originally devised to find out holes in breastplates—was seized by the lithe ready hand of Spain, and swordsmanship was. In the first shape of the new invention the memory of the shield was too vivacious to be effaced; the rolled-up cloak upon the left arm supplemented the action of the blade, and comforted the combatant by the notion that he was behind a fortification. But this subterfuge died out, and the true fence of open onset and unaided ward appeared upon the earth alone. The soldiers of Charles the Fifth carried the new science into Italy, where it was taken up with wild enthusiasm, and where it found its ablest professors. Profoundly Spanish in its origin and language, fencing became Italian in its teaching. "The great Tappa of Milan," as Brantôme calls him, was its first famous expositor; and the first scientific treatise on it, the well-known "Arte degli armi," was published by Marozzo at Venice in 1536. The craft of swordsmanship dashed into life, instantly great, suddenly magnificent,—it stood abruptly before the world, as real an art as cookery or hair-dressing. And then began the superbest moments of the course of the sword. Its noble day had fully come. The earth went mad about fence,—as mad, almost, as if it had been a tulip, a furbelow, or a wig. And then it turned French (as many other fashions have done, before and since). When Louis Treize was king—when the Mousquetaires fought hourly duels in the Pré aux Clercs—when Athos and D'Artagnan (who happened on that occasion to be on opposite sides without knowing it) recognized each other in an accidental set-to on a pitch-dark night by the manner of their swording,—then, most undeniably, France had grown to be the mistress of this new cunning, and thenceforth her thirty-two-inch blade became the adopted combat-weapon of all gentlemen.

The sword at that moment reached its highest. The handling of it was a process by itself; nothing like it had been known before; it was of its own day and of no other. Of course, the method of employing swords had always varied with their shape and size; of course, the long swinging of the two-handed claymore was distinct from the short chopping of the Greeks; of course, the fantastic flourishing of the scimitar was other than the straight stabbing of the dagger: but the rapid lunging of the rapier, and the complicated double action of the sword and poniard, were absolutely new shapes of procedure, involving, for the first time, theories, principles, and rules. Thereon steel rose to its pinnacle; it reached its triumph; it attained its consummation. Its fall

has been all the more immense. Its ruin has been more especially complete by reason of the very greatness of its fortune.

The vastness of its adversity would alone suffice to prevent our forgetting the sword; but we have additional motives of memory, for its suppression has brought about a severance of a very particular kind between the present and the past, and has produced a gap that nothing can fill up. Other ancient engines have disappeared, and none but archæologists have sought for their traces; other venerable usages have melted away, and the world has gone on as if they had never existed; other antique fashions have died out, and no one has wept over them; but the sword has left a staring vacancy behind it; its place remains untenanted; its functions are discharged by no successor. Its overthrow has entailed such vast and varied consequences that it may really be counted, without exaggeration, among the events which have palpably affected and directed the destinies of humanity. Its effects have been felt in every land and every home; for the disappearance of the sword has radically transformed the character of war, and has largely modified the character of men. The sword was not a mere momentary weapon, like a catapult or a crossbow; it was not a passing custom, like breaking on the wheel or keeping a jester; it was not an accidental style, like wearing masks or building pyramids. It was an essence, a fact, a part of existence, a world's need; it outlived nations and centuries; it endured when all else changed around it. And yet it was not always the same thing; it varied largely with time and place; it made itself everything to everybody.

The discarding of this universal, indispensable, and perpetual weapon has brought about a transformation of two distinct kinds in the features of European war. Its material result has been the almost total abolition of hand-to-hand hitting; its moral outgrowth has been to change the nature of the courage which is required in soldiers, and to give a new form to the manifestations of that courage. With the exception of such cavalry charges and of such infantry rushes as result in a *mêlée* (and they are growing rare in the actions of to-day), there is an end in Europe of close quarters, and of the savage tussles which formerly made up almost the whole of a battle. Instead of delivering his stroke with his own arm, and within the reach of his arm, the soldier now transmits his blow through the barrel of his gun to a distance of a mile or two; instead of demolishing a personal antagonist, whose eyes are glittering at him two feet off, he knocks over an indifferent stranger out of sight. Strength, activity, and hard hitting are replaced by skill in shooting straight and in keeping under cover. Shelter-trenches have replaced single combat. Smart fighting consists now in slaughtering people you cannot see, and to whom you are yourself invisible. You lie down in a hole and aim at a puff of smoke somewhere in front, and try to detect the consequences through a field-

glass. Whirling a two-handed claymore was less scientific than this, but it was decidedly more immediate and more personal. And furthermore, it was infinitely more murderous, which was a merit, inasmuch as the object of war is to slay. When armies got face to face and man to man, they hammered at each other until scarcely anybody was left; as is distinctly proved by the tremendous proportions of killed and wounded reported from the combats of the Middle Ages. At Poitiers, for instance, Charles Martel is said to have slain three hundred and seventy-five thousand Saracens. The suppression of swords has certainly rendered warfare a good deal less destructive than it was; and it has also considerably affected the nature of wounds; but it is by no means sure that the world has really derived any advantage from that. It is possible, indeed, that we should gain immensely in the long-run by augmenting the abominations of war instead of diminishing them; by rendering them so insupportably hideous that nobody would consent to face them. If it were made a certainty, beforehand, that every fight would end, necessarily on both sides, with the massacre of every man engaged, fights would probably become more rare. Instead of that we are going directly the other way, and are introducing a sort of affected gentleness into war. We are pretending to make it a matter of cleverness instead of murder, by which we are incontestably corrupting its real nature and distorting its true position in sociology. War means butchery, and nothing else; and the more butchery there is, the more does war present itself in its own character, and the less disguise and sham is there about it. The sword was straightforward and ingenuous; every blow was meant to hack flesh somewhere; it was all in earnest; it was all savage, brutal, and monstrous; it was all blood and mutilation and horror; it meant all it did, and had no shame about it. But the theories and the processes of to-day are of another sort; they have none of the simplicity and none of the frank honesty of the sword. Strategy (which means stratagem) has assumed the place of strength and struggling. The object of a campaign is to take the other people prisoners rather than to kill them. Little linesmen, who weigh nine stone, are fancied to be more fit for soldiering than brawny giants are, because they have less weight to carry on a march and can be more easily hidden away in a furrow or behind a bush. Physical power is no longer indispensable, for there are scarcely any occasions in which it can be used.

But these transformations in the nature of war, great though they be, are even less striking than the immense changes which have come about in the composition and the demonstration of modern military courage. We all well know what bravery used to be. In the days of steel the soldier very soon got up to his enemy, and went at him in person. The employment of distant arms, whether they were slings or javelins or arrows, did not keep armies long apart; they got together

and battered each other. The sort of valor required for such fighting as that was of a very elementary and common sort; no training, no obedience, no discipline, no example were required to lead a man to combat when he was in personal danger, when his life depended on his own stoutness, and when he would be killed at once if he did not use his weapon to protect himself. And, furthermore, he had the stimulus of physical exertion, of active effort and strife, of passion and conflict. His blood was up, and all his senses were concentrated on attack. He had no time to be afraid, and his entire case, corporeal and mental, was opposed to running away. In such a condition ferocity came of itself; it was an unavoidable, self-born result of the situation; all the aids to it were collected round the fighting man; all its sources were present in him, hard at work; he combated in battle as naturally as he would eat at table. There was no high courage in his doings, as we understand courage now.

The pluck that we ask from our soldiers to-day is of a very different sort. It is indeed so infinitely other and so infinitely higher that it is scarcely possible to make a serious comparison between the old and the new shapes of valiance. The invention of long-range fighting has brought into the world a type of fortitude which has been hitherto totally unknown (excepting in occasional isolated cases), which is just as much a product of our century as railways or electric telegraphs, and which is as distinguishable from the animal courage required for sword-work as is prophecy from fortune-telling. Instead of dashing at the enemy in fierce excitement, instead of the hot emotion of savage struggle, instead of furious muscular exasperation, instead of the intensest development of the combative faculties, our soldiers have now to exhibit their intrepidity by remaining placid, motionless, undisturbed, amidst a hail of death and wounds. They have to stay quiet under distant fire, to let themselves be knocked to pieces without the chance or even the possibility of doing anything whatever to defend themselves in an eager, efficient, satisfying form; the one solution open to them is to treat the other people in the same fashion, and to pelt impersonal missiles at them from afar. Not a man on either side has the pleasure of identifying the particular opponent who slaughters him. There is scarcely any of that individuality of carnage which is so contenting in hand-to-hand fight. And worse than all, there is none of the output of effort, of the bitter strain which necessarily accompanies the exhibition of brute hardihood. The bravery of to-day is a nervous contemplative process; there is no action, no movement, no tug about it. It principally consists in waiting obediently until you are hit by a chance shot. Troops do not like it. They are always wanting to get out of it, to rush ahead, to strike, to do something violent and comforting on their own behalf. They feel that it is absolutely unnatural to stand still to be killed; that it is totally anomalous to rest unaggressive under a tempest of ambient

peril; that it is contrary to all the tendencies of humanity to make no vigorous attempt to ward off destruction; and yet that is precisely what they have learnt to do. They may use shelter if they can find it (it is no longer cowardly to hide), but they may not use action. In one of Raffet's caricatures, a regiment is halted in the middle of a river, with the water up to the men's necks: the colonel says to them, "My children, I forbid you to smoke, but I permit you to sit down;" and that is very much the situation in which European soldiers are placed in battle now: it is permitted to be killed, but it is forbidden to fight. In Asia, it is true, there is still a chance of getting to close quarters and of using the right arm, as a good many of our people who have been in Afghanistan can testify. But in modern fighting on the continent the rule is that the foe is so far off that no hitting can reach him. The consequence is, that our new shape of courage is based on the suppression of direct effort; it has become a passive process, in which we endure instead of acting. The old sword-daring was impetuous, emotional, and intuitive; the new gun-courage is deliberate, logical, and subjective: the one was material and substantial, the other is abstract and theoretical. They are as different from each other as credulity and faith, as astrology and astronomy, as dreams and thought.

Now, how has this strange transformation come about? Where lies its root? Can it really be that it is solely because soldiers go to battle now with guns instead of swords that this prodigious change in the character of bravery has grown up? Or is there another cause for it besides that one? The answers to these questions are not difficult to find. The influence of sword or gun is, certainly, at the bottom of them, but another and a greater action overlies it. The use of the sword was essentially personal; while the use of the gun is, as essentially, impersonal. The sword was the expression of the individual man who fought with it; the gun is a machine. Each sword had its own special manner of operating, its own particular method, according to the hand which held it; while each gun is but one in a total. The sword could not be wielded without liberty; the gun cannot be worked without system. The one means independence, the other means discipline; and there—in that last word—is found the true secret of modern courage. The swordsman was himself alone, therefore his qualities were positive; the shooter is a unit in a regiment, therefore his qualities must be negative. We see proof enough of that at every match. The men who win prizes are precisely those who are animated by the least emotion, who have reduced themselves the most completely to a condition of impassability. The difference between the swordsman and the rifleman is as great as between the Japanese workman, who never reproduces the same pattern twice, but throws a fresh invention of his own into every object he fashions, and the Birmingham artisan, who goes on mechanically making the one same identical spoon or tray throughout his life. And yet,

though the independence of the sword is, manifestly, a more intellectual condition than the discipline of the gun, it is discipline, not independence, which has generated the loftiest type of courage that the world has seen. It is discipline alone which has popularized coolness, by enabling entire armies to acquire and practice it. Single examples of it have existed since history began; but it is in our day that, for the first time, hundreds of thousands of men exhibit stoicism together. There lies the reply to our questions. The actual shape of military courage is the fruit of a particular training, which has suppressed the importance of the parts by transferring it to the whole. That training was unattainable while the sword forced fighters to be individual. It has only become achievable since the gun has obliged soldiers to be collective. Here, at last, is a point on which the sword has to confess itself beaten.

But if it has to admit its inferiority as regards the quality of the courage which it provoked, it rushes to the front again directly we try to measure the influence it exercised on character. The gun has done nothing, absolutely nothing, to develop either qualities or defects in man. The peculiar new shape of bravery which has accompanied its adoption in war is due, after all, to no merit in the gun itself; it is simply an additional example, evolved by circumstances, of that progressive substitution of the idea of duty for the idea of honor, which constitutes so vivid and so absolute a distinction between the motives and the objects of the past and of the present. The gun has in no way aided us to form our temperaments, our dispositions, our desires, or our capacities; its action on us, as a moulder of our natures, has been null. But the sword, on the contrary, has been one of the most powerful of the factors which have contributed to shape the tenor of men, both in body and in mind. The work it did is self-evident: it stares us in the face. Its operation was so direct, so immediate, so personal—it went so straight to its end—there was such a total absence of hesitation or of complexity about it—that it would indeed have been astonishing if it had produced a less vast result. Of course the manner and the quantity of its action have varied largely with time and place; but that action was, in general terms, constant, until a century ago. Everywhere and always the usage of the sword has told, for evil and for good, upon a large proportion of mankind. Physically, its work was excellent: it stimulated activity, strength, rapidity of movement, dexterity and certainty of hand and foot. Morally, its doings were opposite and conflicting. In one direction it engendered self-reliance, the habit of resource, the consciousness of responsibility; a keen sentiment of dignity, of loyalty, and of honor; the desire to protect the suffering and the weak; and a curious, fantastic, very noble generosity, proper to itself alone, which stands before us in history under the misty name of "the spirit of chivalry;" but in its other bearings, it bred irritability, bullying, provocation, violence, the vainglory of force. In all these resultances, however, com-

posite and even contradictory as they were between themselves, the sword invariably maintained, unchanged and unchangeable, the great striking characteristic of its form of proceeding,—it was uniformly and persistently personal. It acted on each man separately; it guided one to the right, another to the left. Never did it proceed by groups; the absolute individuality of its teaching was the most remarkable of the many features it presented. It was a private tutor, not a school-master.

Well, this energetic educator has been suppressed. Its peculiar lessons have ceased to act upon us; the influence it exerted has vanished; it no longer prompts us to good or pushes us to evil. We have become free to act as we like, without any of the guidance which, during centuries, the sword imposed on Europeans. Have we lost, or have we gained, by the cessation of that guidance? The majority of us would probably declare that we have largely gained: that the sword was a blusterer, a bully, and a tyrant; that an incubus has been lifted off our backs; that we have escaped from a domination and a cruelty; and that we are well rid of the intimidation of steel. But a minority would perhaps proclaim that the sword performed a moral function, and exercised a social action; that it was not a mere swaggerer, a mere despot, or a mere killer; that it did service upon earth by forcing men to respect each other; that it kept up the sentiment of mutual responsibility as no other external agent has ever sustained it. Some of us might indeed go further still, and assert that, since the downfall of the sword, the notion and the practice of deference and of manners between man and man have palpably diminished; that the conception of honor has grown distinctly feebler; that an undeniable development of the meaner instincts has supervened; and that, if hectoring and violence have decreased on the one hand, punctiliousness, courtesy, dignity, and fair name have still more ebbed away on the other. And all this may be said without the slightest desire to defend dueling. It is the abstract idea of the sword, not the practical misuse of it, which lies at the bottom of such thoughts as these. The sword, with all its faults, was a gallant gentleman; and there is neither folly nor exaggeration in maintaining that, when a just balance-sheet is struck, the world comes out a loser, not a winner, by its discomfiture.

All this, however, is only the moral and sentimental aspect of the subject. It has a material side as well, which, though it is far less interesting, would form an even bigger part of it if it were set forth in its full proportions. Its dimensions are indeed enormous. Never has any manufactured product exhibited more elastically than the sword the faculty of adapting itself to circumstances; even clothes have scarcely been more multiform, even houses have hardly been more sundry. The sword has been made of many sorts of matters and metals: of stone, of wood, of bone, of copper, of brass, of bronze, of iron. It has assumed deviating shapes and profuse sizes; it has

been short and long, heavy and light, straight and curved, wide and narrow, pointed, round, or square, tapering or expanding, sharp on either side, or on both, or on neither. There have been, in each European language, at least thirty different names of breeds of swords,—from the horseman's huge *espadon* of six feet long to the garter stylet of six inches. The catalogues of armories, and the special books on weapons, contain so many details, so many descriptions, and so many distinctions of types and sects and characters, that no enthusiast can pretend to know them all. Specimens have come to us from all the hiding-places and all the countries, from tombs and caves and river-bed and ruins, from under ground and under marsh and under water, from Mexico and Persia, from Scandinavia and Japan, from ancient Dacia and Peru, from Africa and China, from Rome, Assyria, and Ireland, from Switzerland and Denmark, from Germany and Sicily, from everywhere and anywhere, and other places. The earth, the lake, and the stream have disgorged their swallowed specimens; the sepulchre and the temple have given back their offerings; the buried city has unclutched its relics; the battle-field has rendered up its vestiges. And from all these subterranean pillagings the museums have grown full. There is the Greek sword, so curt that it was little more than a large knife, pre-eminently fit for scrambling, hacking, strenuous stabbing at unflinchingly close quarters. There is the Roman sword, of different lengths, almost as various, indeed, as the countries it conquered. There is the Gallic sword, of such soft pliant metal that its users had to stop in fight, after each hard blow, in order to straighten it under their feet, thereby enabling the enemy to knock them over uncontestedly. There are the hooked scimitars of the Turks, with an inside edge, and the curved Arab yataghans, with the edge outside. There is the cross-handled sword of the Crusader, with which he prayed and slew alternately. There is the weapon whose pommel served for a seal, like that of Charlemagne, who said, when he used it to put his stamp on treaties, "I sign them with this end, and with the other I will take care that they are kept." There are Dutch, Russian, Portuguese, and Moorish swords, each one of them with a type or detail proper to itself. There are the glaives of red-clothed headsmen of the Middle Ages; there are Malay *krisses*, and the notched blades of Zanzibar, and old sabres (the parents of our contemporaneous tribe) from India, Armenia, and Khorassan. There is the *espada* of the Spanish *matador*, the *schiavona* of Venice, the Albanian cutlass, the Kabyle *flissa*, the Turkish *kandjar*, the court sword of a century ago, the claymore of Scotland. There are all the incalculable assortments of German, Spanish, and Italian swords. All these, and a thousand others, are to be found in the collections, with their capricious varyings of blade and handle, of pommel, spindle, and hilt, of inlaying and engraving, of complicated basket-guards, of every sort of ornament and com-

plement and supplement that can be added to an implement. Damaskeening, particularly (which is the incrusting of gold and silver into iron and steel, and which, though said by Herodotus to have been invented by Glaucus of Chio, and though cultivated by the Romans, was not seriously practiced in modern Europe till the fifteenth century), gives a remarkable beauty and artistic value to many swords; it is perhaps, indeed, the most distinctive and the most graceful of all the adornments which have been lavished upon them. And the scabbards! Why, they form a special race: if they were not, by the essence and condition of their being, a mere adjunct to something else, they would occupy a place of their own in the world. Their sorts and shapes are so many that they are beyond arithmetic.

Then there are the inscriptions on the blades. They almost constitute a literature, in poetry and in prose. For the most part they are brag and bluster; but here and there some few of them are pious, wise, or silly. The mighty glaive of Conrad Schenk, of Winterstetten (four feet eight inches long, and four inches wide), which is in the Dresden Museum, bears, in antiquated German, the tenderly swaggering advice,—"Conrad, dear Schenk, remember me. Do not let Winterstetten the Brave leave one helm uncleft." The sword of Hugues de Chateaubriand flashed in the sunlight the noble motto won by his ancestor in the fight at Bouvines, "Mon sang teint les bannières de France." In the Erbach Collection is an old Ferrara blade, with the sage device, "My value varies with the hand that holds me." A sword in the Paris Cabinet de Médailles is reverently inscribed, "There is no conqueror but God." The rapiers of Toledo were engraved in hundreds with the wise counsel, "Do not draw me without reason; do not sheathe me without honor." The invocations of saints are very frequent; and so are prayers, like, "Do not abandon me, O faithful God," which is on a German sword in the Az Collection at Linz; and ejaculations, like the Arabic, "With the help of Allah I hope to kill my enemy." There are vaunting mottoes, like the Spanish, "When this viper stings, there is no cure in any doctor's shop;" and pompous announcements, like the Sicilian, "I come;" and critical observations, like the Hungarian, "He that thinks not as I do thinks falsely;" and matter-of-fact declarations, like "When I go up you go down" (only that is on an axe). This "cutler poetry," as Shakespeare called it, presents itself all over Europe, in all languages, mixed up with the maker's address or the owner's arms. And so, if you go to Toledo now and buy a dozen blades for presentation to your friends at home, you have their names engraved upon the steel, with some sonorous Castilian phrase of friendship and gift-offering.

As for manufacturing details, properly so called, they are, with one exception, too technical to be talked of here; they interest nobody but blacksmiths. All that need be said about them is that the secret of a

modern sword lies exclusively in the tempering, and that almost each maker has his own fashions and his own tricks. To make steel sharp, it must be hard; to make it elastic, it must be tough. Cast steel gives hardness, shear-steel gives toughness; but in no ordinary process can the two qualities be united. So, excepting at Toledo and one or two other places, all actual makers have abandoned the attempt to produce elastic blades, and have gone in for edge alone. There is, however (or, more exactly, there was), a treatment which really does unite the two contrary capacities in the same blade. The curious product called damask-steel possesses them both, and all the great Eastern swords owe to it their celebrity. It is true that the art of damasking (which is a very different matter from the damaskeening alluded to just now) has lost its use since swords have ceased their service; but still it looms out with such distinctness in the mechanical part of the history of swords, it occupies so large a place in its atmosphere, that it is impossible to pass it over in silence. It constitutes the exception which has just been mentioned.

All steel which exhibits a surface figured with lines is called damask, but the true Oriental product of that name united extraordinary interior qualities to this generic exterior aspect. It combined two distinct classes of merit. For, as regards its inner nature, it was so ductile and so malleable that it could be hammered cold; yet it became "as hard as tyranny" when tempered, and took an edge as sharp as the north wind, and, with all this, was as supple as whalebone, so that no accident could break it. Secondly, as regards its external appearance, it was covered with meandering lines like water-marks; its hue was gray, brown, or black, and presented, over all, a varying sheen, blue, red, or golden. The quality rose with the size, the shape, and the clearness of the lines. In very high-class specimens they were an eighth of an inch thick; when they were only as wide as ordinary writing they were not regarded as really good; and if they were scarcely visible, they were altogether contemptible. Pattern was as important as size; straight parallel ribs constituted the lowest type; as the lines curved the merit rose; it went on increasing with the multiplicity of twists; it became admirable when ruptures of the marks appeared, with dots between them; it was distinctly noble when the lines were so contorted and so broken that they formed a net-work of little threads, twisted in different directions; and it attained its highest possible perfection when those threads assumed the shape of chevrons or of bunches of little grapes, spread equally all over the blade. If, to these particularities of pattern, a deep dark ground with a true golden gloss was superadded, then the work was a masterpiece, and was worthy to have been made at Damascus.

These definitions were laid down some thirty years ago by a man who followed out the art of damasking to its inmost mysteries,—who

far away the best material for swords that the world has ever seen,—for it would cut through most obstacles, and could be fractured by none.

Even the amazing sabres of Japan, despite their bewildering sharpness, cannot compete with damasked blades, because they have no elasticity. They are as hard as diamond; they take and keep an edge so ideally acute that they will go through a pillow or a poker as if they were air. If you hold them vertically in a river the leaves that float down with the current will, unknowingly, cut themselves in two against them; they flick off a man's head with a twist of the wrist; you can shave with them;—at least all this is said of them, and very possibly it is true. But, stupendously as they cut, they can do nothing else; and they are heavy and double-handed, and awkward to use by foreigners. In their own country, however, they have been so cherished and so prized that some of them have been deified, and have had temples built to them. It is true that this happened a long time ago, when the sword, the mirror, and the ball were still revered as the three treasures sent from heaven with the first ruler of the country in 700 B.C. But though the sabre soon ceased to enjoy the advantage of becoming a god itself, it continued always to be regarded as a worthy offering to other gods, which explains why so many of the finest specimens have been preserved in the temples. Yet, with all this adoration of them, the manufacture of swords developed slowly in Japan. Until the end of the fifth century Chinese and Corean blades were considered to be better than the local products, and it was only on the creation of the Ministry of War in A.D. 645 (has any other land a War Office twelve centuries old?) that a government arms-factory was established and a stimulus given to the trade. From that date it grew rapidly. The famous Yastsuma invented new processes of treating steel; and in the eleventh century the Japanese swords exported to China aroused such admiration that a notable wise man of the period composed a poem, which is still popular, to celebrate their merits. About the year 1400 the illustrious maker Yoshimitsu and his followers carried the manufacture to the highest perfection it ever attained. From that date it progressed no further, but it remained active and prosperous, because, as every gentleman wore two swords, the demand was large and constant. The destruction of the feudal system by the revolution of 1868 has suppressed swords in Japan as they had already been uprooted in Europe; henceforth those wonderful razors will only be found in museums, side by side with mummies and stuffed birds.

And when, from the cold stand-point of those museums, with all enthusiasm chilled out of us by catalogues and glass cases and rust, we look back at the career of swords in their totality—when we consider them as things of the past, with which we have no longer any concern, excepting as curiosities—we see even more plainly than before the main outlines of their record, and the salient features of their work.

The stages of their history stand forth distinctly; the periods are as clearly marked as the rows of seats in an amphitheatre. First comes the pure carnage epoch, elementary and ruthless. Then follows the legendary era of impossible feats of arms, stupendous and puerile. Next arrives the feudal time, devout and murderous, with its curious mixed processes of religion and butchery, and the simultaneous sentimental elevation of the sword to the sovereign place of fountain of honor. After it springs up the noble season of fence, gymnastic and superb. And, finally, there is the downfall, sad, ah sad! Through these five ostensibly registered terms the sword traveled unceasingly onward and upward, till it had completed its allotted evolution and reached the plenitude of its development. It followed out in varying destiny to the end, attaining, before it fell, a glory of fulfillment which no one, certainly, foresaw in the days of its uncouth youth, when naked savages splintered each other with flint choppers.

But the radiant completion of its imperial course presented certain local disparities; it was not equally magnificent all over Europe. It attained its fullest perfection only in the countries where chivalry was established, and even in them there were visible differences from land to land. The ideal conception was not the same everywhere; the psychological sentiment shifted; the creed fluctuated; and, above all, the external expression veered about. So widely, indeed, did all this vary, that, strange to tell, in the North the sword was either male, as in Britain, or neuter, as in Germany (where, indeed, girls are neuter too); while in the South it was uniformly female! What a discord of appreciation is revealed by this single fact. And what consequences resulted from it! The elegance, the poetry, the graceful dignity of the sword were incontestably most ripened on the sunny soils of France, Italy, and Spain, where it was feminine; while its force, its overwhelmingness, and its harshness found a more congenial place in the colder regions, where it was masculine or neuter. Of course, in all this, national temperaments made themselves felt. Latitude and climate and genders were not alone at work; local character, local usages, and local necessities assisted to bring about local deviations; and, between them, they made up a very perceptible collection of variations. And yet all these external influences, numerous and contradictory as they were, never got beyond mere details; they were purely superficial in their action; not one of them ever told upon the real intrinsic fortune of the sword. Surrounding circumstances never exercised a substantial effect upon that fortune. They altered shapes or names or sizes, and they changed views, impressions, and fancies; but they went no further. Even natural laws, universal and irresistible as is their domination, were powerless to affect the fate of steel; they had to make an exception in the case. The sword persisted in being as independent of their sovereign puissance as of mere local conditions of life: it scoffed at predestina-

tion and order, and proclaimed free-will and liberty. Headlong, impetuous, and dazzling, it furnished a wonderful example of Pelagianism and Molinism in their application to matter; and there were no St. Augustin and no Jansenists to preach against it. Unlike the motion of light, the growth of potatoes, the orbits of planets, and everything in general, the reckless blade alone has always been unregulated by principles. The eternal edicts which steer all other substances whatever, which govern comets and earthquakes, the sun and electricity and sound, apple-trees, diamonds, and rain, and ordinary things of that sort,—which make them do what they do in the way they do it, simply because they cannot help themselves,—have had no grasp whatever upon swords. Politics and headache and appetite, and all other human weaknesses whatever, have to be submissively obedient to the great central guiding forces; but the sword has acknowledged no higher volition than its own. It stands alone as the successful defier of nature and her laws. It has always been itself,—unchained, enfranchised, and heroic, the arch-type of arrogant audacity, of fantastic spontaneity, of resplendent freedom.

And really it did not make a bad use of the wild liberty it arrogated to itself. It went fairly straight along its vagabonding road, and did not yield too contemptibly to the seductions and temptations which surrounded its steps. It was neither too haughty nor too capricious,—neither too cruel nor too childish. It is true that Clotaire II. did slay all the Saxons who were taller than his sword (which makes us hope they were a small race); but Procrustes went through the same curtailing proceeding with his bed, and we might as well accuse beds in the one case as swords in the other. No, decidedly; the sword used its vast power well. Its memory is not that of a tyrant; it scarcely ever lost the consciousness of its high estate, of its duties and responsibilities; it felt that *noblesse oblige*, and behaved accordingly. With what can we seriously reproach it? What has it done that was particularly disgraceful? Or, more exactly, what has it done that was more disgraceful than what everything else around it was doing every day? More people have died of the sea than of the sword, and with quite as much unpleasantness of treatment; but nobody has ever presumed to blame the waves for that; they have simply carried on their legitimate business, which is drowning. And the sword has similarly followed its own calling, and has made holes in people to let out their lives, that is all. In every other of its acts it has been so high and admirable that mankind instinctively adopted it as the natural and essential symbol of lofty thoughts. The list of the attributes which have been conferred upon it includes nearly all the generous aspirations of which the heart is susceptible; and it must be remembered that it possessed them not merely in its representative capacity as an emblem, but to a great extent also in its effective being as an achiever.

The proverbs of all nations (which are the truest measures of popular conviction) speak of it with reverence and trust: it was everywhere regarded as an all-sufficient type and token of the higher sentiments and higher tendencies of men. It was only by exception that it became sometimes associated with low longings or with vulgar thirsts. It inspired poets, bards, and troubadours; it was the theme of glorious song, the burden of true tale, the subject of strange romance. The blood which dripped from it did not defile it; it remained almost unceasingly and almost universally, the "good sword;" its fair fame never faded, excepting for short rare moments. How, otherwise, could it have held, for thousands of years, so supreme a place as the model, the sign, and the expression of all that men most hallowed? How else could it have reached and kept so marvelous a position of ideal nobility, so splendid a height of illustrious personification? It represented almost all the ambitions, the exaltations, and the prides of men. Fame, courage, and glory; rank, dignity, and renown; greatness, victory, and truth; majesty and honor,—have all been incarnated in the blade of steel, have all been expressed by its pregnant name, have all been contained in the suggestive ideas which it conveyed. What other word in language has had such meanings? What other image has betokened such import? What other sign has pointed to such associations?

With such a prodigious function as this, the sword seemed destined to immortality, for it was difficult to conceive that men would be able to do without an assistant whose uses and whose senses were so all-applicable. And yet the immensity of its position did not save the sword. All this magnitude of meaning, all this significance of symbol, all this accumulation of elevated thoughts, served for nothing when the day of ruin came. They cannot be forgotten, but they go back further from us each day. The poetic aspects of the sword have already become legendary: no one selects it as a figure now; it is a sword, in our time, and nothing else. Steel is no more to us than lead or putty; it is, like them, a substance used in manufacture, and the generation of to-day would no more think of assigning virtues to it than of conceiving that putty can make love, or lead teach swimming. The change which has fallen on the sword is not a mere cessation of business,—it is a stoppage of life. The sword is no longer either a weapon or an idea; we no longer fight with it, we no longer think with it, we no longer respect it.

It had remained from the beginning until yesterday; and then it became mortal and died. It is gone; and when we stand in armories and gaze at the relics which testify what it once was, we say, with a sigh, in spite of common sense and commerce, "A great soul has passed out from among us."

SERVICE SALAD.

Rear-Admiral James Edward Jouett, U. S. Navy.

BY ALFRED PIRTLE.

In the December and January numbers of the United Service Magazine we published a continued article on Rear-Admiral James Edward Jouett, United States Navy. Through an oversight it was printed, in both numbers, without the name of the writer. Mr. Alfred Pirtle, of Louisville, Ky., is the author, and we take this opportunity to give him credit for the paper.

Before He became Great.

(*From the San Francisco Call.*)

A NEW STORY OF HARDSHIP AND PENURY IN GRANT'S EARLY LIFE.

"I have not a cent to my name; will you allow me to sleep to-night on that lounge?"

"You need not do that," was the answer; "here is a dollar for your lodgings."

"I am greatly obliged, but I will save the dollar by sleeping on the lounge and use the dollar for my dinner and breakfast."

So this man who was shabby and penniless slept on a rickety old lounge in a back office in San Francisco and (for he had no place on which to lay his head) the next morning said he had slept well. He added, with a pleased look, that he had saved his dollar. Ten years later this shabby and penniless man, having changed his fortunes by his own exertions and consummate genius, received the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, for the shabby man was no other than Ulysses S. Grant.

The story was told a few evenings ago by General W. H. L. Barnes to an assemblage of army and navy officers, active and retired, representing the regular and the volunteer service, mostly men whose beards and hair have become silvered since they threw their caps in the air, nearly thirty-two years ago, when Lee capitulated at Appomattox. The meeting was one of the California Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and the occasion was designated as a "Grant night." Speech-making was the order of the evening, and it all referred to Ulysses S. Grant, whose portrait, enwreathed with American flags and crowned with laurels, was suspended over the table on which the repast was laid.

NEW STORIES OF GRANT.

The two principal orators were General W. H. L. Barnes and Bishop Newman, the one robust and athletic, standing erectly, his eyes sparkling with good health and a keen enjoyment of the occasion; the other, equally well known as an orator throughout the United States, tall of figure, but bowed somewhat by years. Both had new stories of General Grant, which have never previously been in print. Those told by General Barnes were local, and brought into the consideration of the characteristics and exploits of the great military leader a racy touch of early California. The meeting of the commandery was held in the Occidental Hotel, not very far from that office where the penniless Grant, dreaming not of fame, slept on a lounge to save a dollar, that he might have enough to purchase two meals and avoid going hungry. The occasion and the locality gave realism to a story which, were it not sober history, would be justly con-

sidered as allied to Arabian romances in the days of Al Raschid.

"At the age of thirty-two years," said General Barnes, "when he [Grant] had attained the rank of captain, and while serving with a battalion of his regiment in Oregon, he resigned his commission. After his resignation he came to San Francisco, intending to take passage by steamer for New York. Captain Richard L. Ogden was at that time clerk in the office of the United States quartermaster at San Francisco. Some time after my arrival in California he told me a story concerning Captain Grant, the entire accuracy of which I have no reason to question, which illustrates very clearly the condition in which he was at that time."

FROM CAPTAIN OGDEN'S DIARY.

Then General Barnes, who has been making a study of all that appertained to General Grant, gave Captain Ogden's story for the first time, which he (Barnes) recently copied from Captain Ogden's diary, the narrative, in Captain Ogden's words, running as follows:

"As I was about closing the office, a shabbily-dressed person came in and inquired for Major Allen, quartermaster, who had just left. I did not at first recognize him, but on asking if I could attend to his business with the major, he produced a certificate for *per diem* service on a court-martial, which, of course, identified him. The certificate entitled him to about forty dollars, but it was incorrectly drawn and virtually void, of which fact I informed him, and also that we were destitute of funds wherewith to pay in any case, whereupon his countenance fell and a look of utter despair came over it.

"He turned to leave the office, then hesitated a moment and, turning back, asked me if I would allow him to sleep on the old lounge in Major Allen's room, 'for,' said he, 'I have not a cent to my name.' I said, 'You need not do that. Here is a dollar for your lodgings.' He replied, 'I am greatly obliged, but, with your permission, I will use the dollar for my dinner and breakfast and the lounge will save me the dollar.' So he slept on the rickety old lounge, and I found him there when I went to the office early in the morning, and when I said, 'You had a hard bed,' he said, 'Oh, no; I slept well and saved my dollar.'"

HIS TRIUMPHANT RETURN.

Some account of the straits to which Ulysses S. Grant was put on this occasion of California interest has been made heretofore, but the full particulars are, it is believed, now told for the first time. A few days later than this Grant had left San Francisco, not to return again until he had been the victorious leader of the army of the United States in the greatest war of modern times, and President, and fresh from the honors which the crowned heads of the world delighted to bestow upon him, once more passed through the Golden Gate, which he had last gone out of in penury.

"He told me that the certificate," so runs Captain Ogden's diary, in continuance, "was a matter of much importance to him, as he had depended upon it to pay his steerage passage East, 'and without it I can't do it.' I was so struck with his look of dejection that I said, 'Well, I will cash the certificate personally, and can send it back to Oregon for correction.' His face brightened up all at once, and, signing the usual voucher, he said, 'I am greatly obliged to you for this favor, and now I must go and get my ticket.'

"It occurred to me that I could help him in that direction, too, possibly, and said, 'I will go to the office with you and may get you some concession.' Walking over to the Pacific Mail Steamship office I left him outside, and, going in, explained the case to Mr. Babcock. We were paying the company thousands of dollars for transportation, and I frequently obtained concessions for officers in the way of free passes for their families; hence did not hesitate to act.

PASSED TO NEW YORK.

"Mr. Babcock, in his prompt, off-hand way, said, 'What do you want?' I said, 'As near a free pass as you can give in the cabin.' He called to the ticket-clerk, Mr. Havens, and gave orders to issue a cabin ticket on payment of the regular cabin fare across the Isthmus, which the company had to pay for each passenger,

which, in his case, was tantamount to a free pass to New York.

"I came out of the office and announced my success to Captain Grant, who, as a matter of course, was delighted, as the arrangement left him with some little money (fifteen dollars) in his pocket when he landed in New York, to get home with. Having occasion to go to see the steamer again to see some friends off, I met the Captain [Grant] again, and he showed me the nice state-room that had fallen to his lot, and said,—

"'This is a great luxury and what I did not expect, and I am indebted to you for it. The prospect of ever being able to reciprocate is certainly remote, but strange things happen in this world, and there is no knowing.'"

With these prophetic words on his lips Ulysses S. Grant sailed. Four years he vegetated on his Missouri farm. He was always a dreamer and always a mystery. He failed to make a success of farming and went to Galena, Ill., where he attempted to carry on the leather business with his father. He was clerk and shopkeeper, and delivered with his own hands the goods that he sold. When he had leisure he chopped wood for his own kitchen stove.

BAYSIDE VISITOR—I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat. Boatman—Sail a boat? Why, it's easy as swimmin'. Jest grasp the main sheet with one hand, an' the tiller with the other, an' if a flaw strikes, ease up or bring 'er to, an' loose the halyards; but look out fer the gaff an' boom, or the hull thing'll be in the water, an' ye'll be upsot; but if the wind is steady, y'r all right, unless y'r too slow in luffin' to; 'cause then ye'll be upsot sure. Jump right in an' try it; but, remember, whatever ye do, don't jibe!"—*Herald and Presbyter.*

John D. Rockefeller.

(*From the Topeka Mail.*)

HIS wealth is more than $200,000,000.

When a boy he had the reputation of being lazy.

His colossal fortune was made in oil,—Standard Oil.

He gives away $500,000 in charities every year, it is said.

He can play the violin very well, and has a fondness for pictures.

His income is a trifle more than $20,000 a day,—nearly seventeen dollars a minute.

He gets less real enjoyment out of life, probably, than most twelve-dollar-a-week clerks.

He never attends the theatre or opera, but occasionally goes to a concert.

He looks like a preacher. He has sloping shoulders and a melancholy face.

His highest ambition when a youngster was to be a trapeze performer in a circus.

He founded the Chicago University, and has given to that institution about $10,000,000.

He pays $10,000 a year to the person who looks after the distribution of his charities.

He saved money from the time he first began to earn it. In two years he had put away $500.

Then he and M. B. Clark went into the commission business in St. Louis, and in eight years had saved $5000.

With this capital he started a little oil refinery, out of which grew the Standard Oil Company and his vast wealth.

In a short time the Rockefellers were near unto failure, and were rescued by Henry M. Fisher's father-in-law, M. V. Harkness.

Once safely established, the Rockefellers started out to acquire the plants of their rivals.

So successfully was this plan of business campaign carried out that to-day there is scarcely a rival plant,—practically all the oil industries are in the control of the Rockefellers

He has a number of residences,—one at No. 4 West Fifty-fourth Street, New York City; one in Cleveland; another in Greenwich, Conn.; and a very handsome palace near Tarrytown. Connected with this house is a very good skating rink.

He is an iron king as well as an oil king. He practically owns all the Lake Superior mines, as well as the principal deposits in Cuba. During the financial depression a few years ago he bought all

the iron mining property in sight,—and at a bargain.

His parents were Scotch folks, who settled on a small farm near Moravia, N. Y. They moved to Oswego, and later to Cleveland. John D. Rockefeller married a Cleveland school-teacher, Miss Lucy Spellman. They have four children. The two daughters are married.

Franking for the Boys.

HOW LINCOLN USED TO PUT HIS AUTOGRAPH ON SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

(*Colonel Jack Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.*)

"LET this go. A. LINCOLN."

Unless it has been destroyed, there is in a home in Fond du Lac County a soldier letter in an envelope bearing the above words, signed by the great war President.

Frank King was a Lamartine boy, fresh from the farm, and a character our whole company took to kindly from the first.

When the army was camped in Virginia, near Washington, the winter of 1861–62, it was a common practice with the soldiers, when they got a pass, to visit the city, to buy a package of envelopes and call at the capitol, send in for their senator or representative, and get him to frank them.

One of our boys came back to camp in high feather. He had two packages of envelopes, one franked by Senator James R. Doolittle, now a Chicago lawyer, the other by the late Senator T. O. Howe, who succeeded Captain James as Postmaster-General in President Arthur's cabinet. For twenty years senators and representatives have been giving a good deal of their time to helping the soldiers with their pension claims. If they have done it as willingly and pleasantly as they used to frank envelopes for the boys, they must be pretty nearly angels.

"You fellows, there, are making a big blast over getting a couple of senators to frank your envelopes," said Frank King. "Just you wait till you see me come back from Washington with the President's name on some letter covers."

Within a few days Frank King and Harry Dunn, who for years after the war was a Chicago business man, went to the city. They called at the White House. It was easier to see the President then than it is now. At certain hours of the day a soldier could reach the chief executive with fully as much ease as a senator can in these later years.

King was the ringleader. Approaching the guard, he said, "We want to see Mr. Lincoln. Please stand aside and let us pass."

"Who are you and what is your business?"

"You tell old Abe we have charge of a regiment over on Arlington Heights, and want to see him on an important matter. He'll let us in."

"Where are your shoulder-straps?"

"We came over in our every-day clothes. Come, we are in a hurry. Let us go in and see Mr. Lincoln."

The parley had attracted the attention of the President. The door swung open and the good-natured chief of the nation smiled upon the cheeky young fellows and bade them step right in.

"What can I do for you, my men?"

"Mr. Lincoln, I want you to frank these envelopes," said King.

"Better get your congressman to do that."

"I'd much rather have you do it, Mr. Lincoln. The folks at home will like to see your name on my letters."

"I'll fix one of them. Take the rest to your congressman. Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your home?"

"Lamartine, Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin."

"That is in my friend Scott Sloan's district. You go to Mr. Sloan. He will fix the rest of them."

The President shook hands with the two privates, asked them to be brave soldiers, and wished them a safe return to their Western homes.

Frank couldn't make his tent-mates believe that the President had written, "Let this go. A. Lincoln," but the next day he wrote a letter to his father. The name of Lincoln was personally examined by all of the neighbors.

In January, 1864, our regiment was in

Washington on the way home, having re-enlisted,—"veteranized," as they called it. In company with two others I went to the White House. The President shook hands with us, thanked us for swearing in for three years more, and expressed the hope that we would have a nice visit on our veteran furlough.

"Mr. President," said Jones,—Ed Jones, of whom I have spoken several times in these chapters,—"you franked a letter for one of the boys in our company, Frank King. I wish you would frank one for me."

"Odd as it may seem, you are the second soldier to make such a request. So both are of the same company? Very well."

On Jones's envelope he wrote, "A. Lincoln, President," and as he handed it back he asked what had become of that other man who had asked him to pass a letter.

"He was killed at Gettysburg."

I shall never forget the look of sadness in the President's face when the answer was given, and it had not disappeared when we left the room.

"Jones, what did you tell him about King for? Did you see how it pained him?"

"What did he ask about him for? Do you suppose I was going to lie to a man I would die for?" was Jones's indignant reply.

Ye Maid at ye Church Fair.

(*Waterbury American.*)

She marks you with her two eyes
The moment you advance.
There's no resisting blue eyes
When pleading for a chance.
There's logic in each dimple,
Persuasion in her glance.
She looks so sweet and simple,
Who could refuse a chance?
The smile she gives you, kind sir,
Her beauty doth enhance;
So you will surely find, sir,
There's profit in a chance.
Who would not like to share, sir,
With her life's sweet romance;
And woo and win the fair, sir,
In one decisive chance?

"Garfield," said an ex-senator, recently, who was a great friend and admirer of the martyred President, "was one of the most tactful men I ever knew, and the quickest to take a hint. His ability to make something out of nothing amounted almost to genius, and his greatest talent was in always saying the right thing. We were on a campaign together one fall, and going through Western New York.

"'What's this next place noted for?' Mr. Garfield asked just before we reached a small town.

"'Butter,' answered some one in the car.

"Now, it does not seem as if butter would furnish material for an eloquent speech, but on that oily foundation he delivered one of the most eloquent speeches I ever listened to. It was at the time oleomargarine first came into use, which he likened to the Democratic party, masquerading for what it was not. Butter, pure butter, made from cream, and wearing no disguises, was, of course, the Republican party, and between his subject and what he said about it there was more enthusiasm created in that small town than it had witnessed for many a day."
—*New York Tribune.*

An amusing story is told of a rebuke administered to a hard bargainer, who sent the following advertisement to a paper: "A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domestic, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary." A few days afterwards the advertiser received by express a basket, labeled, "This side up, with care: perishable." On opening it, she found a tabby cat with a letter tied to its tail. It ran thus: "Madam, in response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has had great experience as a nurse,

having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary is no object to her, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Mark Twain.

(*From the Chicago Times-Herald.*)

HE NARROWLY ESCAPED BEING FIRED BECAUSE HIS FUNNY STUFF WAS AWFUL.

It is a Denver newspaper tradition that the funniest bit of journalistic work ever done by Mark Twain was strangled by a too friendly proof-reader. Mark was given an assignment to write up the opening of a saloon—quite a noteworthy event in those days in the Colorado town. He thought it would be funny to make his account of the festivities bear silent witness to the potency of the free refreshments dispensed. The article began soberly enough, but soon the diction became misty, then the spelling grew confused, and finally the whole thing degenerated into a maudlin, incoherent eulogy of the saloon-keeper.

It was funny. Mark read it over and laughed until he cried. But the next morning when he eagerly scanned the paper he could not find his work. In an obscure corner he saw a two-line item stating that "the Alcazar saloon was opened with appropriate festivities last night." That was all.

He rushed down to the office and inquired about his article. The managing editor knew nothing about it. The city editor couldn't tell what had become of it. The foreman said he hadn't seen it.

As Mark was snorting about the "outrage" and was running about the office trying to get track of the missing copy a proof-reader slyly nudged him and said, confidentially, "You owe me a cigar."

"How is that?" inquired the humorist.

"I've earned it," was the reply. "I saved your job for you last night. Maybe you don't know how the old man here feels about such things, but he won't have it if he finds it out. He's fired three men since I've been here,—just that way."

"Just what way?"

"Why, just as you were last night, you know. Your stuff wouldn't do at all; it was simply awful. I knew if the old man saw it you were gone, so I fixed it up myself."

Ancient Tar and Feathers.

(*From the Washington Evening Star.*)

"There is a general impression, in this country at least, that the institution known as 'tar and feathers' is distinctively American. Nothing could be further from the mark," observed Judge Riley, of the Virginia bar. "The fact is, what we understand to be a coating of tar and feathers is of ancient origin. There is also an idea afloat that tar and feathers is a sort of Southern celebration, that it was invented there, and that it is of common occurrence in that section of our loved country. I assure you that both these ideas are wrong all through. In the first place, while there is plenty of tar in the South the stock of feathers is not so large. And again, they are too valuable to us in such a way.

"Where a person deserves such a treatment it is much easier and better to give him a thorough cowhiding. A cowhiding sticks as well as a coating of tar, if it is properly applied. Tar and feathers originated in the days of Richard Cœur de Lion, over eight hundred years ago, as is evidenced by one of his ordinances for seamen, as follows: 'That if any man is taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he shall have his head polled and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft that he may thereby be known for a thief."

A strong skin will stand strong soap with strong scents, but delicate skins require delicate soaps with delicate Perfumes. Why harden, wrinkle, and wither the face with the first soap offered in the store?

VINOLIA

* * * **SOAP**

agrees with the most delicate, sensitive, irritable skins, and is exquisitely perfumed with the choicest of scents. It has received the highest scientific award in the world.

PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP - - - 15 cts. a tablet.
TOILET (otto) VINOLIA SOAP - - 35 cts. a tablet.

Sold by all druggists, including the following:

Caswell, Massey & Co., N. Y.
W. Wilson, Broadway, N. Y.
W. H. Riker & Sons, Sixth Ave., N. Y.
Hagemen & Co., Broadway, N. Y.
Bolton Drug Co., Brooklyn.
Metcalf & Co., Boston.
Melvin & Badger, Boston.
Auditorium Pharmacy, Chicago.
O. B. Evans, Philadelphia.
E. P. Merts, Washington.
M. W. Alexander, St. Louis.
T. S. Tschiffely, Washington, D.C.
G. W. Sloan, Indianapolis.
T. E. Ihrig, 5th Ave., Pittsburg.

The CHAS. N. CRITTENTON CO. (Sole Agents, U. S. A.),
115 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

farther than this point, where, after our defeat at Hamburg and Luneburg, we were not expected to be seen again. But the fortunes of war have many surprises. Since I was here last the natives have remarkably improved their sources of information and means of communication. It is astonishing to see with what accuracy the intelligent classes are posted upon the resources of France at this critical moment. They are counting our men, our guns, and our dollars, and, contrasting our present patriotic swagger with our former vigor and activity, are reaching the conclusion that we are now playing our last trumps.

"If Napoleon were to suffer a serious defeat so far from us, his vanquished army could not even hold out its hand to us on a retreat, and we would be terribly exposed in this distant and fanatical region. At the voice of patriotic poets every one is girding the sword for a holy war. Marshal Davoust is still governor of the Hanseatic towns and commander-in-chief in Northern Germany. Let us hope that his prudence and energy will save us from a disaster like that of Luneburg when the evil days are upon us."

"BERGEDORF, OPPOSITE HAMBURG, October 29, 1813.

"Back again to where I first began many years ago. This time there can be no mistake. Our defeat at Leipzig must have been very disastrous, since our authorities claim to have no reliable news eleven days after the battle. Meanwhile everything indicates a concentration of Davoust's command in this vicinity.

"The natives circulate the report that several of our garrisons east of the Elbe have been forced to capitulate. The popular enthusiasm can barely hold its breath right under our noses."

THE SIEGE OF HAMBURG.

From notes written during the winter and spring of 1813–1814:

"For some time past we have been closely besieged by Swedes, Russians, and Prussians, and the mailing of letters is out of the question. There are no furious attacks and no dashing sorties, but simply a patient waiting for the inevitable end, of which irrepressible hunger will fix the day and hour. The luxuries have long been beyond the reach of soldiers and citizens, and the necessaries are beginning to be rationed out with prudential care.

"I am again quartered with the kind old friends whom I learned to appreciate on my first advent to this city, and when not on duty am enjoying as pleasant a time in their midst as circumstances permit. It is wonderful what one is enabled to find out about human nature in times like these.

"I have abundant leisure for jotting down some of my observations, and in due order of importance will begin at the top.

"Marshal Davoust, governor of Hamburg and commander-in-

chief, is now about forty-five years of age, slightly above medium height, somewhat heavily built, and by no means graceful in his movements, with a stern and frowzy expression of countenance, without being positively ugly.

"He is near-sighted, too, and curiously blinks when not wearing glasses. I do not remember ever catching a pleasant smile upon his rotund, clean-shaven face but once, when it looked like an expensive luxury. And yet this man of iron is said to possess unusual suppleness of character, and much of the diplomatic art of blandishment and flattery when circumstances require it. His covetousness and avarice are proverbial here, and scarcely exaggerated by popular rumor. He never forgets himself within decorous limits, and seldom beyond them. One of the latest instances, in a small way, is characteristic. On his return to this city last fall, having learned that there remained in the municipal cellars a quantity of rare bottled wine which had been respected by all his predecessors, he appropriated about one year's supply for his own table, and sold the remainder to some intimate friends, surreptitiously pocketing the proceeds.

"His well-earned military prestige is immense, and covers a number of ugly traits like those referred to. But in this respect he does not stand alone among our martial celebrities.

"There was not much demand for qualities of the heart among the great men of this era, and for this reason, perhaps, it is not destined to endure much longer.

"If war is at times a cruel necessity, true greatness would suggest the mitigation of its evils on every possible occasion. How very few of our leaders have taken this view of it!

"The marshal is especially proud of his title of Prime Prince d'Eckmühl, and does not like to be addressed by any other.

"His household resembles a little German court, with its chaplain, its chamberlains, and the rest of royal etiquette. Of course, he also aspires to be credited with all the ideal virtues of princes, and waxes furious at the least criticism of his acts.

"He ruthlessly imprisoned an Englishman who had mentioned him as the greatest barbarian in Europe, and struck a deserving officer's name from the list of promotions for a trifling allusion to the marshal's awkwardness in polite society. At the same time he does not disdain to listen to the disparagement of some of his old comrades, generals and marshals, and even of his emperor and master, especially since the Leipzig catastrophe.

"Davoust is the brother-in-law of the emperor's youngest sister, and is said to have positively worshiped that great man up to this time, and he has certainly added some of the brightest jewels to his master's crown of glory.

"But who can divine the mysteries of the human heart?

"The Napoleonic star is now on the wane, and it is no secret that the contingencies are now being discussed in all their logical aspects in the marshal's immediate surroundings.

"What I can hear from where I stand is like the outer ripple of a circling wave of which our illustrious chief occupies the centre.

"In the course of this siege I was frequently brought face to face with the marshal, when, early in the day, he walked to some post of observation with members of his staff. On such occasions he is generally draped in an ample blue cloak, and wears on his pensive head, not the braided cocked hat with the Auerstädt bullet-holes, but a plain round cap of otter-skin. The same simplicity is observed by his companions.

"At the suggestion of my immediate superior, M. de Mucuch, I have been temporarily attached to the general staff as translator and interpreter, and am in special requisition when the case involves the translation of Platt-Deutsch, an idiom which no other French or Alsatian officer so far succeeded in mastering as well.

"This is generally an interesting function, particularly when requiring the interrogation of real or supposed spies, or of simple countrymen from whom some outside intelligence is expected to be extracted. Most frequently, however, these shrewd Low-Dutchmen feigned ignorance too well to make themselves useful, and their obstinacy never fails to exasperate the marshal, who then affects to drop the sinister words 'dungeon' or 'gallows' in the best broken German at his command."

At a later date:

"Marshal Davoust has been severely criticised, even in his own country, for the merciless destruction of a suburban quarter of Hamburg during the siege. The clearing off the ground as an imperative measure of defense was the official pretext; but public opinion charges it to the purpose of ridding the beleaguered city of thirty thousand hungry mouths when half-rations were going to be in order. It was in the heart of winter, and the physical suffering consequent upon such an abuse of force aroused heart-rending protests and remonstrances. But the marshal closed his doors and remained inflexible. He allowed the inhabitants of the doomed district twelve hours to pack up their effects, and twelve hours more were supposed necessary to reduce their homes to ashes.

"The order was peremptory, and yet, thanks to the humanity of subalterns, it was not executed at the prescribed hour. Unless thousands of poor outcasts are to be roasted alive, a reprieve of twenty-four hours was indispensable. Contrary to the general expectation, no one was severely punished for this infraction, although the marshal swore by the gods of Olympus that it should not be repeated.

"In substance we were commanded to go, torch in hand, with cart-

loads of pitch, tar, and turpentine, to set fire to every street-corner of a densely built suburb tenanted by thirty thousand human beings, who were sent, to live or die, as best they may, in the bitterest cold of the season, beyond the city walls.

"The privations of the siege had already reduced these unfortunates to dire extremity. There was a large proportion of sick, of women and children and aged people, even women in confinement or barely convalescent. The order of eviction was the same for all, without distinction. Thick snow covered the ground and fierce was the wintry blast. The incendiary companies were commanded to drive the dispossessed in the direction of Altona, and especially to see that none of them turned back.

"When the chief of the first squad advanced, sword in hand, to apply the first torch, he was surrounded by a hundred tearful women and children, kneeling in the snow, imploring his pity.

"'Surely God cannot abandon us in this manner!' some of them despairingly cried.' Do not depend upon him to-night,' was the stern reply. 'We have no time to lose.'

"It was again owing to my polyglot accomplishments that I was connected with this sinister task,—the saddest of my life.

"Squads of interpreters were ordered to precede the torches and to accelerate the evacuation by every possible means.

"All our Alsatians were thus detailed, and most of them had already spent the day assisting in the removal of sick persons, children, and even household goods, with a devotion above every praise. Owing to the lack of teams the furniture was left behind in most of the houses. Here and there fire had been set to some isolated vacant tenement as an earnest of zeal in the eyes of the master, who, with a field-glass, watched the spectacle from a mansard of his palace. History does not say whether he played the fiddle.

"When I reached the scene with my men for the second time the day was on the wane, and thousands of disconsolate people were still busy packing up their essential effects, not knowing what articles preferably to select with the scant means of conveyance at their disposal. Invalids were strapped on stretchers and mattresses, shiveringly waiting to be removed. Children and aged people wailed and screamed aloud from fear of being left behind in the scramble and confusion. Everywhere despairing lamentations and furious imprecations against the authors of this barbarous execution.

"I need not tell you, my dear parents, who have known me from my birth, how my own heart felt at the sight of this unspeakable misery.

"In order at last to determine a forward movement on any considerable scale a beginning had to be made. The first building of any size which I observed on fire was a grocery saturated with whale oil,

whence the flames, leaping over a carpenter shop, soon reached the roofs of adjoining houses. As fast as evacuation progressed the torch was applied behind the rearmost straggler.

"At midnight the fire could be seen at a distance of ten miles, and our friend the marshal could go to sleep *sur les deux oreilles*, without interruption from the wails and tears of his thirty thousand victims.

"Nothing that humane considerations suggested was left undone by the passive instruments of this cruel execution. Every house was searched for live beings from garret to cellar before applying the torch; as a consequence we found not a few still unburied corpses, which we took upon ourselves to decently dispose of.

"I leave to your imagination some of the most revolting details within my experience on that awful night. A single instance will assist you in that mental operation.

"Before the house of a butcher, about thirty steps from a blazing store, some children were assembled around a pile of bags and bundles ready for removal. They were awaiting their parents, who, they said, were still occupied in the house. Entering the hall to invite them out, we were horrified on beholding the butcher, a stalwart North German, standing at the foot of the bed, wiping a gory knife on a feather-tick. Across the couch lay stretched his expiring wife, her throat cut from ear to ear, and from the gaping wound the warm blood was trickling into a tub on the floor. It was done according to the rules of the slaughterer's art, and life was hopelessly extinct. An armful of shavings was waiting under the bed. The author of this ghastly deed was caught in the act and made no attempt at evasion. To our question how he came to do such an atrocious thing, he replied with almost *naïve* composure, in the most *gemüthlich* of Low Dutch, 'What would you have me to do, gentlemen? She was sick and would have died anyhow. I could not carry her away. This is the whole truth. Do with me as you choose.'

"The miserable fellow was sent to head-quarters with his children and bundled-up effects, and there handed over to the civil authorities. In a brief space of time he was tried and condemned to the gallows. A witness had been found who swore that the butcher did not live harmoniously with his wife, and enjoyed a bad reputation.

"It is estimated that nearly five thousand persons perished of cold and hunger in the open air during the three days following this inhuman eviction, not to mention perhaps half as many more who lingered a week or two before peopling the graveyard of Altona and vicinity. Everything like exact details of the catastrophe was vigilantly kept out of the public prints by authority.

"To me personally this awful experience was the last feather on the camel's back. The clothes I wore on that gloomy night smelled of tar and smoke, but I was not of sufficient dramatic temper to cast them

into the devouring flames. I gave them to the first ragged beggar I met, without telling him how they had been disgraced. I was not alone, for that matter, in my abhorrence for that sort of glory. Consternation was general and remorse oppressive, all the more as it was patent that Hamburg would inevitably surrender when the last soup was cooked with the last boot-leg. Although occasional contraband news of Napoleon's heroic defense of French territory excited our warmest admiration, we could hardly hope for his final triumph over three or four hostile armies converging towards Paris, and therefore expected no relief in our far-off post of forlorn hope. Still, in the face of it all, every one continues to do his duty for the love and honor of it, whatever may betide.

"The allied forces who are besieging the city of Hamburg are not particularly intent upon doing it serious injury. It is only us, 'these horrid French,' they want to punish; hence no one can take an airing on the ramparts without receiving a prompt warning, as exemplified in my own case last month. Despite of that we are continually ordered to march and countermarch in sight of the enemy, simply to convince them that we are still alive and well."

"HAMBURG, May 29, 1814.

"Who would have believed, my dear friends, that what happens to-day was so near, although in the air for several months past! On the day before yesterday arrived from France General Girard, with a message for Marshal Davoust, announcing that the empire had ceased to be, and that Louis XVIII. had ascended the throne, evidently under the protection of the allied powers.

"These things astonish me much less than the thinly veiled delight which they diffused among the upper ranks of our army of occupation. Very humanly the hope of a peace that would terminate the siege, with all its anxieties and privations, has much to do with that elated feeling. Still, in the expression of their sentiments, our big bonnets should show a little more self-respecting consistency. Such turn-coat exhibitions in high places have a depressing effect upon the *morale* of the rank and file.

"Thus the revolution, so ardently desired by some and so distasteful to others, seems to be an accomplished fact.

"But I am not yet persuaded that it settles the whole question. You cannot stuff a whole nation like a Strasburg goose, and the French people may have something to say once the allies have again turned their backs. If the new king, who is a Bourbon of the old stock, possesses enough genius and personal charm to make our country forget what it has gained before the empire and lost by its collapse, I shall be greatly deceived. The nation has grown too tall in the last twenty-five years to feel at ease in the jacket it bursted in 1789.

"If I, reared as I was, can entertain such views, there must be many millions more in the country of the same mind.

"Not that I propose now to join the ranks of the malcontents and to oppose a dynasty which in your creed, my dear parents, reigns by the grace of God. On the contrary, I think I can serve this government quite as conscientiously as any other that may be accepted—if not acclaimed—by the majority of the nation. I shall always serve my country by doing my honest duty in any position that may be assigned to me. In my affections the people come first; after that the sovereign may take his chances."

"HAMBURG, May 31, 1814.

"Now you may prepare, my dear parents, for many surprises and strange coincidences, such as I had frequent occasion to report to you in the course of my career away from home.

"Yesterday, passing along the Jungfernstieg with M. de Mucuch, I saw the first cockade on the hat of the identical colonel of gendarmerie, Charlot, who a decade ago arrested the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien in my presence, and has just arrived here on special duty. Before evening this model turn-coat already had numerous company, for the cockades only sell for ten sous a piece, and are manufactured so fast that they must drop down to as many centimes before the week is out. It goes without saying that I purchased one at the present rate, which I carry in my pocket until ordered by competent authority to hoist it upon my hat."

"June 5, 1814.

"The white cockade is now the order of the day, and his Excellency Marshal-Prince d'Eckmühl is wearing it with particular complacency. It will furnish him a welcome opportunity to retire from business and to enjoy in peace the millionaire fortune so laboriously acquired. This very morning he stopped without wincing in front of a notorious *café*, where English anti-Buonapartist caricatures adorn the windows, with the sanction of the police, which is now under the superior control of our polite and ubiquitous friend, Colonel Charlot.

"This afternoon my respected chief, Colonel Fassin-Grandidier, showed me a copy of an address to his Majesty Louis XVIII., the new ruler of France, which every officer within these walls is expected to sign, though not under compulsion. It is said to be from the pen of Marshal Davoust, and is already signed by himself, his staff, and a majority of field officers. I have made an exact copy of it with a view to future philosophical reflections in case of another change of political weather.

"Here is the text:

"'SIRE,—The wishes of whole France are calling your Majesty and your august dynasty to the throne of France. Devoted by our profession to the defense of our country, and detained far away from it

by honor and duty, we seize the moment when the great events of which France has been the scene became known to us to lay our homage at your feet. Sire, let us hope that under your reign France may rest from her protracted agitation, and that her wounds may be healed; that her fate may henceforth be firmly established, and that the blessings of nations may complete for your Majesty the highest glory to which a sovereign may aspire. Penetrated by the consoling hopes authorized by your virtues, and strong of the guarantees offered to you by our conduct, we swear obedience and fidelity to your Majesty.'

"'What do you think of it?' asked my superior, observing my expression of indignant surprise.

"'It is stooping entirely too low before a new-comer, known only by his ancestral name,' I replied. 'For my part, I have been twice wounded in the emperor's uniform and faithfully served his reign for ten years, and after his glorious defense of our soil, and with his eagles on my buttons, I cannot prevail upon my conscience to give him this parting kick. I shall not sign the address.' 'Just as I expected,' remarked M. Grandidier; 'neither shall I.'"

Note by P.M.:

"There can hardly be a doubt but that Napoleon was reliably posted upon Davoust's personal sentiments by more than one of those fawning courtiers, civil or military, who, despite his brilliant services, never looked upon the great marshal with favor. And that trinkling Hamburg address alone would have been a revelation. On the other hand, was he not, as commander of Paris in the emperor's absence, in an equally responsible position for weal or woe? But evidently the marshal himself did not think so, judging from his answer to the emperor quoted by Colonel Ropes, page 245.

"This question of Davoust's employment on that momentous occasion evidently belongs to that class of fatal enigmas and contradictions which are never wanting when everything conspires towards the ruin of the empire."

HIS LAST APPEARANCE.

I AM by occupation a commercial traveler, and, in this connection, I may add that my motto through life has always been, "Stick to the truth at all hazards." Upon one occasion, when I voiced this sentiment in the club, Jenkins remarked that he could corroborate my position; that I had always stuck so vigorously to the truth, when any of it came in my direction, that none of it had ever escaped from me. Jenkins, however, is prejudiced against me and my profession, and, under the circumstances, what can you expect of that kind of a man?

In the privacy of my home and in the enjoyment of a quiet cigar at the club, I have at times, perhaps, permitted myself to embellish some of my experiences; but under no circumstances do I permit my hearers to be deceived as to the line between actual fact and the ornamentation which sometimes accompanies description and recital.

I was spending the evening at the club a few weeks since, when the conversation turned upon the supernatural and kindred subjects. Several of my fellow-members had detailed their experiences, when "Truthful Annie," as I am termed, was called upon for a reminiscence. I could only reply that my story was of a character which, in the mind of a person prone to skepticism, would not be received as verity, and that I had, therefore, some hesitation in telling it. This suggestion was met by a general repudiation of any intent or desire to discredit anything which I might say, and the president of the club was kind enough to observe that all the members would believe it, excepting, perhaps, Jenkins; but that he didn't amount to much, anyway. With this tribute to my veracity, I could no longer hesitate, and I proceeded as follows:

"Well, gentlemen, on one of my trips to the continent, some three years since, I spent the most of my time in the smoking-room of the steamer. There was always something interesting and entertaining going on there, and the card-playing and the betting were evident to an alarming extent at night. One night I had been sitting in the corner of the room watching the card-playing (for I never play myself), and had grown somewhat drowsy. I leaned back in my chair and before I knew it was fast asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but when I awoke there was only one person left in the room with me, and he

was sitting on the opposite side of the table, dressed in what appeared to be a sort of shabby, out-of-date, undress uniform of the United States army. He was pale and sad-looking and apparently about thirty years of age, and his face was entirely unknown to me. He certainly had not been in the room when I entered it, nor was he a passenger whom I had ever seen before. He had a far-away, contemplative look upon his face, and, while I was observing him, he made no movement or effort to address me. After a moment or two of mutual contemplation, I observed, 'You and I seem to have sole possession here. Is it very late?'

"The stranger gave vent to a little sigh and replied, 'I do not know. I take no note of time.' As he spoke he placed his elbows on the table in front of him and leaned his head upon his hands, while his expression was one of abject misery. A closer observation of him in this position forced upon my mind the consciousness of the fact that there was something uncanny about the man which I could not fathom; but I said to him, 'I am afraid, sir, that you are not well. Is there anything that I can do for you?'

"'I thank you, sir, for your kind interest,' responded the stranger; 'but neither you nor any one else can be of any service to me.'

"'Yours must, indeed, be a desperate case, if no one can help you,' said I. 'With no intention of being inquisitive or rude, I venture to say that I could be of service to you if you felt at liberty to let me know the nature of your difficulty. Here is my card,' said I, handing him the card, 'and I shall be glad to help you.'

"My neighbor took the card, read the name and the legend, 'Commercial Traveler,' on it, and, looking up, said, 'May I ask what the words "Commercial Traveler" imply?'

"I explained to him the comprehensive meaning of the term, and remarked, 'I thought every one knew what a commercial traveler was.'

"'It is a term,' said the stranger, 'which is new to me. It was not known in my day, or I am sure I would have heard it.'

"'In your day?' said I. 'Why you are not as old as I am by five years.'

"Again that sad smile appeared upon the face of the stranger as he replied, 'Yours is a very natural mistake, but you are, nevertheless, in error. I am your senior by some seventy years.'

"I stared at him, and, noticing my expression, he continued, 'Mr. Head, mine is a singular story. You have probably read the narrative known as "The Man without a Country"?'

"I nodded assent.

"'Well, sir, I am that man. I, Philip Nolan,' said the stranger, 'fulfilling my destiny, and serving out my punishment by wandering over the seas between ports and never reaching port on either side.'

"Well, gentlemen, to say that I was surprised would give you no conception of my sensations. I was simply paralyzed. When I recovered from the shock of this announcement, I said, 'You will pardon me, I am sure, for appearing somewhat skeptical about your statement. I have read the book to which you refer, but my impression, which is that of the community at large, was and is that Philip Nolan was a mere creation of the brain of Mr. Edward Everett Hale, and that he never had any other existence.'

"'You are right,' answered the stranger, 'and that is the peculiar feature of my case. Mr. Hale was my father, and I never had a mother. My one parent made my existence a burden to me while I was in his hands, and in the end abandoned me under circumstances which admit of no excuse.'

"'I don't know,' said I, 'that I exactly catch on to your full meaning. May I ask you to be a little more explicit?'

"'What I mean to say,' said Mr. Nolan, 'is this. You have, you tell me, read my story. You know that I was court-martialed under charges of disloyalty to the United States government, in connection with some said-to-be treasonable schemes of the late Mr. Burr. You know that when I was brought before the court for sentence, I am reported to have said, "Damn the United States! I hope I may never hear of them again." Now, Mr. Head, I want to say that I never made use of such an expression. I most emphatically deny ever having made that remark. And yet my literary father, to whom I had a natural right to look for education and protection, not only permitted that accusation to stand, but actually put the language into my mouth. Are creations of my kind entitled to no redress? As the result of this act upon the part of my parent, I was, as you know, sentenced to be carried to and fro in government vessels for an indefinite period. That sentence was in itself unconstitutional, and yet no action was taken by any one in my behalf. To add to the disgrace to which I was subjected, and to further increase the agony of mind under which I naturally labored, my literary parent cites an instance on board one of the ships where I was a passenger of the refusal of a young lady to dance with me, in consequence of my reputed disloyal utterances. She didn't refuse to dance with me. She only objected to the square dances, saying that she preferred the waltz. I tell you, Mr. Head,' continued Nolan, growing more and more impressive and walking up and down the narrow little smoking-room, 'this thing is hard to bear when one realizes that all my burden is due, not to any act of mine, but solely and entirely to the animus of my father.'

"The expression of anguish on poor Nolan's face was most pathetic to witness, and I had difficulty in restraining myself as he went on with the recital of his wrongs. At last I said to him, 'Mr. Nolan, you have my earnest sympathy. I never before realized what a sad

fate yours was, and how entirely irresponsible you were for the actions which led up to it. There is one thing, however, which I cannot understand, and that is why you should still be carrying this burden of punishment. If I remember correctly, the story kills you off in the end and you die properly, amid the many expressions of sympathy from your mess-mates, to whom you had become endeared by your many virtues.'

"Nolan looked at me for a moment without speaking, and then said, 'I can understand your difficulty, which arises from your lack of knowledge of the law. When I died I was still serving out my sentence, which, you will remember, was for an indefinite period. Now, had a definite term of punishment been assigned to me, whether for a certain number of years or for life, at the expiration of either term I would have expiated my supposititious crime and have been entitled to the same repose which comes to every criminal who has been punished in accordance with the laws of his country. But the court which sentenced me was not informed as to the law, and the department which approved that sentence was about equally enlightened, the result to me being that I died without having served my full time, and my sense of honor, as an officer and a gentleman, will not permit me to take advantage of any technicality; so I am still traveling to and fro, not on government vessels, to be sure, for the accommodations in the new style of naval vessels are very inadequate, and I do not feel called upon to subject myself to such inconvenience. This line of steamers on which we are now is well equipped, and I find the vessels fairly comfortable. The monotony of the existence, however, is, I find, wearing upon me, and I cannot say how long I can stand the strain.'

"Well, gentlemen, I don't think that in all my experience I was ever in such an embarrassing position, or where I felt so much and yet saw so little opening to relieve the sufferings of another being. I pondered over the matter, while Nolan sat opposite to me, with his head in his hands, looking into vacancy.

"'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'is there nothing which can be done to set your spirit free and give to you the repose to which I feel you are entitled? If there is, command me.'

"Nolan raised his head and, speaking slowly and in a meditative way, replied, 'I think it could be done, perhaps. I have noticed that "The Man without a Country" is still popular, and while this is, to a certain extent, gratifying to such little vanity as I possess, it is, at the same time, humiliating to feel that my disgrace is being perpetuated. I am informed that I am now published in a bound volume and incorporated with other narratives under the attractive and exceedingly complimentary title of "The Modern Classics." I have, however, no desire to be a classic. What I want is rest, and to secure it there

seems to be but one course open. I have already said that my term was not served out when I died, nor can it ever be served out if the language of the sentence is to be followed. My father will not take any step in my behalf, for, notwithstanding my record, he cannot fail to have a pride in the consciousness of having been the parent of such a popular character; but if I could secure a pardon my relief would be instantaneous, for then I would be free once more, with my honor unstained.'

"'By Jove, Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will undertake to get that pardon for you if I have to go down on my knees for it.'

"Poor Nolan grasped my hand in his and cried like a baby, and while the tears streamed down both our cheeks, the daylight broke on the horizon and sent a little ray into the window of the room where we were sitting. Nolan slowly rose and, opening the door, stepped out upon the deck, saying as he went, 'Mr. Head, if you succeed in getting that pardon, the knowledge of the fact will come to me wherever I may be, and I will come to you. May Heaven bless you, my friend. Good-by.' And he was gone.

"On my return to the United States, gentlemen, I went at once to Washington and had an interview with the President and the Secretary of War. They were at first inclined to treat the matter somewhat cavalierly; but I finally convinced them that the issuance of the pardon could do no harm, even if it did no good; and, looking at it from this stand-point, the Secretary at last quietly filled up the pardon and the President signed it, and I took the precious paper with me to my hotel. When I entered my room Nolan was sitting there, radiant in expression. He rose at once and, advancing, said, 'I know the good news, my friend, and my gratitude cannot be told in words. I had sometimes thought that, should this happy moment ever arrive, I would, before I sought "that bourne from whence no traveler returns" to rest in peace forever, write a book about Mr. Edward Everett Hale and vindicate my memory. But I cannot forget that he was my father and I leave him to his conscience.' As he spoke he folded the pardon to his breast and faltered 'Farewell, my benefactor and my friend, farewell.' I bowed my head and the tears ran down my face. When, at last, I looked up, I was alone.

"Gentlemen, this is my story, and, while it may seem in some particulars incredible, it is the solemn truth."

The members of the club, with one exception, expressed their full belief in every detail. The exception was, of course, that man Jenkins, and he merely said, in that characteristically disagreeable way of his, "Ananias Head, I believe you are a liar."

A. H. O'Brien.

DEPRECIATORS OF THE NATION.[1]

RARELY does one meet a foreigner, even though he may belong to some insignificant state, who, in conversation, will depreciate his own land and people; but there are Britons who make a practice of "running down" all that appertains to the country of their birth. They seem to consider that by so doing they are giving proof of their own independence and of their superior enlightenment. These national depreciators are to be met with in all ranks of society, but principally among a certain small section of the working-classes. When national criticism emanates from friendly lips and is the result of knowledge and of careful study it should be welcomed by all sensible patriots. Constant improvement is the life of nations as well as of individuals. Stagnation is death; but if the fault-finding be the offspring of ignorance and of a self-sufficient desire to appear more enlightened than others, then it is well that the true character of such criticism should be clearly understood.

Some months ago, when publicly advocating the inculcation of patriotic feeling among the children in the board and national schools of the metropolis, I received a long and carefully argued protest from a gentleman who informed me that he was a well-to-do tradesman, a late member of a vestry, a school-board manager, and an ardent admirer of republican institutions, and of the United States of America in particular, and he gave what he doubtless considered excellent reasons why, although, according to him, it was natural that the citizens of the United States should love their country, Britons have no cause to be equally proud of the land of their birth. I also am an admirer of the Constitution of the United States and of the enterprise and intelligence of its population. Indeed, he would be but a poor Briton who could contemplate without feelings of admiration and pride the splendid triumphs of a people sprung from the loins of his own ancestors. Britons the Americans originally were, and in the imagination of the true Englishman kinsmen they ever will remain. But because his heart goes out to them in the way that it does to no

[1] Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* by permission of Leonard Scott Publishing Company of New York, the American publishers of *Fortnightly Review*.

other people, that is no reason why an Englishman should be blind to the merits of his own country or to the virtues of that portion of his race which has remained at home.

The writer of this protest seemed anxious to make it clear that he was not a Socialist, and that the opinions he expressed and the arguments he employed against the inculcation of patriotic feeling among the rising generation were those in common use among men of his own class. The arguments used were in a great measure founded on fictions, evidently put forward by the writer in all good faith as incontrovertible facts. If this letter really represented, as it professed to do, the feelings and beliefs of a certain number of honest but half-educated men, the following remarks may, perhaps, not be entirely without value.

As my correspondent declared himself to be a Radical, it is to be presumed that he sympathizes with labor. If this be the case, the words of such a good friend to labor and to the Radical cause as Mr. W. T. Stead has ever shown himself to be should at least command his respectful attention.

In the remarkable book called "If Christ came to Chicago," Mr. Stead says,—

"The labor movement in America seems to me to be about where the English labor movement stood nearly thirty years since. The unions are still to a certain extent outlawed. They have no allies and many enemies. They have no representatives in city councils, in State legislatures, or in the Federal Congress. The newspapers, almost without exception, are against them. Among the churches they have some sympathy, but little support. They are hampered, as we were not, by the fetters of written constitutions. . . . I have watched the rapid evolution of social democracy in England, I have studied autocracy in Russia and theocracy in Rome, and I must say that nowhere, not even in Russia, in the first years of the reaction occasioned by the murder of the late Czar, have I struck more abject submission to a more soulless despotism than that which prevails among the masses of the so-called free American citizens, when they are face to face with the omnipotent power of the corporations. 'Wealth,' said a workman, bitterly, to me one day, 'has subjugated everything. It has gagged the press, it has bought up the legislature, it has corrupted the judges. Even on the universities it is laying its golden finger. The churches are in its grasp. Go where you will, up and down this country, you will find our citizens paralyzed by a sense of their own impotence. They know the injustice, they know better than any the wrongs which they suffer, they mutter curses, but they are too cowed to do anything. They have tried so often, and have been beaten so badly, that they have not the heart to try again.'"

So much for the labor movement! Now hear how the unem-

ployed, according to Mr. Stead, were housed during his visit to Chicago,—

"'In the name of that homeless wanderer in this desert of stone and steel, whose hopeless heart lies leaden in his bosom, whose brain grows faint for want of food: in the name of that unnecessary product of American freedom and prosperity, the American tramp, I bid you welcome to the imperial city of the boundless West.' So spoke William C. Pomeroy, vice-president of the Trade and Labor Assembly, on behalf of the labor unions of Chicago, to the convention of the American Federation of Labor which assembled at Chicago in last December."

"He but expressed, in his own vivid way," continues Mr. Stead, "some of the bitterness of discontent which all men felt in Chicago last winter.

"Among 'the images which ye have made of me,' the tramp is one of the most unattractive, and in December he was everywhere in evidence. The approach of winter drove him from the fields to seek shelter in the towns, which were already over-burdened with their own unemployed. Like the frogs in the Egyptian plague, you could not escape from the tramps, go where you would. In the city they wandered through the streets, seeking work and finding none. At night, if they had failed in begging the dime which would secure them a lodging, they came together in three great herds, presenting a sad spectacle of squalid misery and forlorn manhood. These nocturnal camps of the homeless nomads of civilization were all in the centre of the city. Of these the most wretched was that which was pitched in Harrison Street Police-Station.

"The foot-sore, leg-swollen tramp who had wandered all day through the city streets, looking more or less aimlessly for work or food, sought shelter at night wherever he could find a roof to shelter him and warmth to keep the frost out of his bones. Some kenneled in empty trucks on the railway sidings, rejoicing even in a fireless retreat, others crept into the basement of saloons or coiled themselves up in outhouses, but the bulk of them were accommodated in the police-stations, in the Pacific Garden Mission, and in the City Hall. Such improvised shelters were all the appliances of civilization which Chicago, in the year of the World's Fair, had to offer to the homeless out-of-works.

"There is something dreary and repelling about a police-station in the least criminal districts. But Harrison Street Station stands in the midst of darkest Chicago. Behind the iron bars of its underground cages are penned up night after night scores and hundreds of the most dissolute ruffians of both sexes that can be raked up in the dives of the levee.

"The cells, if they may be called such, are in the basement, half

underground. They resemble the cages of wild beasts in a menagerie. There are two short corridors into which the cages open on the right and left, while the remaining corridors have only cages on one side, the other being the stone wall. The floor is of stone. In each cell there is one bench on which the first comers can sit while the others stand. An open gutter at the back provides the only sanitary accommodation. One policeman and one police-matron are in command. Each of the corridors is closed by an iron barred gate. The place is lit with gas and is warm, but the atmosphere is heavy, sometimes fetid, and the cages and corridors reek with associations of vice and crime.

"Into this criminal stock-pot of the city the homeless tramps were thrown, to stew in their own juice, together with the roughs and criminals and prostitutes, the dehumanized harvest nightly garnered by the police of the district.

"In case it should be said that the unemployed in America are composed of foreigners, it may as well be mentioned that Professor Hourwitch, of the University of Chicago, recently subjected one hundred tramps, selected at random, to a searching analysis, and found that fifty-nine were native born and only forty-one foreigners."

Our work-house system may not be ideal, but at all events we make in Great Britain better provision than this for the unemployed and the homeless

Speaking of British casual wards, Mr. W. T. Stead says,—

"In America not even these municipal makeshifts for primitive hospitality have been provided. The result is that the tramp nuisance is becoming one of the most formidable of the lesser evils which afflict the republic. The papers all this winter have been full of reports, all pointing to the gradual evolution of the laborer in search of work into the mendicant tramp, and the still further evolution of the mendicant tramp into a species of banditti. In certain counties in Ohio, for instance, last winter, the tramps were little better than highway robbers, traveling from place to place on freight trains. They alighted whenever they were hungry, and made a foray into the neighboring villages or isolated farm-houses, compelling the farmers to give them meals and then turn over whatever money might be in the house."

He adds,—

"Nothing has been attempted in Chicago corresponding to the municipal lodging-houses of London, or to the similar institutions which have long been successfully worked in Glasgow."

Now with regard to the political power enjoyed by the masses in this country as compared with that possessed by their brothers across the ocean. I will call as a witness an American, Mr. George Washburn Smalley, the New York correspondent of the *Times*. In an article which recently appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* this gentleman,

whose residence and training, both in America and Great Britain, have given him exceptional opportunities of arriving at a just opinion, says,—

"It is, I think, admitted by the best writers that in some very essential particulars the English Constitution is far more democratic than the American. The English machine is so contrived as to respond quickly and pretty surely to external pressure. Touch a button, and you turn out a government. Touch another, and you modify your constitution. In America there is no great use in touching buttons. The machine does not respond, or does not respond till after a considerable length of time. We are ruled by a President, who is in for four years, and cannot be removed except by impeachment. As a rule, the House of Representatives elected for the second year of the presidential term has a majority of his opponents, but to that he pays no attention. He and his cabinet are independent of hostile votes in Congress."

There can be no doubt that this statement represents the exact truth,—a truth which is recognized by most intelligent Americans who have resided for any length of time in Great Britain.

As I have already remarked, my correspondent stated that patriotism in America was laudable because in that country, according to him, men rose by merit alone, whereas in Great Britain they rose through favor, irrespective of merit. Of course the educated man knows that the very reverse is the case, that in America entrance to almost all public offices is dependent on the favor of some person or body of individuals. If, in the United States, a man desires his son to obtain a commission in the army or navy, he has to solicit a nomination at the hands of a senator before the lad can be admitted to the colleges of West Point or Annapolis; if he wishes to represent his country abroad he must have performed political services to some legislator on behalf of the party in power; if he is anxious to occupy the smallest post in the civil service, customs, revenue department, or post-office, he can only obtain it by the favor of some politician or "boss," in return for services performed, not to the state, but to the individual or party. Installed in office, the retention of his post is dependent on favor. No amount of merit, nor of diligence in the public service, on the defeat of his party, can insure him permanency of employment. It is notorious that merit does not always constitute a safe passport of admission even to the bench in America. Certain it is that the favor of some "boss" or political wire-puller, acting under the cloak of a popular election, has before now placed men on the bench whose proper position would have been the dock.

On the other hand, we know that in Great Britain no man, however high in rank, however great in wealth, however powerful his connections, can enter the army, the navy, the civil service, or indeed

any government employment, except on giving proof of his superiority in merit over all who choose to enter the lists against him. The only path to state employment in Great Britain is that of free and open competitive examination. The one exception to this rule is in the case of the Foreign Office, where, for obvious reasons, it is for the benefit of the nation that the competition should be between nominated candidates. The respect which is universally felt in Great Britain towards the occupants of the judicial bench is proof of the care shown by the crown in its choice of judges.

When once a man has entered the British service, whether in the army, the navy, the civil service, the post-office, the customs, the excise, or the metropolitan or Irish police, the only passport to promotion and honor is merit, and as long as he does his duty his position is secure, whatever political party may be in power.

My correspondent cited Lord George Hamilton as an example of an aristocratic jobber, and expressed himself as most indignant because his lordship, when out of office, drew the usual pension of an ex-minister who can prove that his income is below a certain monetary figure, and he seemed to be under the impression that this pension was given to Lord George in some mysterious way because he happened to be the brother of a duke, and that a commoner without aristocratic connections would, under similar circumstances, not have been able to enjoy the money. It would have been easy to point out that every ex-cabinet minister, whatever his social position, whose income is below a certain amount, has a right to such a pension, and that such a regulation is decidedly democratic in its bearing, inasmuch as it enables a poor member of Parliament, who has once obtained office, to continue his political life when in opposition, thus placing him on a par with rich men in the struggles of party government.

The writer of the above-mentioned letter went on to assert that, owing to some unjust influences, the exact nature of which he did not specify, but which probably were in some occult way connected with the existence of a monarchy, poor men could not rise to political power in England.

It is perfectly true that it is more difficult for a poor man to rise to wealth and position in Great Britain than it is in America or in our colonies, but this is because there are not so many opportunities in an old country, where population is excessive and competition keen, as in a new land, where the resources of the soil are still largely undeveloped; but the presence of workingmen in the British Parliament, some of whom occupy a leading position in that assembly, shows that it is possible for poor men, even in an old country like England, to push their way to the front, and, once in the House of Commons, there is no reason why, if a man has the requisite ability and strength of character, he should not, under modern conditions, become Prime

Minister of the British empire,—a position, to my mind, no whit inferior to that of President of the United States.

Many philosophical Radicals, who theoretically disapprove of kings, have acknowledged that there are practical advantages connected with such a constitutional monarchy as exists in Great Britain which counterbalance the theoretic objections they entertain towards the monarchical system.

I do not think that many Englishmen would like to see the head of the state, as in America and France, the representative of a party rather than of the nation at large, nor in these days would they probably care to place such large powers of veto as are enjoyed by the President of the United States in the hands of a single man, however eminent and able he might be, especially if previous to his election he had been known to be a partisan, and was the nominee of a political party.

There can be no doubt, however, that some few men and women regard the word "republic" with much the same feeling as the old lady did that of "Mesopotamia," and that, if a country be called a republic, take it for granted that the people inhabiting it must naturally possess greater freedom than those who live in a land the government of which is known by the name of a monarchy, even though the monarchy may be of such a constitutional and limited character as that of Great Britain. Thus prejudice at once arises in the minds of such people, and laws, institutions, and customs which would be approved, or at all events not condemned, under a republic, are regarded with very different eyes when found in existence under a monarchy.

My correspondent entertained the extraordinary notion that the large estates of England had been given to the ancestors of their present owners by William the Conqueror, and that consequently these lands had never been legitimately purchased. Such faith in the ancestral antiquity of our county families coming from the pen of a pronounced democrat is touching, but, alas! truth compels the confession that there are few, if any, families in England which can prove that their lands have never changed hands since the days of William the Conqueror. In this connection, it may not be out of place to remark that ignorance not infrequently causes gross exaggeration of the incomes of the landed classes. The net rental is a very different thing from the gross rental of a country gentleman. The Duke of Bedford has recently done a public service by throwing some light upon the subject. In a speech addressed to his tenants and laborers his Grace stated that in 1895, on the Thorney estate, there was a deficit of four hundred and forty-five pounds and ten shillings, and on his Bedfordshire and Buckingham estates of six thousand three hundred and twenty pounds, and that during the last eighty years he

and his ancestors had actually spent over a million and a half on the Thorney estate alone! In other words, on his Thorney, Bedfordshire, and Buckinghamshire estates the practice of agriculture is just now being maintained by the duke by means of an annual dole of some seven thousand pounds a year. Investigation would show that such a condition of things is far from being confined to the Bedford estate, and that many a landed proprietor, usually no doubt in a smaller way, but with just as much self-sacrifice, is thus translating into deeds his sense of the responsibilities of position.

Although my correspondent objects to the teaching of patriotism and the placing of the national flag within the schools of the country, it is under that emblem, and not under the stars and stripes, that justice and government are to be found in their cheapest and purest forms. Our legislators, magistrates, lord-lieutenants, aldermen, county, municipal, and even district and parish councillors, are unpaid, while never has the faintest whisper of corruption in the transaction of business been raised against our modern public men.

In America, on the other hand, corruption in the state is so notorious that the best citizens hold aloof from politics, and the man who, by the votes of his fellows, has been elected to what should be the honorable position of a city alderman, must, until his character is known, be prepared to be regarded by all honest men with an eye of suspicion. This can hardly raise astonishment when we are told by a recent traveler to the States that the lawyer of an American railway corporation said to him, "There are sixty-eight aldermen in this city council, and sixty-six of them can be bought. This I know because I have bought them myself."

Again, the deaths, some of them by slow torture too painful to describe, carried out under lynch law, by cruel and violent mobs, which continually occur in the United States, prove how little confidence the citizens of the republic place in their administration of justice.

The Hon. J. C. Parker, judge of the United States District Court for the Western District of Arkansas, has warned his countrymen in the columns of the *North American Review*, that—

"They are confronted by one of the greatest problems ever presented to the minds of the people; that problem is whether crime, and especially crime which destroys innocent life, shall be triumphant, whether the man of blood, the man of vicious disposition, the man who destroys human life, shall be the despotic ruler, or whether the law of the land shall exert its peaceful sway, and by its protecting power secure all men in their lives under their roof-tree or wherever they may be."

He tells his countrymen that, during the last six years, there have been 43,903 homicides in the United States, an average of 7317 per

year. In the same time, he says, there have been 723 legal executions and 1118 lynchings.

But these figures do not tell us the worst, for crime is rapidly increasing in the United States, instead of diminishing, as it is with us. Last year the awful total of 10,500 homicides was actually reached in that country, or 875 per month! During the same period the number of homicides in Great Britain was 1794, and during last year 289, or 24 per month. The number of legal executions last year was 18 within the United Kingdom, and, of course, there were no lynchings.

The phenomenal amount of homicidal violence which exists in the United States is, in the opinion of leading Americans, due not so much to defective legislation as to maladministration of the laws.

Judge Parker says, "The cause of this condition grows out of the indifference of the people to the enforcement of the law. It arises from corrupt verdicts, begotten by frauds and perjuries. It arises from the undue exercise of influence, either monetary, social, or otherwise, so that juries are carried away from the line of duty."

Judge Elliot Anthony, president of the Illinois State Association, said in 1895, "Our methods of criminal procedure are vicious and our criminal practice still worse. The rights of the defendant are regarded as supreme, while those of the public are almost entirely disregarded." And David Dudley Field, in addressing the American Bar Association in 1889, said, "We are a boastful people; we make no end of saying what great things we have done and are doing, and yet, behind these brilliant shows, there stands a spectre of halting justice such as is to be seen in no other part of Christendom. So far as I am aware, there is no other country calling itself civilized where it is so difficult to convict and punish a criminal, and where it takes so many years to get a final decision between man and man. Truly we say that justice passes through the land on leaden sandals." Hence the increase of homicides and of lynch-law murders.

Recent scandals have shown that the American public have some cause to regard their police, even in such a city as New York, with suspicion. The New York *Herald*, on the 3d of November, 1894, said,—

"Evidence has been adduced of the systematic collusion of the police with thieves, prostitutes, and gamblers, of the methodical and elaborate system of blackmail which is levied by the police at certain fixed and graded rates upon merchants of all kinds, from the wholesale dealer to the humble push-cart proprietor, and of the regular barter and sale of appointments of all places in the police force, from that of patrolman up."

Though it would be ridiculous to affirm that the average British policeman has never yielded to the attractions of a bribe, yet it may

fairly be asserted that no breath of suspicion has ever sullied the fair fame of his officers or the organization which is intrusted by the country with the maintenance of public order or the protection of the citizen.

It need hardly be pointed out how important it is to the poor man that all who are connected with the administration and execution of the law should be above all suspicion of being amenable to bribery.

If it be true, as my correspondent asserts, that the fallacies I have alluded to are entertained by others beside himself, then we should look to the school-master to see that a better and wider knowledge shall be the possession of the next generation.

With this view it is most important that history, especially the history of modern times, should be thoroughly taught in our national schools; but, as a rule, this subject is in a great measure neglected. Children destined to leave school at thirteen years of age are forced to spend the few precious moments at their disposal for the study of history in learning the comparatively unimportant details connected with the lives of Saxon and Norman kings, and they generally leave without having even heard of the more modern periods during which the British Constitution was being forged on the anvil of time, and the empire as we know it was gradually being built up by the wisdom, the blood, the treasure, and the energy of successive generations of self-sacrificing Britons.

To my mind British history, if it cannot be learnt in its entirety, should be taught backward.

It is of much greater importance to the state that the child, who in a few years will be called upon to assist in controlling by his vote the destinies of the fourth part of the human race, and whose influence through the ballot-box will extend over one-seventh of the globe, should know something of the history of the growth, extent, and resources of the empire, and of the character, laws, customs, religion, and aspirations of the three hundred million people who acknowledge the sway of Queen Victoria, than that he should be able to give an accurate account of the landing of Julius Cæsar on the shores of Britain, or to repeat by heart the names of the kingdoms into which England was divided at the time of the Heptarchy.

Even this modicum of knowledge is often denied to the girls, for, extraordinary as it may appear to those who are not acquainted with the peculiar ways of our educational department, it was only towards the end of last year that the code permitted a girl to learn needlework, history, and geography. Previous to that time she was only allowed to acquire a knowledge of two out of these three subjects. Even now, although needlework is rightly made compulsory, and is thus taken out of what are called the "class" subjects, she is only permitted to learn two out of several branches of knowledge included

in this division, and consequently, as a matter of fact, the large majority of girls who attend our national schools are entirely ignorant of either history or of geography.

The object of the state should be to educate the children, during the short time they are under the care of its instructors, in those branches of knowledge which will be of the greatest service to them in after-life. It does not seem to me that this is done at present. A good deal of time is wasted over comparatively unnecessary subjects, whilst very important instruction in the duties of good citizenship, and in the knowledge necessary to their fulfilment, is in a great degree neglected.

The writer has, on more than one occasion, drawn the attention of Parliament to the unpractical nature of much of the education given in the national schools. Improvements have of recent years undoubtedly been introduced into the system of instruction, but there is still ample room for reform.

It should never be forgotten that the main object of national education must of necessity be to produce good, wise, useful, and loyal citizens. We may stuff the minds of our children with knowledge, which, in the majority of cases, will in all probability be rapidly forgotten, because there will be little or no use for it in after-life, but we shall not necessarily produce either a good, a wise, a useful, or a loyal citizen. To give ourselves a reasonable chance of obtaining the product we desire we must train the soul, the heart, and the hands of our scholar as well as his brain. If we desire that he shall be loyal to the state, we must show him cause why he should be loyal, and give him reasons for the faith that is in him.

In America, and in several European countries, the national flag, or coat of arms, or the sovereign's portrait, is prominently displayed either outside or inside of all schools supported by the state. Why should Great Britain alone withhold from her children the inspiring sight of an emblem of national unity? Have we less cause for patriotism than our neighbors? Far from it. Let us, then, determine as far as in us lies to use our influence to promote in our national schools the teaching of a reasonable patriotism. A suitable text-book for this object lies ready to our use in the "Citizen Reader," by H. O. Arnold-Foster, M.P., which should be in the hands of every British child.

Occasional lectures—illustrated, if possible, by the magic lantern—should be given to the elder scholars, descriptive of important events in the history of Great Britain, or in the lives of men who have rendered eminent services to the empire. Such lectures might be the means of bringing into personal contact with our school system many intelligent men and women who at present know nothing of the important national work of education which is being carried on around them. Many an undergraduate or young man fresh from college

might be found capable of delivering a lecture which would be listened to with interest by the lads of his village school, and if by this means closer relations could be established between the hall, the rectory, and the school-house, the inmates of all three would be the gainers. How many scores of educated travelers, of retired officers of the army and navy, and of eminent men live scattered all over Great Britain, who have spent their lives in making the history of their country or in increasing its knowledge and its prestige. Consider, on the one hand, the popular ignorance existing in regard to all matters appertaining to the empire, its extent, its responsibilities, its growth, its government, and its administration, and, on the other hand, the wealth of information and of experience, the stores of anecdote, the tales of adventure and of stirring events by sea and by land, which remain locked up in the brains of men who in their different spheres have themselves been actively engaged in the government, consolidation, protection, and extension of the empire. Think of the streams of knowledge, of patriotic feeling, of heroic desires to follow noble examples and ideals which might fertilize the intellectual wastes I have described, if such men were occasionally invited to pour forth for the benefit of young boys and girls around them some portion of the inexhaustible reservoirs of their experience and knowledge. Think, also, how the sentiment of a reasonable patriotism implanted in the minds of these young people would brighten their lives, widen their ideas, stimulate their desires to know more of the birth, growth, and progress of the vast empire to which they belong, and by inciting them to the study of history, and of the political questions of the day, would render them better fitted as voters and citizens to grapple with the political and social problems which from time to time arise, and which, although they must, of necessity, in the first instance be considered by statesmen, can alone obtain final solution at the hands of the democracy of the country.

RT. HON. THE EARL OF MEATH.

THE YACHT "GNOME."

I.

MY NEW CLIENT.

"Still you keep o' the windy side o' the law."—*Twelfth Night.*

I, ARTHUR ASHBY, attorney-at-law, was sitting at a green-covered table, littered with books, letters, and legal cap, alone in my dingy little office in Ann Street, near William. It was late on a February day in the year 186–, with much chill in the air, although my hard-coal fire burned brightly, reddening the room with its glow.

Abroad, the afternoon was wet, raw, and overcast, with sleety sidewalks, muddy streets, and a sort of unpleasant frozen fog; a time when a warm fire and a soft woolen rug at one's feet make life more tolerable, even amid the abstraction of dry law reports, revised statutes, and calf-bound commentaries. I was busy and at the same time bored. Even success fatigues one sometimes. I was interrupted by a low knock at the door, an unusual act of courtesy on the part of clients, and said, with equal courtesy, "Come in!"

"Is this Mr. Ashby's office?"

"Yes; I am at your service."

The inquiry was made in a soft, sweet voice; the footstep that followed it was a light, lady-like one, and the person who entered at my bidding with modest hesitation of manner was a slight, straight young woman of twenty or so; a beauty, with the rarest of all beauties, a brunette complexion and deep blue eyes soft as sloes, yet piercing. She was becomingly attired in dark fabrics, mourning, with a crêpe veil, and she carried a silk umbrella and wore black kid gloves. I read my caller over carefully. Was she a chance visitor or a new client? She was welcome.

"Sit down, miss," I said; "I can speak with you in a moment. Beside the fire, please; you must be chilled."

She took a chair, as invited, before the glowing grate, and, as she sat with the fire-light flickering upon her, I had an opportunity of more closely examining her features. It was a lovely face, I had seen at a glance. It had a slightly sinister expression I observed as I studied it. The skin was very dark; the blue eyes were lustrous, but uneasy;

the brow was low and broad, the chin firm-cut and strong; the lips and nose were rather full and sensuous; the hair—thick, glossy hair—was coal-black, the eyebrows marked, the figure slim and agile, but hardy-looking, with the throat quite plump and rounded. When she smiled her teeth seemed perfect. She might have been an Italian, from her appearance, but she spoke English unhesitatingly, without a foreign accent.

A very charming client, truly.

As she sat she bit her full red lips, and the tiny, pearly teeth glistened in the fire-light as did her restless, furtive eyes. She was a study for an artist, let alone a lawyer.

"Pardon my keeping you waiting," said I, at length; "but what is your business with me, may I inquire?"

Looking sharply up, she answered, "I wish to consult a lawyer. I require legal advice. I am sadly ignorant of the law."

"Naturally. Who sent you to me?" I asked. "How did you find me out?"

"I have seen your name in the newspapers," she answered, "and read your sign in passing, besides. I knew who you were."

"Well," said I, with pleased affability, "and how can I help you, miss?"

"*Madam*, sir!" she replied; "I am a widow."

"A very young widow!" I naturally exclaimed, for she was not apparently above twenty-one or -two; "you surprise me."

"I have been bereaved but a month."

"You are unfortunate, indeed!" I again exclaimed, in sympathy.

Taking from her pocket a black-bordered handkerchief, and sighing heavily, she sopped her drooping lids, although no tears thence seemed to flow. Recovering immediately, she replied in a calm and measured tone,—

"My dear husband is dead, alas! He was a native of Boston. His name was Corestone, Cuthbert Corestone. He was an orphan, his mother having died in his infancy, his father within a year or two last past. He came to New York to spend the holidays. We met first in Boston, and were married a fortnight afterwards. It was a love-match, purely love, and I am disconsolate. Poor, dear fellow! He was never well while I knew him; not robust, you know, and often ill. He caught a cold on our way by boat to New York, and died of pneumonia four weeks ago yesterday, but six weeks after we were married. Sad, sad, too sad!" Again she wept, sobbingly.

"It is, indeed!" said I, with feeling.

She continued, through her handkerchief, "My poor husband inherited from his father, a Boston merchant, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, I believe, which he invested in stocks and bonds when he came of age, six months ago. He had led, poor boy, a rather idle, listless

life in Boston, quite wild, indeed, he told me; but I believe his capital is safe, his stocks and bonds—securities, I think they call them—being deposited in a bank in Boston. He died without a will."

"A very pretty fortune," I rejoined; "you will be quite comfortably off."

"It is about settling his estate that I have come to consult you," she said, with alacrity. "What steps are necessary for me to take in order to secure the property left to me by my dear husband, sir?"

"There are several steps needful, madam. You may administer upon his effects yourself, under an order from the surrogate, or the public administrator will duly settle up the estate of the deceased intestate. Did Mr. Corestone die in this city?"

"Yes, sir. We were boarding here at the time."

"Where were you married, may I ask?"

"In Boston, sir, ten weeks ago."

"By a clergyman, of course?"

"Dr. Both, of South Boston," she replied, shortly. "He sailed for Africa soon after; he was a missionary. I have my marriage certificate at home. No, I brought it with me; here it is!"

"Have you any relatives living?"

"None; I am alone."

I studied my client's set face keenly. It was lovely but deceitful, I thought. Her story, however, was quite straight and credible. I could not detect a flaw in it."

"What relatives did your husband leave?"

"None, sir," said she; "none at all."

"Then, madam," said I, "you are without doubt the legal heir to all his personal property, and have a right of dower in his real estate besides. Your interests are safe in my charge. Give me your name and address. I shall run on to Boston myself and wind up your late husband's affairs. Your name, if you please." I waited, pen in hand.

"Mabel Corestone," she replied. "It *was* Mabel Montclair."

"Pardon me, your age?"

"Twenty-one last December."

"Your residence?"

"No. 10 Stuyvesant Square."

"Where you and your late husband lived?" I pressed.

"No, sir; I moved soon after his death."

"And where did he die?" I persisted.

She hesitated an instant, though but for an instant, and made answer,—

"No. 101 St. John's Park."

I wrote down the address.

"On my return from Boston, Mrs. Corestone," I said, politely, "I shall do myself the pleasure of calling upon you and arranging the

details of an administration of the Corestone property. You are secure in my hands. Give yourself no uneasiness, I beg."

"You will be back soon, I hope?" she asked.

"In the course of a week," I answered. "Until then, good-by!"

"Good-evening!" she said, rising with dignity, "and thank you very much indeed."

Attentively escorting her to the door, I lighted her with my candle to the landing, and down the single flight of stairs, for it was dark, as far as the pavement, not a little impressed by her beauty and gentle graces, and yet instinctively remarking that those handsome Italian eyes of hers, to my attorney mind, were not wholly innocent of distrust and duplicity. Did I suspect her truthfulness? I own I had no just grounds for questioning her veracity; and Mrs. Corestone was my client, I her counsel.

II.

A QUEER BOARDER.

"'Tis but the truth in masquerade."—*Don Juan.*

My own lodgings were in Saint Mark's Place, near Second Avenue. There I had lived for several years, my rooms being the first floor front, double and single, with a door between. My landlady was a widow, of course respectable, who had seen better days, Mrs. Agnes Lamb. I only breakfasted at home, and then in private. The large room was fitted up as my study, the small one as my bedroom. I saw the other lodgers but seldom, only meeting them on the stairs occasionally. Thus I knew almost nothing of what went on about me in the house.

Mrs. Lamb, however, would sometimes favor me with her company of an evening, mostly entertaining me with brief but graphic sketches of the personal idiosyncrasies of a peculiar boarder in the establishment, named Aaron Goldchopper, who seemed to be, or to enjoy the general reputation of being, a sort of doubtful riddle or enigma. He had the rooms just over mine. What was he?

He had rung at the door one cold autumn night, inquired if there were any rooms to rent, as stated on the bill, taken instant possession of the vacant apartments, bringing his luggage in his hand, and had stayed on many months; and this was about all that was known of him, except that his habits were regular, though eccentric, for a man of his years, for he must have been sixty, if a day. He was short, bald, rosy, and wrinkled; calm, dry, sullen, and silent; a complete contradiction, a sphinx.

His daily routine was as methodical as clock-work. Breakfast was

served to him at seven sharp. At eight, to the minute, he went out. At five in the afternoon he came in, and was heard to snore diligently in his bedroom for an hour. At six he went away again, and came not back till midnight. Where he spent his mornings and evenings was an impenetrable problem. He dropped out of sight for at least a dozen hours of the day and night, none knew why or whither, coming back twice a day grim and surly, shutting his door with a slam, and going straightway to bed. To be sure, Sundays were not the same with him as week-days, for then all day long he slept soundly and snored more industriously than ever. He dressed respectably in plain black broadcloth, with silk hat and gloves; was clean-shaved, and carried a cane. In truth, Mr. Goldchopper was a mighty mystery.

Good Mrs. Lamb, it may be inferred, was a lady of the fat, fair, and forty order, only a little fatter, fairer, and fortier, or further on in the forties, than the generality of her type. Plump and wholesome as she was, however, she had nerves, and, having nerves, was subject to frights which brought on faints and shocks, which duly resulted in sick headaches. Consequently, she had imbibed a holy horror of her noisier boarders, together with an unduly shrewd suspicion of her *shy* lodger, the unsociable Goldchopper, of an alarming, not to say hysterical, character. Nor was this all.

"That man," she was accustomed to confide to me, "that man is my abhorrence, my abomination. He is a marvelous puzzle. His image haunts me" (she said 'aunts me) "day and night,—by day in the body, at night in the spirit. My lands! Would you believe it, sir, he comes before me on the blessed sidewalk sometimes as an acrobat, sometimes as a nigger-minstrel, sometimes as a circus-clown, sometimes as an Indian juggler, and sometimes as an Itailian organ-grinder with a monkey. There is no end to his metamorphizzes. That man is the 'bate Noah,' the very bane of my existence. He must be a wizard, surelie."

"You are in love, Mrs. Lamb," it was my wont to rejoin, playfully. "Take my word for it, ma'am, you are in love with your strange lodger; for when a woman, especially a widow, sees a man lurking about like that, she's over head and ears in love, and no mistake."

"Go away with you," my excellent landlady would coquettishly reply. "You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir, to tantalize a decent body with such a bugbear as old Goldchopper. He's worse nor a bugbear,—he's a bugaboo."

Nevertheless, the servants in the house—the city cook, the country chambermaid, and the colored Jack-of-all-work—secretly put their shaggy heads together and reached the sage conclusion that poor Mrs. Lamb was "out of her head," a generic name for any and every idiosyncrasy under the sun.

Time went on, but the illusions did not lessen in the least, and the good soul fell into a state of utter melancholy. She would suddenly say to Hetty, the maid, in the morning, "I have just seen that man outside in a wig and tights, not to speak of spangles, cutting a pigeon-wing on the curb-stone, and afterwards passing around his hat for coppers. Isn't it shocking?"

Or she would call up Betty, the cook, at mid-day from the kitchen, and whisper wildly, "That man has been in the street again in a frieze coat and leather breeches, and sung, "Rory O'Moore" at the top of his lungs for money. He took up a quarter in pennies under my very eyes, and tipped me a wink at the window as he walked away, this very afternoon. What in the world am I to do about it?"

Mrs. Lamb possessed a bosom friend and crony, one Miss Sally Scrub, a spinster, to whom she had likewise explained her difficulties and tribulations. This comforter took in earnest the same view of the case which I had taken in fun.

"I have felt the same myself," said this ardent maiden, "scores of times, and beheld the beloved being pictured in my tea-cup, or capering in the cake-basket in the pleasantest manner possible. It is the natural way and working of the interested imagination, and does no harm to any one in the world. Nature, my dear, is a powerful decoyer and often leads us off the beaten track."

"The horrid wretch!" Mrs. Lamb would then rejoin; "when I am asleep I see him ogling of me in my dreams, and smiling away as he impudently kisses his hand and winks."

"The tender passion!" Miss Scrub would reply, with a shake of the head; "I have frequently been took that way myself, dear."

On the whole, the poor widow's hallucination was a harmless one and seemed to progress no further than these singular sights upon the highway. Indeed, I set it down as an innocent delusion arising from weak nerves and too much strong tea. This had gone on for weeks unchanged, and respectable Mr. Goldchopper remained in blissful ignorance of the interest and excitement which his peaceful presence in the house had aroused.

The morning after my professional interview with pretty Mrs. Corestone, I was sitting at the window at breakfast in my lodgings above described, when Buck, the colored boy, brought me in the *Herald*. Sipping my coffee, I hastily glanced at the news. I started, for, by the merest chance, the following "personal" met my astonished eye, at the head of the column:

"*Urgent.* $500 reward will be paid at the Bunker's Hill Bank, Boston, Massachusetts, for any information as to the whereabouts of Cuthbert Corestone, of said city, who is known to have left his home about December 15, 186–, for a visit to New York, and has not been heard of since. Age, 21; height, five feet ten; spare build, florid com-

plexion, auburn hair worn long, light moustache, well dressed, and carried porte-manteau. If communication by mail, address Daniel Perkins, president, care of above bank, Boston."

I own I was greatly staggered as I read this notice. What did it mean?

Cuthbert Corestone was the name given me by my client, the young widow, in my office the preceding afternoon, as that of her husband, the deceased intestate. Was there a mistake somewhere? Or had there been crime or foul play in the matter? I had promised Mrs. Corestone to run on to Boston in order to settle her affairs and secure her property for her. This made it the more imperative that I should go at once and before seeing her again. I lost no time.

Hurriedly packing my valise, I told the servant that I was going out of town for a few days on business, and to so inform Mrs. Lamb, my landlady.

As I went down-stairs I overtook my fellow-boarder, Mr. Goldchopper, who allowed me to pass him without bowing or speaking; but I half-turned and looked at him harder than I had ever done before, my curiosity having been somewhat awakened by Mrs. Lamb's strange stories. He was certainly of a highly respectable and extremely harmless appearance, although apparently serious and careworn. A rather broken down gentleman, probably, to whom life had been no child's play,—not an unusual lot. He shrank from my notice and obviously shunned any chance acquaintance. He paused in the hallway, evidently to let me precede him into the street.

I thought no more about him *then*.

Having determined to go to Boston by rail, the better to expedite matters, I took a hack to the Harlem Railroad Station and succeeded in catching the morning express east.

I could not dismiss the attractive portrait of my widowed client from my memory, do what I would. It haunted me like a handsome wraith. The rustle of her gown, the perfume on her handkerchief, her sensuous smile, the expression of her eyes, the firm clasp of her small hand as she bade me good-by,—all these came back to me as I dozed and read and woke at a way-station and dined at another, with increasing influence as the day wore on. Was I in love at last; I, a confirmed celibate? Mabel Corestone was assuredly a very pretty woman, young, winning, and voluptuous; but, to my mind, in more ways than one, a trifle unprincipled and dangerous.

Possibly I would love her more, or *less*, after my hurried visit to the East.

III.

THE MISSING MAN.

"Are melted into air, into thin air."—*The Tempest.*

It was ten o'clock in the morning, February 28, when I stepped from the rotunda of the Revere House, where I had put up, and turned into Tremont Street in the direction of the old Bunker's Hill Bank, in the business part of the city.

In ten minutes I stood in the ancient vestibule, and was duly shown, at my request, into the president's private office, where Mr. Daniel Perkins himself was quietly sitting.

I made known the nature of my errand at once.

"I saw a notice in the *New York Herald* yesterday, Mr. Perkins, in reference to one Cuthbert Corestone, who had disappeared, it was stated. Has he yet been found?"

The bank president, a portly, white-haired gentleman of sixty, scrupulously encased in a suit of immaculate business black and wearing a white cravat, cast a searching glance at me before replying,—

"Not yet, sir. But who might you be, may I inquire?"

"My name is Ashby. I am a practicing attorney in New York. Here is my card,—39 Ann Street, as you may see."

"Ah, yes! Now tell me what you know about Cuthbert Corestone, if you please. Is he alive or dead? Is he in New York? Why has he absented himself, I want to know?"

"Pardon me, my dear sir, if I first ask you to tell me something more than I myself yet know; to give me some account of Mr. Corestone before I make answer to your questions, however natural they may be. There is something strange about the matter."

"Has there been foul play, think you?" he sharply asked.

"I understand that Cuthbert Corestone is deceased, and I shrewdly suspect something in the business—perhaps of deadly wrong—which we may yet unravel."

"The missing man is now no more, then?"

"I fear that he is dead."

After considerable trouble in overcoming Mr. Perkins's cautious hesitation and evident distrust of myself, I was finally enabled to glean the following scant particulars in regard to young Cuthbert Corestone's brief career.

His father, Caleb Corestone, had been a large retail dry-goods dealer in Washington Street, and long a bereaved widower, having but this one dearly cherished child. He, too, had died when his son was eighteen years of age, leaving him by will sole heir, as he already was by law, to the whole of his estate, some fifty or sixty thousand dollars

realized from his business, which amount, by the advice of Mr. Perkins, an old friend of his father's, the son had snugly invested in stocks and bonds of good security, upon his lately attaining his majority.

Cuthbert had never embarked in business; was of a social, easy-going turn, often frequenting the theatres and preferring the company of young men of means and elegant leisure; had rarely been known to seek the society of ladies or to have fallen into the meshes of a love affair. He was a youth of irreproachable habits, apart from indolence, neither dissolute nor intemperate, rather sought out by time-killing young gentlemen and fashionable club-men, and, besides, had the character of strict integrity and honor. In short, he seemed to have been the stereotyped well-to-do and successful shopkeeper's over-indulged son and heir, possessing but small ambition or marked personal aim in life other than to fully enjoy his ever-busy parent's hard-earned money among a better and higher class of associates than those with whom he had been brought up to consort. He was not remarkable. There are thousands of such young men, doubtless, in our larger cities at this day.

Young Corestone, it was recalled, had long wished to visit New York in quest of pleasure and relaxation, and to gratify an excusable curiosity to see the far-famed sights of Gotham, and, having so at length arranged, had left Boston for New York on the afternoon of December 15, aforesaid, by the Stonington route, it had been already ascertained.

He had called at the bank on the day of his departure, said good-by to his friend, the president, and cashed a check for a thousand dollars.

That was the last ever seen of him.

This was all that Mr. Perkins volunteered to communicate to me upon the subject.

There was a pause.

"Did he say how long he purposed to be gone?" I inquired, with an object.

"I understood him as proposing to remain away indefinitely," replied the bank president, "several weeks, or even months, perhaps; but what has served to alarm me most in the matter is the startling fact that he has not communicated with us, although he promised to write immediately upon his securing lodgings in New York, giving his address there, a promise which has not yet been fulfilled. In a young man of his regular ways this silence on his part is entirely inexplicable. I fear the worst."

I thought I could furnish some clue to the mystery, but hesitated whether to fully confide to him, interested directly as he was, the curious story told me by Mrs. Corestone. Reflecting, however, that my mission to Boston was to arrange for taking out letters of adminis-

tration upon the estate of Cuthbert Corestone, and that his financial effects were locked up in the vaults of that bank, I concluded it best to unbosom myself freely of all the facts, or allegations, which had come to my knowledge, trusting to Mr. Perkins's cool head and business sagacity to afford valuable aid in unearthing a clue to a condition of things which now bore the appearance upon its face of being of a criminal or felonious complexion. Certainly there were just grounds of suspicion unless the young man himself had played a double part. The case was quite extraordinary.

To my utter surprise the venerable president displayed a good deal of feeling as my recital went on, and, as soon as I had closed my story, he sprang suddenly from his chair, and, seizing my arm with both hands, hastily exclaimed,—

"Mr. Ashby, this is all very strange. We have securities to the extent of fifty thousand dollars in our safe belonging to Cuthbert, whom I have known from his boyhood. Remarkable circumstances evidently surround the disappearance. Something singularly out of the common must have happened to poor Corestone either before or after his arrival in New York, or we should most assuredly have heard from him then or since. I dread disaster. This young woman must possess the key to the conspiracy. He could not have been such a fool as to have rushed into a secret marriage unless under compulsion. Has he been abducted or murdered for his money? What is your own view of the case, my dear sir,—as a criminal lawyer, mind?"

"I agree with you entirely, Mr. Perkins, that the matter wears a suspicious and unusual look. Some misfortune has probably befallen Mr. Corestone, which it is our duty to investigate and overcome, if possible. I am myself apprehensive of some crime, to which he has fallen a hapless victim. We must try and save him, if he is alive."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Perkins, fervently. "You speak with both sense and feeling. You agree that before applying for letters testamentary you are willing to accept a liberal retainer from this bank to engage in a thorough examination into the designs, if such there were, compassing Cuthbert Corestone's disappearance or death; and to fully assure yourself and us that the facts are as stated to you by the extraordinary female claimant now presenting herself for his property. Are we agreed as to this?"

"I can see no objections," I answered, after some consideration, "to the course you propose. Indeed, I deem it a professional duty to endeavor to ascertain the practical truth of this alleged young widow's story in every particular, before your paying over to her, personally, an entire stranger to her late husband's friends, so considerable a sum of money as that involved. If she is an imposter and her tale a falsehood, it will be proven by an exhaustive examination into the circum-

stances. Every link of the chain must be tested. I assume this much."

"You and I consider it a sacred trust, then, sir, which we will scrupulously discharge, to sound this ugly business to the bottom."

"I am at your service, Mr. Perkins, wholly. If my young client be guilty of crime, it must inevitably appear."

"We will then put our heads together, Mr. Ashby, and settle upon a suitable plan of action at once."

It did not take long for us to determine upon the details of our proposed procedure. Of course nothing was to be accomplished, so far as we could see, in Boston. Whatever untimely fate had overcome young Mr. Corestone must have chanced to him in New York, if New York he had ever reached. He had probably done so, if the slightest credence were to be placed upon the young woman's story. The alleged marriage had taken place, according to her account, in South Boston about ten weeks before, the minister who had performed the ceremony having subsequently sailed for Africa as a missionary. I had placed the marriage certificate in the desk in my office, and had not had time to send down for it before leaving New York. Now it would have been of great use to us. Possibly, at the worst, there were some grains of truth in the woman's statement, enough at least to warrant the speculation, if not the supposition, that Cuthbert Corestone had indeed set out for New York in order to meet this pretty, dainty adventuress, unless our entire theory were at fault. Where there was so much smoke there might have been some little fire.

I shall not fatigue the reader at this point with detailing the plan of our campaign. Suffice it to say that I was well pleased with Mr. Perkins, and that Mr. Perkins was apparently pleased with me. I think we had mutually inspired respect. He was evidently a shrewd man of the world, well versed in involved affairs, and he evinced complete confidence in my insight into human nature and my trained legal acquirements. We shook hands warmly at parting, I believe with no regrets at having met, after we had lunched sociably together at the Tremont House. We understood each other perfectly, or he did me.

I took the night train for New York, bent, with whatever proficiency I had contrived to acquire in the casual practice of the criminal branch of my profession, upon placing myself in the pathway trodden by possible felony, which thus lay open among the intricate labyrinths of city life.

IV.

PRELIMINARY STEPS.

"Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."—HERRICK.

UPON reaching New York, the next day, I went straight from the station to my office. My immediate purpose was to read over the Corestone marriage certificate. Tim Riley, my office-boy, was asleep over his desk on my arrival.

"Has any one called this morning?" I interrogated, sharply.

"Divil a sowl," rejoined Tim, who was of pronounced foreign extraction.

"You were in all the time, were you?"

"Only went out for an hour for me lunch, whin I stuck up a sign in the dure, '*Gone to coort. Will be back at one.*' Some varmint wrote on it when I was away, 'Oh! oh! oh!' the saucy spalpeen, as if he misdoubted my wurrd."

In the pigeon-hole, where I had placed it, I found the certificate in question; it ran as follows:

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. This certifies that the bonds of marriage between Cuthbert Corestone and Mabel Montclair were by me confirmed according to the usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the city of Boston, State of Massachusetts, on the fifteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord 186–.

"ROBERT BOTH, D.D."

This, I took note, was correct and in the usual form. No hitch here.

Later, sending my valise by the boy to my lodgings, I set out for my dinner, and my accustomed evening saunter before mentioned, having two objects in view. The first was to find No. 101 St. John's Park, the house in which the late Cuthbert Corestone was stated to have died. The second was to make an unexpected call upon Mrs. Corestone, widow and heir-at-law, in order to prosecute further investigations of my own in her direction.

It was an inclement, piercing evening when I pushed my way uptown along Broadway. Snow had set in, having fallen to a depth of two or three inches within an hour or so. Street lamps shone but dimly through the misty flurries of the storm, as if ashamed of feeling so slim and seedy. Business had ceased for the night, and was taking a vacation, although a crowd of wayfarers, belated book-keepers, stray clerks or salesmen, and crawling omnibuses, with sluggish, muffled drivers, blue with the cold, upon the buffalo-skin boxes, and steaming, plodding horses, stiff with straining over toilsome slippery pavements, strove slowly, painfully along. So thick was the increasing tempest that I could see but a few feet from my face and then but indistinctly;

and as I walked on watching the weather and wondering what was the hour, for it was too dark to distinguish the hands of my watch, I heard the deadened toll of St. Paul's strike seven.

My frequent endeavors had been to benefit the poor and needy of the streets during my evening walks, but I could see no deserving beneficiary at hand, so dismal was the night.

With the good intention in my heart, however, I gazed earnestly up and down Broadway in quest of a worthy object wanting bread or money. And where should we seek such needy ones of succor more than in the masses of this metropolis, with February's frosts upon the ground, and bleak March gales already on the air, and hunger and cold and helplessness lurking at every corner? Alas! the crime and want and misery of such huge cities as London, Paris, or New York!

Turning into Franklin Street, I kept on down past Church Street and West Broadway, until I struck St. John's Park with St. John's Church opposite. It will be remembered that I had been told by my client of No. 101 St. John's Park. Well, I knew at the time that there was no such *street* as St. John's Park, but there were streets with other names on the four sides of the *square*, and thinking that perhaps an unintentional error had been made, I eagerly passed along them in the drift, looking for 101. But, as I had inferred, there was no such number to be seen. The neighboring numbers did not run up to more than half of that. Then I knew that she had misled me, wilfully deceived me, in order to prevent my discovering by any possibility the house in which her husband had lately died.

And now the doubt came to me stronger than ever, Had Cuthbert Corestone *died a natural death?* This vivid doubt worried and oppressed me. Then, who had murdered him? I decided to visit pretty Mrs. Mabel Corestone at once.

It was half-past eight when I ascended the slippery steps of No. 10 Stuyvesant Square. Shaking the snow from my slouch-hat and overcoat, I rang the bell and got my wits together. The house was a fine, tall, brick mansion which had seen better days, but was now a boarding-house. The neighborhood was already running down, though still genteel enough. Soon a green-looking servant-girl answered the summons, and stared at me stupidly.

"Does Mrs. Corestone live here?" I asked.

"Yes, she do!"

"Is she at home?"

"No, but she will be in at nine. She bade me, if any one called, to show 'em up to her setting-room and ask 'em to set down."

"Ah! Which way do I go?"

"Up one pair stairs, straight down the hall, and the door along-side the further door at the end, that's it!"

"You are sure I'm not intruding?"

"Not a bit," said the girl, good-naturedly; "go in and take a cheer!"

Following her explicit directions, I found the room, observing the precaution to knock gently so as to give due and sufficient notice of my approach.

There was no response, however, and, opening the door, I found myself inside unbidden.

I took a rapid survey of the place.

It was a large, square apartment with bright-papered sides, scant old-fashioned furniture, a marble mirror, and a redundance of water-color paintings upon the walls. A piece of showy embroidery lay on the table under the gas-jet, a sort of spangled bead-work, which glittered like glass. Paper-colored novels were strewn about the chairs and tables in wild confusion, a pair of dainty slippers stood half-hidden in the corner, while cigar-ashes and old-soldiers were negligently scattered over the wide, deep window-sills.

"My lady smokes cigarettes or encourages cigars among her gentlemen friends," I reflected; "pretty gay ones for a newly made widow; but she's young yet! She takes to weeds in more ways than one."

A warm, ruddy fire burned in the grate; the scene was most hospitable; and, drawing up a chair before the blaze, I sat down buried in reflection.

The contrast between dreary St. John's Park and the streets sheeted in snow, and this cheerful, cozy apartment, coming as I had done out of the bitter cold, filled me with a sense of creature comfort and made me drowsy.

I began to doze. Presently the sound of footsteps stole upon my senses,—stampings on the stoop, in the entry, on the stairs, along the hall-way, and to the door of the room in which I was. Light and heavy footsteps fell together, as those of a man and a woman; and, as the door swung open, I sprang up half-awake, blinking with curiosity at the persons entering, a cheery couple, indeed. Who were they? First, the pretty, *petite* widow with the brunette face and rare blue eyes, equipped with muff and furs and gauntlets. Second, a middle-aged and remarkably bold-looking man of pronouncedly flash appearance and considerably over-dressed and over-decorated person. He was the most glossy individual I had ever seen. His clustering curls shone glossy with Macassar oil beneath a glossy silk hat. A glossy moustache ornamented the swart countenance; small, glossy eyes sparkled beneath raven brows; and glossy clothes, glossy boots, and glossy jewelry made up his exceedingly glossy get-up, including a gold-headed cane, which he airily flourished; glossy kid gloves, and a single eye-glass, which he somehow or other retained in his shiny right eye. Altogether a most fascinating figure, although the idea first suggested by his elaborate and highly perfumed presence was that of far too

much glitter and gloss and glory for this generally matter-of-fact and commonplace, not to say work-a-day, sublunary sphere.

I was not at all jealous—no,—why should I be?—of such a foppish tailor's dummy! The lady started when I met her eye. Evidently she had not expected to see me so soon and in the midst of such tempestuous weather as this. I had surprised her thoroughly. Her companion simply stared at me, as if I had been the angry ghost of the late Cuthbert Corestone himself.

"Oh!" said the widow, first recovering herself; "Lawyer Ashby. I am proud of this call, and delighted to see you, I'm sure. My friend, Mr. Hungerford, Mr. Percy Hungerford. We have been out for a stroll, to shop, and dropped in at a confectioner's. Be seated, sir, pray."

"Ah! Ahem!" said Mr. Hungerford, in a husky tone. "Delighted, I'm sure. Damp evening. Ahem! Ahem! Slush."

"Bosh!" thought I; but politely returned, bowing to them both, "Pleased to meet Mr. Hungerford. Glad to renew our acquaintance, Mrs. Corestone."

"Very happy," said she. "Much obliged and flattered by your visit. Thanks; many thanks!"

"I came on business," said I, glancing at Mr. Hungerford inquiringly.

"You are the welcome bearer of good news, I hope, Mr. Ashby? You have procured for me my property? There was no trouble? Am I right?"

"Not quite so quickly, madam!" I replied. "It takes time to arrange for administration; but I have been to Boston, seen several interested parties, and got things into proper shape for a final settlement. We must take out our letters here, in New York, of course, your husband having died in this city. In a few weeks we shall be through with the whole business, I hope."

"Weeks!" she exclaimed, aghast. "I thought it could be done in a few days. I am glad of this much, however," she said, recovering herself, "for I am anxious to go abroad for my health." She added, "You know, sir, I have been so distressed by my poor dear husband's death. It was a sad blow. Sad! Sad! Distracting!"

"Sorrowful, sorrowful!" chimed in the glossily-grieved gentleman, who, I guessed, might be quite able and willing to console the disconsolate relict, just as soon as her late husband's sundry thousands were paid over. Already, I perceived, since a couple of days before, the black in the bereft's becoming bonnet had been transmuted into yellow, and the crêpe at her throat into lively red.

Said I, at length, with a bland smile and an eye fixed on each of them, "My dear Mrs. Corestone, there is one trifle, a mere formality, to be complied with before we can begin proceedings, the veriest bagatelle in the world."

"What is that?" she asked, as coolly as possible, though with a little pout of displeasure or disappointment.

"We must exhibit to the surrogate the proofs of your husband's decease, the doctor's certificate as to the cause of his death, the certificate of burial, and the officiating clergyman's certification."

I studied the woman searchingly as I spoke these words. She did not wince. As guilelessly as a child, she made answer,—

"There will be no trouble about that, sir.—Mr. Hungerford, you have the papers that my lawyer refers to. I gave them to you for safe-keeping."

"Of course, of course, Mrs. Corestone; at my hotel. I locked them away myself. You shall have them to-morrow by all means. I will carry them to your office, my dear sir, when you desire. Ahem! I am the slave of woman. Madam, command me!"

With a sinister smile, which showed to the roots his shiny satanic teeth, he bowed first to Mrs. Corestone, and then to me in the capacity of her agent.

How glossy and slimy and slippery he appeared! Was I mistaken in him?

"My lawyer will instruct you, Mr. Hungerford. Do as he tells you."

"With pleasure, dear lady," said the consummate dandy.

I arose to go.

"Well, madam, that is all, I believe," said I. "May I request you, sir, to call with the documents I have mentioned about five to-morrow afternoon, when I shall be at leisure to receive you? Here is my card!"

"Ahem! Ahem!" said the exquisite; "you are a very busy lawyer, I know. In the courts, in the civil courts, trying cases about money. In the criminal courts defending accused innocents, acquitting all sorts of people. How good! How great! How much I envy you! You will find me punctual to the minute, my dear sir!"

"Won't you stay and have a glass of port or sherry, Mr. Ashby?" said the lady, with a bewitching glance of invitation which quite upset me.

"Excuse me, madam, if you please! I have yet much to do to-night, and shall have to go home to work. Be easy in your mind, though! Good evening!"

"To you, sir!" said Mr. Hungerford, opening the door politely for my exit; adding, airily, "Until to-morrow, counsellor!" as he ran his glossy fingers, glittering with rings, through his oily ringlets. "Ah! woman, lovely woman!" he wound up with as I went out.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSATIONAL ARITHMETIC.

CHAT I.

THE UNITS OF ARITHMETIC.

ONE day a bright little boy went to school just to see the crabbed old teacher. Soon after he arrived the teacher, much to the boy's surprise, in a friendly manner said, "Jimmie, we are now about to commence the study of arithmetic, and you may put it down in your noddle as a fact, never to be forgotten, that the first thing to learn in this *science of numbers* is COUNTING; and, if you ever expect to be wealthy, you must not only learn to count *straight*, but you must learn to count your pennies.

"Now, here is a handful of pennies, and I ask you to tell me how many are there in all? This would seem to be a very easy question, yet you cannot answer it correctly, because your mind has not been trained to grasp a group of things at once; and this brings us to the first fact in arithmetic, which is that you must begin at the beginning and count one thing at a time. But, you ask, what is this *one thing* that we must have to count? and the answer is that a single portion into which anything is naturally divided is called one or a unit,—as one penny, one horse, etc.,—and if you divide this unit into two equal parts you then have one-half of a unit, as one half-penny, or, as it is more commonly called, 'a ha'-penny.' If you increase this unit by adding another unit of the same kind, you will then have two of a kind, as two pennies.

"Thus, you find that one penny and one more make two pennies; two pennies and one more make three pennies; three pennies and one more make four pennies; four pennies and one more make five pennies, and so on, but when we wish to use a unit without applying it to any particular thing, we simply speak of it as 'one' without stating whether it is a sheep or a goat,—as five and one more make six, six and one more make seven, seven and one more make eight, eight and one more make nine, nine and one more make ten. Units used in this way are called numbers, and simply denote how many; hence, we see that a number may be a unit or a collection of units, as one, two, three, etc.

"Right here let me say that we have three methods by which we may express numbers:

"*First.* As you have seen, by words.

"*Second.* By letters, or the Roman method.

"*Third.* By figures, or the Arabic method.

And no matter which of these methods we use the result is the same; and the act of recording or writing numbers is called *notation.*

"The system of notation used by the Romans consists of seven capital letters,—namely, I, V, X, L, C, D, M; the respective value of these letters being one, five, ten, fifty, one hundred, five hundred, and one thousand; and by a uniform system of juggling we find that all other integral numbers may be expressed by these seven letters.

"Now, if you will pay particular attention (please notice, that I do not ask you to pay money), you may ascertain the secret of this great Roman system of counting, and you soon will be able to express numbers as quickly and as correctly as a Roman general. The *first* thing that you must remember in learning this secret is that every time a letter is repeated the number is increased by the value of the letter,—as I., II., III. Secondly, if a letter denoting a less value be
one two three
written on the left of a letter denoting a greater value the number expressed will be the difference between the value of the two letters, as IV. But if the letter denoting the less value be written on the right
four
of a letter denoting a greater value the number expressed will be the sum of the two letters, as VI. Thirdly, a dash (—) placed over a
six
letter increases the value of that letter a thousand times, as $\overline{\text{I}}$., or one thousand.

"Now, you have the whole secret, and from these three rules the Roman notation table may be written as follows:

I. or one,	VI. or six,
II. or two,	VII. or seven,
III. or three,	VIII. or eight,
IV. or four,	IX. or nine,
V. or five,	X. or ten,

and so on, expressing any number, however great; but it is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, and there seems to be no way of expressing a number of less than one by the use of this method, and at present it is chiefly used to express dates and for numbering the chapters and pages of books.

"The Arabs seem to have invented a less cumbersome method of expressing numbers by the use of ten characters called figures, and these ten characters are 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.
naughty one two three four five six seven eight nine
The naught, which simply means naughty, or nothing, is used to denote

the absence of one of the nine characters which have, like a great many people, assumed for themselves the title of significant figures.

"You have seen that you can express any number from one to nine by writing one of the significant figures, but when you wish to express a number greater than nine you will have to resort to the burglar-proof combination of locking two or more of these figures together by writing them side by side; and in order to do this properly, you must know the following combination and follow it carefully:

"*First.* When you write one figure, as, for instance, 1, it means one unit, and when you write another figure, as 9, it means that one unit is counted nine times, and, as you have seen, 9 and one more make ten; but, as there is no single representative character for that number, we have to combine at least two of the given characters, and this we do according to the law of units, which may be stated as follows:

"We pass from a lower to the next higher order by considering how many units of the lower make one unit of the next higher, and in the Arabic notation the unit of any place is ten times as great as the unit of the next place to the right.

"Now, if you draw a vertical line and put the figure 1 on each side of it, thus 1|1, you will have two columns of figures, in each of which you have expressed one unit. And if you name these columns first order and second order, thus 2d order | 1st order you will have one unit of the first order and one unit of the second order, but the unit of the second is equal to ten units of the first order; hence, if you remove the separating line the number represented will be ten units and one unit, or eleven, which is one more than you desire.

"Now, by replacing the figure 1 in the first or right-hand column, which is generally called unit column, by the naught, you will have nothing in the first column, but ten units in the second, or one ten. Thus you see

Ten units make	1 ten.
Ten tens make	1 hundred.
Ten hundred make	1 thousand.
Ten thousand make	1 ten thousand.
Ten ten thousand make	1 hundred thousand.
Ten hundred thousand make	1 million.

Formerly, in the English notation, six places were given to millions, and they were read: millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions, thousands of millions, tens of thousands of millions, hundreds of thousands of millions; but the French adopted the method of giving *three places* to the unit of each period, and this is now the general practice, and the names of the periods extend to the twenty-second place.[1]

[1] Fourth, billions; fifth, trillions; sixth, quadrillions; seventh, quintillions; eighth, sextillions; ninth, septillions; tenth, octillions; eleventh, nonillions;

"In order to make the foregoing more applicable it may be reduced to the four following principles,—viz.:

"1. The same figure expresses different units according to the place which it occupies.

"2. That the figure occupying the place at the right is called units of the first order; the figure occupying the next place to the left of the first is called units of the second order, and so on, the unit of any figure being determined by its place.

"3. Ten units of the first order make one of the second, and ten of the second make one of the third, and so on, for the higher orders.

"4. When figures are written together on the same line, as 67548, etc., ten units in any one place make one unit of the next place on the left. Therefore, in writing numbers, begin at the left hand and write in each order the character representing the number of units required. Thus, in writing six hundred and four, write six units in the third order, no units, or naught, in the second order, and four units in the first order.

"The simple expressing of numbers by characters, however, is not sufficient for practical purposes until you learn to read the numbers thus expressed, and this act or art of reading numbers is called *numeration*. Now, if you expect ever to be able to read numbers correctly, you must observe the two following principles,—namely:

"1. If the number you desire to read consists of a long row of figures, begin at the right and divide it, either mentally or by means of a comma, into periods of three figures each; but the left-hand period need not always contain three figures.

"2. Begin again at the right hand and name the unit of each figure to the left, then read each period as if it stood alone, as 305,468,—three hundred and five thousand four hundred and sixty-eight.

"By bearing in mind what you have been told, so far, you should be able to read any ordinary simple number,—that is, a number having a single unit, whether abstract or denominate, as 9688 or 7 cows; but there is another kind of number, having different units of value, as 1 yard, 2 feet, and called a compound number.

"This brings us to a consideration of units and scales, and we find that the integral units of arithmetic are divided into eight classes:

1. Units of abstract numbers.	5. Units of length.
2. Units of time.	6. Units of surface.
3. Units of weight.	7. Units of volume.
4. Units of currency.	8. Units of angular measure.

twelfth, decillions; thirteenth, undecillions; fourteenth, duodecillions; fifteenth, tredecillions; sixteenth, quatuordecillions; seventeenth, quindecillions; eighteenth, sexdecillions; nineteenth, septendecillions; twentieth, octodecillions; twenty-first, novendecillions; twenty-second, vigintillions.

We have seen that the first unit of arithmetic is the abstract unit, 1; and this is the primary base of all abstract numbers, and it becomes the base of any denomination of a compound number by simply naming the particular denomination to which it is applied. The other units, as units of time, may be separately considered, so we will not trouble about them just now, but we will seek to learn something about a scale. You say, 'a scale? Why, what is a scale, anyhow?' Well, a scale in arithmetic is a series of numbers expressing the law of relation between the different units of any number, and there are two kinds of scales,—uniform and varying.

"A uniform scale is one in which the law of relation is the same between the different steps of the scale, as units, tens, hundreds.

"A varying scale is one in which the law of relation is different between the different steps of the scale, as inches, feet, yards.

"I hope that I have not made these remarks too long, for I intended to say only just enough to make you entertain a strong desire to take the first step towards acquiring a practical knowledge of arithmetic,—a desire to reason from cause to effect, a desire to increase your mental power."

And this little boy became so much interested that the next day he said, "Teacher, I wish you would tell me something more about the use of figures, for they are very funny little things, and I want to learn how to use them."

CHAT II.

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION.

"BEFORE proceeding directly to the application of numbers," said the teacher, "let me say a few words for your consideration. The rules that are given you by the teachers may pave the way for self-culture, but they cannot take the place of it. As creatures possessing the faculty of reasoning, you must educate yourselves. And let me tell you just one thing,—man's education does not stop where childhood ends. He must seek to increase the power of his mind all the days of his life, and so grow old with ever-increasing efficiency to the end.

"From what has been said about the units of arithmetic, you may have discovered that the study of figures is good training for the mind. Arithmetic teaches us how to make use of numbers, and in applying numbers to every-day questions there are four constantly occurring operations to be performed,—namely, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division; therefore, it is necessary that each of these operations be thoroughly understood before attempting to solve problems combining in an intricate manner all four of them.

"In demonstrating a problem signs or characters are used to denote

what operation has been or is to be performed; and addition is indicated by writing a small perpendicular cross between the number called *plus*, which means more, as $4 + 2$.

"The sign of subtraction is a short horizontal line called *minus*, which means less, as $4 - 2$.

"The sign of multiplication is an oblique cross, and is read *times* or *multiplied by*, as 4×2.

"The sign of division is a short horizontal line with a dot above and a dot below; it is read *divided by*, as $4 \div 2$.

"Now, $4 \div 2$ equals 2, but, instead of writing the word *equals*, or *is equal to*, we use two short horizontal lines, thus $=$, known as the sign of equality; and when we wish to denote that a certain expression is to be considered as one number, we enclose the expression in parentheses, as $(4 + 6 - 2) \times 4 = 32$. I have made this short digression in order that you may more fully comprehend the meaning of the various signs when you come to apply them, and there are two more characters which it may be well to here mention,—namely, the sign of dollars, \$, which is supposed to have been originally the figure 8, and the sign of cents, ¢ or cts.

"In addition we are required to find the sum of two or more numbers, and this sum must be equal to as many units as there are in the numbers added. Hence, the operation of addition depends upon the following principles,—viz.:

"1. Only like units can be added together,—that is, units must be added to units, hundreds to hundreds, and sheep to sheep.

"2. Every number expressed by two or more figures is the sum of all their units.

"3. The sum of several numbers is equal to the sum of all their parts, hence the sum must be greater than any one part.

"From these three principles you may deduce the following rule, or direction, for performing an operation:

"1. Write the numbers to be added, so that units of the same kind shall be in the same column.

"2. Add the units of the lowest denomination first, and divide their sum by the number equal to one unit of the next higher denomination. Write the remainder under the column added, and add the quotient to the number of units in the next higher denomination. Continue in this manner until all the columns have been added, writing the last quotient at the left of the last remainder.

"If required to find the sum of 648 and 786, write the numbers in this manner, $\begin{array}{r} 648 \\ \underline{786,} \end{array}$ with a line below them. Add the units column 6 and 8, which equal 14; divide this sum by 10 and write the remainder, 4, under the column just added. Now, add the quotient, 1, to the next left-hand column, and so on, until all the columns have been added.

"The correctness of the operation may be proved, first, by adding from the top downward; second, if there are several numbers in the column to be added, divide it into parts and add each part separately; then add together the sums thus formed, and if the work is correct the two totals will be the same.

"After you have become thoroughly familiar with the principles of addition by careful practice, which may be defined as a method of applying a given rule to actual problems, it will be easy for you to comprehend in an intelligent manner the next step in the art of using numbers,—namely,

"SUBTRACTION.

"In this operation we seek to find the difference between two numbers, and the principles that control the operation are:

"1. The difference must be such that, if added to the less number or *subtrahend*, it will produce the greater or *minuend*.

"2. If both numbers be equally increased or diminished, the difference will be the same.

"3. Only like units can be taken from each other.

"The method of performing the operation may be described as follows:

"1. Write the less number under the greater, so that units of the same kind shall be in the same column.

"2. Beginning with the right-hand column, take as many units from the figure in the minuend as there are units of the same denomination in the subtrahend.

"3. If the units of any denomination of the less number be greater than the corresponding figure above it, add to the upper figure as many units as make one unit of the next place to the left. Then add 1 to the next denomination of the subtrahend and subtract as before.

"In order to prove the correctness of the work, you may add the result of the operation to the subtrahend, which should give a number equal to the minuend, or subtract what you have as the difference from the minuend, and the result should be the subtrahend.

"In finding the difference between dates the month is regarded as containing thirty days. If the earlier date is before the Christian era the sum of the numbers will be the difference of time. In all calculations of time the civil day begins and ends at twelve o'clock at night, or, as we generally say, at midnight.

"All operations in addition or subtraction are embraced in the following

"PROBLEMS.

"*Problem 1.*—Having given several numbers, to find their sum.

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the less of two numbers and their difference, to find the greater number.

"*Problem 3.*—Having given two numbers, to find their difference.

"*Problem 4.*—Having given the sum of two numbers and one of them, to find the other number."

CHAT III.

MULTIPLICATION AND DIVISION.

"MULTIPLICATION is nothing more than a short method of addition, and the operation performed is the act of taking or repeating one number as many times as there are units in another; for if the number you wish to multiply, called the *multiplicand*, be written as many times as there are units in the number you multiply by, or the *multiplier*, and then added, the sum will be equal to the multiplicand increased by itself as many times as there are units in the multiplier. Hence, the result of the operation, called the *product*, will be the same, no matter which of the numbers is used as the multiplier; thus, 9 multiplied by 4 equals 36, and 4 multiplied by 9 equals 36; so, you see, there are always three parts to every operation in multiplication,—first, the *multiplicand;* second, the *multiplier*, and, third, the *product*. And the controlling principles may be stated as follows,—viz.:

"1. The multiplier is always an abstract number.

"2. The unit of the product is always the same as the unit of the multiplicand.

"3. If the multiplier is 1 the product will be the same as the multiplicand.

"4. If the multiplier is greater than one the product will be as many times greater than the multiplicand as the multiplier is greater than 1.

"5. If the multiplier is less than 1 the product will be less than the multiplicand.

"Now, if you violate any of these principles, the product will not be correct, and, in order that you may not go astray, the following rules should be carefully observed:

"1. Write the multiplier under the multiplicand, so that units of the same order shall be in the same column.

"2. Multiply all the figures of the multiplicand by each figure of the multiplier, dividing and carrying as in addition.

"3. Be sure that you write the unit figure of each product thus found directly beneath the figure of the multiplier used.

"4. Then add the partial products and the same will be the product required.

"Although people generally begin the operation by first using the figure having the lowest unit, yet this is not necessary, and you may

multiply in any order you desire, so long as you keep the different units in their proper columns. Thus, in multiplying 714 by 321, you may write the 321 under the 714 and multiply in the ordinary way, as

```
  714                                          714
  321                                          321
  714   or you may begin with units of the third order, as  2142
 1428                                           1428
2142                                              714
229194                                          229194
```

or, if this don't suit you, you may even begin with units of the second order, as

```
     714
     321
   1428
     714
  2142
229194
```

Therefore, if you are fond of variety, you need not spend your evenings at the theatre, for a few problems in multiplication should gratify your desire for a 'change,' because you may work them out in any way your fancy may direct.

"To prove the work is correct, divide the product by the multiplier and the quotient will be the multiplicand, but it will save you much vexation if you learn well the following table before attempting to apply the above rules to different problems:

"MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
2 times 1 are	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3 times 1 are	3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4 times 1 are	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5 times 1 are	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
6 times 1 are	6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7 times 1 are	7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8 times 1 are	8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9 times 1 are	9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10 times 1 are	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11 times 1 are	11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121	132
12 times 1 are	12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

"DIVISION.

"We have now come to the last of the five fundamental operations of arithmetic,—namely, division, which may be considered as exactly the reverse of multiplication, for in multiplication two factors are given to find the product, while in division the divisor and dividend are given to find the quotient. Thus we see there are always three numbers in every operation of division, and sometimes four, as,—

"1. The divisor, or number by which we divide.

"2. The dividend, or number to be divided.

"3. The quotient, or number representing the result of the division.

"4. The remainder, or number left after the operation, and when the remainder is 0 (naught) the division is *exact.*

"The principles governing in division are diametrically opposed to those of multiplication, for when the divisor is equal to the dividend the quotient equals 1.

"1. When the divisor is one the quotient equals the dividend.

"2. When the divisor is less than the dividend the quotient is greater than 1.

"3. When the divisor is greater than the dividend the quotient is less than 1.

"4. A change in the *dividend* (either by multiplication or division) produces a *like* change in the quotient; but a change in the divisor produces an opposite change in the quotient.

"The directions for performing the operation of division may be stated as follows:

"1. Write down the dividend and draw a short curved line at its right and left, then place the divisor at the left.

"2. Point off as many figures from the left of the dividend as there are in the divisor, and if the value of the figures thus pointed off is less than the divisor point off one more figure.

"3. Then find how many times the divisor is contained in this partial dividend, and write the result as the first figure of the quotient at the right of the dividend.

"4. Multiply the divisor by this quotient figure and subtract the product from the partial dividend used.

"5. Then multiply the remainder by the number of units of the next lower order required to make one unit of the remainder, and to the product add the next lower order of the dividend. Then divide as before, and continue in a similar manner until all the figures of the dividend have been divided, and write the last remainder, if any, over the divisor as a part of the quotient.

"6. Should any partial dividend be less than the divisor write a naught in the quotient and proceed as before.

"Although this is the ordinary method that is generally used, there is a shorter method by which you may obtain the same results, known as

"CANCELLATION.

"Before considering this method, however, it will be well for you to learn a few definitions descriptive of the properties of numbers.

"In the formation of numbers we have seen that a number may be either simple or compound, but there still remain to be considered three other classes of numbers:

"1. Prime and composite.

"2. Odd and even.

"3. Abstract and denominate.

"A prime number is a number that can only be divided by itself or by unity, without a remainder, as 2, 3, 7, etc.

"A composite number is a number that has other exact divisions than itself and unity, and these divisors are called factors of the number, because when multiplied together they will produce it. Therefore a prime factor is any number used as an exact divisor; and the term number, factor, or divisor is used in reference to whole units.

"An odd number is a number not exactly divisible by 2, and an even number is a number that is exactly divisible by 2. Now, you will doubtless understand what is meant by the two principles on which cancellation depends.

"1. Cancelling, or rejecting a factor from a number, divides the number by that factor.

"2. Cancelling, or rejecting equal factors from both dividend and divisor, does not change the value of the quotient. Hence the rule.

"Cancel all factors common to both dividend and divisor and divide the product of the remaining factors of the dividend by the product of the remaining factors of the divisor.

"We will now take a glance at abstract and denominate numbers, but as the rules that have already been given apply to *abstract numbers* we need not here consider them further.

"Denominate numbers are numbers whose unit is named, as 7 cows, 4 feet, etc., and they are divided into two classes,—simple denominate numbers and compound denominate numbers.

"A simple denominate number expresses units of but one denomination,—7 horses, 3 cows, etc.

"A compound denominate number expresses units of two or more denominations of the same kind, as 3 yards, 2 feet, 6 inches, and the rules already given may be applied to the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of compound denominate numbers, but it is sometimes necessary to change denominate numbers from one denomination to another without changing their value, and this operation is called

"REDUCTION OF DENOMINATE NUMBERS.

"A denominate number is changed to units of a lower denomination by multiplication, and from a lower to a higher denomination by division, according to the principles of descending and ascending a scale.

"All operations of multiplication and division are embraced in the following

"PROBLEMS.

"*Multiplication.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given two numbers, to find their product.

"*Problem 2.*—Having given several numbers, to find their continued product.

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the divisor and quotient, to find the dividend.

"*Division.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the dividend and divisor, to find the quotient.

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the dividend and quotient, to find the divisor.

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the product of two numbers and one of them, to find the other number.

"*Problem 4.*—Having given the continued product of several numbers and the product of all but one, to find that one."

CHAT IV.

UNITS OF TIME AND UNITS OF WEIGHT.

"BEFORE advancing further it may be well for you to learn something about the units of time and weight.

"The *standard unit of time* is the *solar* day; which is the time required for the earth to make one rotation on its axis. The time required for the earth to make one revolution around the sun is called the *solar year.*

"Time is divided according to the following

"TABLE.

60 seconds (sec.) make	1 minute, marked m.
60 minutes make	1 hour, marked hr.
24 hours make	1 day, marked da.
7 days make	1 week, marked wk.
52 weeks make	1 year, marked yr.
365 days or 12 calendar months (mo.) make	1 year, marked yr.
366 days make	1 leap year.
100 years make	1 century, marked cen.

"In business transactions, 30 days are counted as one month. The actual number of days in each month is shown below:

Month.	Abbreviation.	No. of Days.
1. January	Jan.	31
2. February	Feb.	28 (or 29)
3. March	Mar.	31
4. April	Apr.	30
5. May	May	31
6. June	June	30
7. July	July	31
8. August	Aug.	31
9. September	Sept.	30
10. October	Oct.	31
11. November	Nov.	30
12. December	Dec.	31

"The number of days in each month may be remembered by bearing in mind the following rhyme:

"'Thirty days has September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Save February alone,
Which has twenty-eight, and one day more
That we add to it one year in four.'

"The solar or true year is the time of one revolution of the earth around the sun, or 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 46.15 seconds. The registration of the days by reckoning the civil or calendar year at 365 was established by Julius Cæsar, and the error arising from the dropping of the fractional portion continued until 1582, when it amounted to ten days,—that is, a date in the *calendar* year was ten days behind the count according to the *solar* year. To correct this error Pope Gregory, in 1582, decreed that the 4th day of October be called the 14th, and this made the count the same.

"By considering 365 days as a year, the time lost in four years will lack only 44 minutes 55.4 seconds of being one day; therefore we add one day to February every fourth year. At the end of 100 years, this difference of 44 minutes 55.4 seconds equals 18 hours 43 minutes 5 seconds, and by omitting to add 1 day we lose 5 hours 12 minutes 15 seconds, which is corrected by adding 1 day at the end of every 400 years.

"UNITS OF WEIGHT.

"Weight is the measure of the force of gravity, and varies as the quantity of matter in a body. It has been found that distilled water is the most invariable substance, and the troy pound, containing 22.794422 cubic inches of pure water and weighing 5760 grains, is generally regarded as the *standard unit of weight.*

"This standard is at present kept in the United States Mint at Philadelphia, and it is commonly known as the *troy pound of the mint.* Gold, silver, jewels, etc., are weighed by this standard according to the following

"TABLE.

24 grains (gr.) make	1 pennyweight	(pwt.).
20 pennyweights make	1 ounce	(oz.).
12 ounces make	1 pound	(lb.).

Therefore in 1 pound there are { 5760 grains. 240 pennyweights. 12 ounces. }

"Diamonds and precious gems are generally bought and sold according to the following

"TABLE.

16 parts make	1 carat grain.
4 carat grains make	1 carat.

"One carat is equal to about 3.2 troy grains. The term carat is also employed to express the fineness of gold according to the

"ASSAYER'S TABLE.

60 troy grains make	1 carat grain.
4 carat grains make	1 carat or 10 pennyweights.
24 carats make	1 troy pound.

"APOTHECARIES' WEIGHT.

"Physicians and apothecaries use, in prescribing and compounding dry medicines, the following

"TABLE OF UNITS.

20 grains (gr. xx) make	1 scruple, marked ℈.
3 scruples (℈iii) make	1 drachm, marked ʒ.
8 drachms (ʒviii) make	1 ounce, marked ℥.
12 ounces (℥xii) make	1 pound, marked lb.

"The following table is also used in compounding medicines:

			Written.
$\frac{1}{60}$ grain =	1	milligramme (nearly)	.001
$\frac{1}{20}$ grain =	3	milligrammes	.003
$\frac{1}{15}$ grain =	4	milligrammes	.004
$\frac{1}{6}$ grain =	10.8	milligrammes	.011
$\frac{1}{4}$ grain =	16	milligrammes	.016
1 grain =	65	milligrammes	.065
3 grains =	194	milligrammes	.20
5 grains =	324	milligrammes	.32
8 grains =	518	milligrammes	.52
16 grains =	1040	milligrammes	1.
20 grains =	1296	milligrammes	1.3
30 grains =	1944	milligrammes	1.9
60 grains =	3887	milligrammes	3.9

"In buying or selling ordinary commodities, such as hay, coal, grain, etc., the avoirdupois pound, containing 27.701554 cubic inches of distilled water and weighing 7000 grains, is regarded as the unit of weight.

"TABLE.

16 drachms (dr.) make	1 ounce, marked	oz.
16 ounces make	1 pound, marked	lb.
100 pounds make	1 hundredweight, marked	cwt.
20 hundredweight or 2000 pounds make . . .	1 ton, marked	T.

"In weighing some of the coarser commodities, as iron and coal at the mines, and goods at the United States Custom House, the *long* ton, or 2240 pounds, is still used, as shown in the following

"TABLE.

28 pounds make	. . . . .	1 quarter, marked	qr.
4 quarters, or 112 pounds	make	1 hundredweight, marked	cwt.
20 hundredweight, or 2240 pounds	make . . .	1 ton, marked	T.

"The following denominations are also commonly used in business transactions:

196 pounds of flour make	1 barrel.
200 pounds of pork or beef make	1 barrel.
280 pounds of salt make	1 barrel.
240 pounds of lime make	1 cask.
100 pounds of nails make	1 keg.
14 pounds of iron or lead make	1 stone.

"In buying or selling wheat, peas, beans, potatoes, and clover-seed, 60 pounds is usually regarded as a bushel; 56 pounds of Indian corn or rye, 48 pounds of buckwheat or barley, and 32 pounds of oats are also regarded as a bushel."

CHAT V.

LONGITUDE AND TIME.

"THERE is an imaginary circle around the earth midway between the poles called the equator, and this circle, like all other circles, is divided into 360 equal parts, called degrees. Now, we know the earth makes one rotation on its axis in 24 hours; therefore, it follows that in 1 hour $\frac{1}{24}$ of 360 degrees, or 15 degrees of the circle, will pass under the sun; and in 1 minute of time $\frac{1}{60}$ of 15 degrees, or 15 minutes of the circle, will pass under the sun; and in 1 second of time $\frac{1}{60}$ of 15 minutes, or 15 seconds of the circle, will pass under the sun.

"Hence, as the longitude of any place is its distance in degrees east or west from a given meridian, we find that

A difference of 15° in longitude makes a difference of 1 hour in time.
A difference of 1° in longitude makes a difference of 4 minutes in time.
A difference of 15′ in longitude makes a difference of 1 minute in time.
A difference of 1′ in longitude makes a difference of 4 seconds in time.
A difference of 15″ in longitude makes a difference of 1 second in time.

"The meridian of any place is an imaginary line passing through that place and extending from pole to pole, and, as the earth revolves from west to east, all places west of a given meridian have a later or slower time, because the sun appears at the given meridian before it

does at places west of it; and for similar reasons all places east of a given meridian are said to have an earlier time.

"The English and the Americans usually record longitude from the meridian of Greenwich, near London, and in England the standard time is the mean solar time of Greenwich. In the United States and Canada four kinds of standard time have been adopted by the railroads and accepted by the people,—viz., eastern time, central time, mountain time, and Pacific time. These standards of time correspond to the mean local times of the 75th, 90th, 105th, and 120th meridians west from Greenwich, and are therefore 5, 6, 7, and 8 hours slower than the Greenwich time,—that is, when it is noon at London it is only 7 A.M. at Philadelphia, 6 A.M. at New Orleans, 5 A.M. at Denver, and not quite 4 A.M. at San Francisco.

"You may ask how to find which place has the earlier time, or, as some people would express it, the difference of time between two given places. Well, knowing the longitude of the two place, and the time at one of the places, it is easy to find the corresponding time at the other by observing the following

"RULE.

"*1. Divide the difference of longitude by 15, and the quotient will be the difference in time expressed in hours, minutes, and seconds.*

"*2. Add the quotient to the given time when the place at which the corresponding time is required lies east of the place of the given time, and subtract the quotient when west of the place having the given time.*

"It may be well to note that if the given longitudes are both east or both west the difference of longitude is found by subtraction, but when one of the given longitudes is east and the other west the difference of longitude will be the sum.

"To prove this operation,—that is, the time at each of two places, and the longitude of one of the places being given, to determine the longitude of the other place you have the following

"RULE.

"*1. Multiply the difference in time between the two places by 15, and the product will be the difference in longitude expressed in degrees, minutes, and seconds.*

"*2. Add this product to the given longitude when the place at which the longitude is required has the earlier time, and subtract this product when the place at which the longitude is required has the later time.*"

CHAT VI.

THE LEAST COMMON MULTIPLE AND GREATEST COMMON DIVISOR.

"WHEN you have finished this subject with a proper understanding of the principles involved in the operations of finding the least common multiple and the greatest common divisor of several numbers, you will be justified in thinking that you have laid a good foundation, by a careful study of the preceding subjects, upon which you may safely build a full and complete knowledge of arithmetic.

"Now, the least common multiple of two or more numbers may be defined as being the least number that will exactly contain each of them. In other words, it is any dividend that may be divided by each of the numbers without a remainder, and the principles upon which the operation depends may be stated as follows:

"1. Every multiple of a number contains all the prime factors of that number.

"2. The least common multiple of two or more numbers must contain all the prime factors of each number.

"Hence, the question of finding the least common multiple of several numbers is simply a question of finding a number that will contain all their prime factors, and no more; and if the given numbers have no prime factors common to two of them, their product will be their least comman multiple.

"*Problem.*—Having given two or more numbers to find the least common multiple.

"RULE.

"*1. Divide the given numbers by any prime factor that will divide two or more of them without a remainder.*

"*2. Then divide the quotients and undivided numbers, if there are any, in the same manner until there is no prime factor that will divide two of them without a remainder.*

"*3. Then multiply the product of the last quotients by the product of the divisors, and the result will be the least common multiple.*

"For example, find the least common multiple of 21, 49, and 105. Now, for the work: and, as a matter of convenience, first write the numbers in a row and draw a line at the left and beneath them,—thus | 21 49 105. Then, from inspection or actual trial, ascertain what prime number will exactly divide at least two of them. In this case we find that seven will divide all three numbers, so we write this number as a divisor, and divide each number separately, writing the quotient directly beneath the number divided, as

$$\begin{array}{r|rrr} 7 & 21 & 49 & 105 \\ \hline & 3 & 7 & 15 \end{array}.$$ Then draw a line at the left and beneath these quotients and divide in a similar manner, as

$$\begin{array}{r|rrr} 7 & 21 & 49 & 105 \\ \hline 3 & 3 & 7 & 15. \\ \hline & 1 & 7 & 5 \end{array}$$

Here we only have two numbers that are exactly divided, so we write the undivided number among the quotients. Now, you may try ever so hard, but you will not find a number greater than 1 that will exactly divide two of these last quotients, so they are also prime factors, and as a result of the operation you have 5 times 7 or 35 multiplied by 7 times 3, or 21, which equals 735, which is the least common multiple of the given numbers.

"Some text-writers seem to make this problem of finding the least common multiple a more or less difficult one, but it is really very simple if you go about it in the proper way; and the method of finding the greatest common divisor is very similar, although the result, as you will see, is entirely different.

"GREATEST COMMON DIVISOR.

"In speaking of the greatest common divisor you must always remember that the greatest common divisor of two or more numbers is the greatest that exactly divides each of them, and numbers are said to be prime to each other when they have no common divisor except 1.

"The principles that govern in finding the greatest common divisor are these:

"1. Every composite number is the product of all its prime factors.

"2. Every prime factor of a number is an exact divisor of that number.

"3. A common divisor of several numbers is an exact divisor of their sum, or their difference, or any multiple of either number.

"Hence, the greatest common divisor of two or more numbers is the product of all the prime factors common to each.

"*Problem.*—Having given two or more numbers, to find their greatest common divisor.

"RULE.

"*1. Divide each of the given numbers by any prime factor that is an exact divisor of all of them.*

"*2. Divide the resulting quotients in the same manner until there is no divisor common to each.*

"*3. The product of the divisors thus found will be the greatest comman divisor sought.*

"Now, suppose you are required to find the greatest common divisor of the same number of which you found the last common

multiple to be 735,—namely, 21, 49, and 105. As before, we find that 7 will exactly divide each of them, so we have

$$\begin{array}{r|rrr} 7 & 21 & 49 & 105; \\ \hline & 3 & 7 & 15 \end{array}$$

but there is no prime factor common to each of the resulting quotients; hence 7 is their greatest common divisor.

"This illustrates the two points of difference between the two problems:

"1. In the first you may divide by any prime number common to any two of the numbers. In the second you must divide by a number that will exactly divide ALL of the given numbers.

"2. In the first you multiply together all the divisors and remaining quotients. In the second you only multiply together the common divisors."

CHAT VII.

FRACTIONS.

"WE have seen that the primary base of every fraction is the unit 1, and that if we divide this unit into two equal parts each part is called *one-half*, and if we divide it into three equal parts each part will be one-third, and so on, whatever may be the number of parts into which the unit is divided. Therefore, a *fraction* is one or more equal parts of a unit, and a *fractional unit* is one of these equal parts into which the whole unit has been divided. Hence, the less the number of parts into which a thing is divided the greater is the value of each part, and the greater the number of parts the less the value of each part.

"From this we see that the *analysis* of a fraction consists in the naming of its unit, its fractional unit, and the number of fractional units taken.

"In expressing fractions two numbers are used, one written above the other with a line between them, as $\frac{3}{4}$; and in this case the unit of the fraction is 1, the fractional unit is one-fourth, and there are three fractional units expressed. Hence, a fractional expression simply indicates to the mind an unexecuted division. The number below the line is the divisor, or denominator, and it shows the number of equal parts into which the unit of the fraction is divided. The number above the line is the *dividend*, or *numerator*, and it shows how many of the equal parts are expressed or used.

"Therefore, the value of a fraction is the quotient resulting from dividing the numerator by the denominator, and any change in the numerator or denominator, which are called the *terms* of the fraction,

will affect the value of the fraction according to the principles of division, which may be stated as follows:

"*1. Multiplying the numerator multiplies the fraction.*

"*2. Dividing the numerator divides the fraction.*

"*3. Multiplying the denominator divides the fraction.*

"*4. Dividing the denominator multiplies the fraction.*

"*5. Multiplying or dividing both the numerator and the denominator by the same number does not change the value of the fraction.*

"Now, like most other things, there are different kinds of fractions, —namely, proper and improper, simple and complex, the compound fraction and the mixed number.

"A proper fraction is a fraction whose value is less than 1; consequently, its numerator is less than its denominator.

"An improper fraction is a fraction whose value equals or exceeds 1, and, consequently, its numerator is equal to or greater than its denominator.

"A simple fraction is a fraction whose numerator and denominator are whole numbers.

"A complex fraction is a fraction which has one or both of its terms fractional: as $\frac{2}{3\frac{1}{2}}$, or $\frac{\frac{1}{2}}{\frac{1}{4}}$.

"A compound fraction is two or more fractions connected by the word *of:* as $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{4}$.

"A mixed number is a number consisting of a whole number and a fraction: as $6\frac{1}{2}$, $2\frac{7}{8}$."

CHAT VIII.

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION OF FRACTIONS.

"THE addition of fractions, like the addition of whole numbers, is simply the operation of finding the sum of two or more of them, and this sum must be such a number as to equal all the fractional units taken together.

"We have seen that whole numbers cannot be added together unless they have the same kind of units, and this principle also applies to fractions, for we cannot add fractions unless they have the same fractional unit; therefore, in adding fractions, you must be careful to look at their denominators and see that they are all alike; then you may add their numerators as in whole numbers, and write the sum over the common denominator.

"But in actual practice you will seldom be required to add fractions having the same denominator; therefore, it will generally be necessary to change them to equivalent fractions having a common

denominator, and this you may do according to the principle of finding the least common multiple.

"*Problem.*—Having given two or more fractions, to change them to equivalent fractions having a common denominator.

"RULE.

"*1. Find the least common multiple of the denominators for a new denominator.*

"*2. Then divide this denominator by the denominator of each fraction separately, and multiply the numerator of each fraction by the quotient thus found. Place these products over the new denominator, and the result will be equivalent fractions having a common denominator.*

"Then you may add the numerators as already explained. After the addition has been performed reduce the result to its simplest form, —that is, change improper fractions to mixed numbers, and reduce the fractional parts to their lowest terms. When you are required to add mixed numbers add the whole numbers and fractions separately, and then add their sums.

"When the fractions have different units, either change the fractions to the same unit, and then add, or reduce them to units of a lower denomination and add as in denominate numbers.

"Again, I caution you in adding fractions be sure that they have like units and like fractional units; and this caution also applies to

SUBTRACTION,

which is the operation of finding the difference between two fractional numbers. In subtracting one fraction from another, if the unit and the fractional unit are the same in both, subtract the less numerator from the greater, and write the difference over the common denominator; otherwise, change them to a common denominator and then subtract.

"Thus we see that, before fractions can be added or subtracted, they must express like parts of like units."

CHAT IX.

MULTIPLICATION AND DIVISION OF FRACTIONS.

"Now this is a subject that is often made to appear very difficult; but if you have paid particular attention to the definitions and rules given you concerning the multiplication and division of integers, or whole numbers, you should have no difficulty in performing the same operations with fractions. Too often an attempt is made to teach people how to use fractions before they know the use of integers, but I trust

that this will not prove true in your case. Of course, the presentation of the subject should vary with the degree to which the mind has been prepared for it; but I trust you will be able to grasp the idea contained in the following simple method of explaining the multiplication and division of fractions:

"Suppose you are required to {multiply / divide} $\frac{3}{4}$ by $\frac{5}{7}$. If you {multiply / divide} by the numerator of the {multiplier / divisor} you {multiply / divide} by a number the denominator times too great; therefore, the {product / quotient} is the denominator times too {great / small}, and must be {divided / multiplied} by the denominator.

"The same result may be obtained, however, by multiplying {the corresponding terms together / by the reciprocal of the divisor}.

"Hence, in multiplying fractions, multiply the numerators together for a new numerator and the denominators together for a new denominator; and in dividing a fraction by a fraction invert the terms of the divisor, and proceed as in multiplication. However, if the numerator of the divisor will exactly divide the numerator of the dividend, and the denominator of the divisor the denominator of the dividend, you may divide without inverting the divisor: as $\frac{14}{27} \div \frac{2}{3} = \frac{7}{9}$.

"Sometimes you may be required to multiply or divide an integer by a fraction, or the reverse; and in such cases you may save yourself some confusion if you make the whole number fractional, by writing 1 under it for a denominator. Then you may proceed as already shown."

CHAT X.

REDUCTION OF FRACTIONS.

"THE reduction of a fraction consists in changing its numerator and denominator without altering the value of the fraction, and perhaps the first operation required of you in reduction of fractions will be to change a fraction from lower to higher terms. This does not sound much like reducing it, and the fact of the matter is you don't reduce it at all. You simply change its form according to the well-known principle of division that multiplying the dividend and divisor by the same number does not change the value of the quotient.

"Hence, to change a fraction from lower to higher terms multiply both numerator and denominator by such a number as will give the higher terms required: as, express $\frac{4}{9}$ in 27ths. Operation: $\frac{4 \times 3}{9 \times 3} = \frac{12}{27}$.

"To change a fraction from higher to lower terms simply reverse the above operation,—that is, divide both numerator and denominator by such a number as will give the lower terms required; as, How many 9ths in $\frac{12}{27}$? Operation: $\frac{12}{27} \div \frac{3}{3} = \frac{4}{9}$. A similar fraction is said to be at its lowest terms when you cannot exactly divide both numerator and denominator by the same number.

"An improper fraction is changed to a whole or mixed number by dividing the numerator by the denominator. Example: $\frac{5}{4} = 5 \div 4 = 1\frac{1}{4}$.

"To change a mixed number to an improper fraction, multiply the whole number by the denominator of the fraction and to the product add the numerator. Example: change $1\frac{1}{4}$ to an improper fraction. Operation: $1\frac{1}{4} = 1 + \frac{1}{4} = 1 \times 4 + \frac{1}{4} = \frac{4}{4} + \frac{1}{4} = \frac{5}{4}$.

"A whole number may be changed to a fraction having a given denominator by multiplying the whole number by the number representing the required denominator and writing the product over the given denominator.

"Hence, how many fourths are there in 6? Analysis: Since in 1 there are 4 fourths, in 6 there are 6 times 4 fourths, or $\frac{24}{4}$.

"A complex fraction is changed to a simple fraction by dividing the numerator by the denominator, as in division of fractions: as, $\frac{\frac{2}{3}}{\frac{1}{4}} = \frac{2}{3} \div \frac{1}{4} = \frac{2}{3} \times \frac{4}{1} = \frac{8}{3} = 2\frac{2}{3}$.

"A compound fraction is changed to a simple fraction by multiplying the corresponding terms together, as in multiplication of fractions: as, $\frac{1}{4}$ of $\frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{8}$.

"By remembering all the principles that have herein been stated you should be able to demonstrate with facility the most difficult fractional problems."

CHAT XI.

DECIMAL FRACTIONS.

"HAVING considered what are known as common or vulgar fractions, we will rise a step higher and take a look at decimal fractions.

"Now, a decimal fraction, or decimal, is a fraction expressed in the scale of tens. Thus, if the unit 1 be divided into 10 equal parts, each part is called *one-tenth*, and if into 100 equal parts, each part is called *one-hundredth;* and in like manner we have expressions for any number of equal parts into which a unit may be divided according to the scale of tens. In common fractions one-tenth would be written thus: $\frac{1}{10}$, and one-hundredth thus: $\frac{1}{100}$; but in decimals the numerator of the fraction is written, with the decimal sign (.) or point at the left, instead of the denominator; as .1, which is read one-tenth, or as .01, which is read one-hundredth. Hence we see that this decimal point by its position determines the denominator of the fraction. The first place at the right of the decimal point is read tenths, and its unit is one-tenth; the next place at the right is read hundredths, and its unit

is one-hundredth; the next place at the right of hundredths is read thousands, and so on, for places still to the right.

"From this we see that the following principles are true:

"*First.* That the denominator of every decimal is the unit one, with as many ciphers annexed as there are figures in the decimal or numerator.

"*Second.* That the unit of any place is ten times as great as the unit of the next place to the right, the same as in whole numbers; hence the notation of decimals does not differ from that of integers.

"In fact, it is nothing more or less than an extension of the same system and the application of the same principles, according to the law of a descending scale, and since the unit 1 is the basis of all numbers, and since it requires, as we have seen, $\frac{10}{10}$ to make a whole unit, we may write whole numbers and decimals together by placing the decimal point between them, thus making it the centre of the complete system.

"All figures at the left of this point are multiples of the unit one, and all figures at the right of this point are fractional parts of the unit one.

"Therefore, to write a decimal fraction,—

"1. Write the numerator as an integral number, placing the decimal point at the left.

"2. When the numerator does not contain as many places as there would be ciphers in the denominator, prefix ciphers to the numerator until the number of places is equal to the number of ciphers in the denominator, and then place the decimal point at the left of the last cipher.

"TO READ A DECIMAL FRACTION.

"1. Numerate from left to right, beginning with the unit's figure of the integral number, if any; otherwise begin with the decimal point, calling it units.

"2. Read the decimal as though it were a whole number, adding the name of the lowest decimal unit expressed.

"*Illustration.*

Tens of millions.	Millions.	Hundreds of thousands.	Tens of thousands.	Thousands.	Hundreds.	Tens.	Units.	Tenths.	Hundredths.	Thousandths.	Tens of thousandths.	Hundreds of thousandths.	Millionths.	Tens of millionths.
9	2	7	8	6	3	0	1.	2	4	6	5	7	9	8
Integers.								Decimals.						

"This number is read 92 millions 786 thousand 301 and 2 million 465 thousand 798 ten millionths.

"When a decimal is written with an integral number, as above, it is called a mixed decimal; and when written without an integral number it is called a pure decimal."

CHAT XII.

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION OF DECIMALS.

"BEFORE commencing to add and subtract decimals it may be well for you to read over what has been said about the addition and subtraction of whole numbers.

"The addition and subtraction of decimals is exactly the same as in whole numbers, with the exception of the decimal point, and it must be remembered that only units of the same kind can be added together; therefore, in writing down decimal numbers for addition, figures having the same kind of unit must be placed in the same column; and this will always be the case if you are careful to place all the decimal points in the same vertical line.

"It may be of some assistance to you in first learning to add decimals, if you dispense with the points and write the whole numbers at the left of a vertical line and the decimals at the right. Thus, in adding 53.34, 7.2, 11.102, you may draw a vertical line and write them down in this manner:

53	34
7	2
11	102
71	642

"Hence the

"RULE.

"*1. Write the numbers to be added so that units of the same kind shall be in the same column.*

"*2. Add as in whole numbers, and from the right hand of the same point off for decimals as many places as there are decimal places in any of the numbers to be added.*

"TO SUBTRACT DECIMALS.

"*1. Write the less number under the greater, so that units of the same kind shall be in the same column.*

"*2. Subtract as in whole numbers and point off as in addition of decimals.*"

CHAT XIII.

MULTIPLICATION AND DIVISION OF DECIMALS.

"IN the multiplication of decimals you may multiply the decimals together the same as in whole numbers, taking care to point off as many decimal places in the product as there are in both the multiplier and multiplicand; and the reason for this is that if you change both to common fractions the product of the numerators will be the same as the product of the decimals, and the number of decimal places will be equal to the number of ciphers in the denominators. For illustration, suppose you are required to multiply 2.5 by 4.25. If you write these numbers as common fractions and then multiply you will have $2\frac{5}{10} \times 4\frac{25}{100} = \frac{25}{10} \times \frac{425}{100} = \frac{10625}{1000}$. Now, if you multiply those numbers together in their decimal form you will have $2.5 \times 4.25 = 10.625$, which is the same result. Hence the

"RULE.

"*Multiply the numbers together the same as in whole numbers, and beginning at the right of the product point off as many figures for decimals as there are decimal places in both multiplier and multiplicand.*

"Should there not be as many figures in the product as there are decimal places in both numbers, supply the deficiency by prefixing ciphers to the product.

"If you are required to multiply by 10, 100, or 1000, you may do so by simply moving the decimal point as many places to the right as there are ciphers in the multiplier.

"If you are required to multiply two decimal numbers and to retain in the product a less number of decimal places than there are in the decimals multiplied, you may save yourself some figures by beginning the operation with the highest unit figure of the multiplier,—thus:

"*Problem.*—Required to multiply 36.251 by 4.625, retaining two decimal places in the product.

"Operation:

```
  36.25
   4.625
 ------
 145.00
  21.75
    .72
    .18
 ------
 167.65
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"You must remember that the *whole of the multiplicand* must be multiplied by each figure of the multiplier; therefore for the parts omitted you must begin with a figure of the multiplicand one place to the right of that which gives the true unit.

"DIVISION OF DECIMALS.

"The division of decimals is performed in the same manner as the division of whole numbers, and, since the dividend must be equal to the product of the divisor and quotient, there must be as many decimal places in the quotient as there are in the dividend, less those in the divisor. Hence the

"RULE.

"*1. Divide the decimal as a whole number, and, beginning at the right hand of the quotient, point off as many figures for decimals as there are in the dividend, less those in the divisor.*

"*2. Should there not be as many figures in the quotient as required, supply the deficiency by prefixing ciphers.*

"*3. Should there be more decimal places in the divisor than in the dividend, annex ciphers to the dividend until the number of decimal places is equal to those of the divisor, then all the figures of the quotient will be whole numbers.*

"*4. When the division does not terminate the sign + should be written after you have corrected the quotient to the third or fourth place, to show that the division is not exact.*"

W. A. CAMPBELL,
Lieutenant U.S.A.

THE SOLDIER'S LEISURE HOURS IN A WESTERN ARMY POST.

WHEN it is asserted that half the world does not know how the other half lives, it is tacitly understood that the half on whom the imputation of the ignorance more heavily rests is that well-fed, well-clothed, and well-housed portion of the community whose path in life diverges from that of its less fortunate brethren. If it could be said with equal verity that one-half the world does not *care* how the other half lives, then the brief sketch here submitted of the soldier's existence in a far-off Western army post would be of little interest to the majority of the reading public. But there are doubtless many with a curiosity to be gratified by a narrative from one who has seen and experienced what he describes.

In the "piping times of peace" it is, perhaps, not unnatural that interest in the American soldier should flag. He is essentially an unobtrusive creature, and is lured from the safe confines of his garrison precinct *en masse* only by some demonstration of popular exultation or the sterling necessity of preventing others of his fellow-citizens from doing those things which they ought not to do. Once back in his barracks, the War Department alone takes cognizance of his official existence, and those whom it is the business of his life to protect think of him, if at all, only as a being whom it is desirable to change from what he is to something which Providence seems to have designed he should not be. The American soldier is sensitive to neglect, and had he a Rudyard Kipling to speak for him, as he has done for Tommy Adkins, his sentiments would find expression, if we except chromatic variations of the uniform, in Tommy's own lament:

"Then it's 'Tommy this an' Tommy that,'
And 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?'
But it's 'thin red line of 'eroes'
When the drums begin to roll.
We aren't no 'thin red 'eroes,'
Nor we aren't no blackguards, too,
But single men in barracks most remarkable like you;
An' if, sometimes, our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints.

While it's 'Tommy' this and 'Tommy' that,
An' 'Tommy, fall be'ind,'
But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,'
When there's trouble in the wind."

Much as Tommy Adkins may deplore his fate, he is more peripatetic than his American cousin, and objects in motion more readily attract his eye; so that, when not visible in the flesh, the illustrated journals give him abundant space.

Few people stop to realize that as the sun takes its westward course and brings the hour of 9 A.M. to each of the hundred and more military stations interspersed between the Atlantic and the Pacific, American soldiers, attired in uniform of exceeding neatness, and with equipments resplendent in their careful polish, are assembling to the strains of martial music for inspection by their post-adjutant, then to be turned over with becoming ceremony to the officer of the day for guard duty. The love of admiration is human, and doubtless the enlisted men are endowed to an equal degree with their superiors in this mild form of weakness, and would more cheerfully respond to the inevitable routine of camp life if those who are not soldiers were to bestow the meed of praise less sparingly.

The time at which this sketch is written is the dead of winter; the place is in the Northwest, beyond the Rockies; the hills are covered deeply with snow, and fur gloves and fur caps are added to the uniform of the men to protect them from the intense cold. In these shortened days "retreat," the ceremony which terminates the daily labors, is sounded at half-past four, and as the echoes of the sunset gun reverberate through the hills and are lost in the distance, the troop, which has been drawn up before "quarters," is reported to the officer of the day as "present or accounted for," and dismissed by the first sergeant.

Then follows a rush for the mess-room, and speculation is rife as to what the soldier-cook, old Jack Findley, has prepared for supper. Old Jack is a Scotchman, who laid the foundations of his culinary education in the British army, and has practiced his art during two enlistments under Uncle Sam. As an artist he inclines to the impressionist school, getting his effect rather by heavy massing and bold dashes than by a careful adherence to detail and technique. As a consequence, his *chef d'œuvre*, which is entitled "artillery slum in overcoats," is a work which appeals largely to the imagination, and its true meaning does not develop at first inspection. To put an artistic production in comparison with a work of purely mechanical skill, it reminds one of a composite photograph, in which the various remnants of many previous meals contributed individually to make an harmonious whole. Framed in a heavy material which some critics style pastry, and from which, probably the "overcoat" in its originality, the dish is filling. Old Jack is very liable to have indulged his fancy for this dish, and

probably has; but if there are any chinks to be filled there is plenty of good bread and coffee, and a little extra drill and the inevitable "stables" have supplied a sauce for any diet. Besides, it is bad policy to quarrel with the cook.

After supper it needs no bugle to call for pipes, which are filled rapidly as the men lazily repair to the barrack-room and sort themselves out into little groups to enjoy a quiet smoke.

The scene that presents itself, on looking down this long barrack apartment, with its four and twenty cots arranged on either side, is not an interesting one, and the surroundings form a fitting stage for the little play of human nature which is unconsciously being acted. Here a clique of the self-righteous are employing their leisure moments in extracting motes from the eyes of some of their brethren, while perhaps the comrades with their optics under discussion are beguiling the time with guitar and banjo in a remote corner, unconscious that their moral vision is in the least impaired. In another corner of the room a loquacious member of the troop is spinning yarns for the edification of some boon companions, and entangling his own identity so firmly in the fabric that for the time, at least, he believes himself a hero. Then there are solitary figures here and there apparently lost in their own reflections,—not happy ones, perhaps.

It is doubtful if, in any other army of the world, fifty men could be taken indiscriminately who would represent so many nationalities. In social grades the majority of the men are on a par with the enlisted men of other countries, but mingled with the troop may be found men of education and refinement who have sought the employment either by force of adverse circumstances, or, as in some instances, because they are sons of officers and are spending the required time in the army to qualify themselves for examination for a second lieutenancy under the rule. The ne'er-do-weel is represented in every troop,—the man who has drifted from land to land in search of congenial employment or adventure, and to whom excitement takes the place of those things which most men prize, and who mourns because he does not find it in the United States army.

But "tired nature's sweet restorer" is early sought when no unusual incident of interest presents itself, and little is likely to break the monotony of a winter's evening, unless it fall upon "Canteen Check" day. The significance of this festival is simply the recurrence of the day in each month when troopers are allowed to draw checks upon the Canteen and Post Exchange, good for trade in such articles of luxury or need as the men may choose to invest in. Such checks are, of course, limited to comparatively small amounts, which are charged up against the drawer's pay at the end of the month.

On such occasions the canteen does a flourishing business, and when "taps" are sounded many of the old-timers turn into their

bunks, as the Scotchman says, "the better for a wee droppie," and, from force of habit, respond to reveille the next morning bright and fresh.

There are old cronies in this troop who have grown gray in the service, and gone through many Indian campaigns and come out unscathed, alike from Indian bullets and the demoralizing influences, such as they may be, of garrison life. While they are in the service they know that Uncle Sam will take care of them, and their thought is not for the morrow, so that on canteen days they throw open the throttles of their hearts and give their generous impulses full swing. They will probably die in the army, or only leave it when mustered out by old age.

One often hears strange tales when lying awake in one's bunk at night. There are two Englishmen, for instance, who are "bunkies,"—*i.e.*, their bunks adjoin. These men have served their time in the English army, and have been stationed at many different posts throughout the British possessions, and a conversation overheard between Sergeant Jones and Lance-Corporal Elmer might make a story of itself.

Another interesting character is Sergeant Fritz Beal, who is a sort of Father in Israel to the new recruits. As this is being written he is in close "confab" with a young "rookie," who, in some mysterious manner, has come here from New York,—possibly from the Elmira Reformatory, to judge from his looks. But the sergeant is also from New York,—the city of New York,—and the "rookie" has much to say of the changes that have taken place in that great city since the sergeant left it.

There are certain points of etiquette among enlisted men which are observed under penalties of social ostracism, and it is regarded as exceedingly bad form to make too deep scrutiny into the antecedents of a comrade, and, unless information is voluntarily offered, many members of a troop will live together for years in the closest intimacy with no knowledge of each other's history, or even the names given them in baptism. There are many whose past lives would furnish interesting material for the lover of romance or the novelist. Some could tell a tale of disappointed ambition, of reckless living, or of blighted affections; and broken-hearted mothers or wives are somewhere in the world pining for information of a husband or son whose identity he has sought to conceal by enlistment under an assumed name. It is claimed to be a characteristic of the soldier as well as the sailor that both are improvident to a degree, and certain it is that our men are not prone to take thought for the morrow how they shall be clothed, at least in citizen's garments. Not more than twenty-five per cent. of the troop succeed in saving enough from their thirteen dollars per month to provide themselves with fitting raiment in which to meet

their girls in town. Amusing incidents sometimes occur in the attempts of the improvident ones to change their uniforms for citizen's clothing. Many of the men object to lending their clothing to be worn by others, but the majority, perhaps, do not, fearing that sometimes they might be themselves in the position of a borrower. Of course, the men are not uniform in size, and the short man who succeeds in negotiating a coat from a tall one, a pair of trousers from a stout one, and a collar a few sizes too small, is apt to furnish glee to his comrades, as he probably does to his best girl when he appears before her. The principle of borrowing is not confined to wearing apparel, and on pay-day, when the general liquidation of accounts takes place, debtors and creditors are very much in evidence in the squaring up of differences, which range from "two bits" to "two dollars."

As a rule, the men are very punctilious in these matters, and a man is very quick to lose his credit when he defaults. As has been hinted, great differences in kind and quality of men are to be noticed. One fellow, Hazard, for instance, now quietly lying in his bunk, chewing his tobacco, and whose dull eyes and expressionless countenance show that his animal nature takes precedence over his intellectual, is a giant in strength, and, though his looks belie it, in agility also. He has just surprised two local celebrities in the fistic art who encountered him in the town and attempted to alienate the affections of his lady-love, by leaving them both in a comatose condition. His comrades naturally treat him with consideration, though it must be said to his credit that he is without the disposition of a bully. The idea suggested by an inventive genius to organize a dancing school has been readily taken up. The music is furnished by a harmonica, a flute, and a guitar, in the hands of members of the troop, and the mess-room is frequently converted into a dancing hall. If the dancers lack anything in grace they make it up in energy, and still with a large degree of decorum. The absence of the fair sex, though a great drawback, is partially compensated for by the device of tying handkerchiefs to the arms of those who are to supply their places, and all goes "merry as a marriage bell." The first sergeant, who is an ex-member of the Tenth English Hussars, and so erect that he would break if bent, condescends to dance with the last "rookie." The little lance corporal takes for his partner a chap with whom he has just had a serious disagreement, and their savage hearts are soothed by the strains of the music. Eight other couples are gliding through the mazes of the waltz to the admiration of the usual complement of wall-flowers. Among the last is old Jack Findley, who, for fear that the performers may become too vain of their accomplishments, gives vent occasionally to criticisms calculated to subdue their rising pride.

Another feature of the post to beguile the leisure hours of the men is a library, but each troop has a library of its own, and that belonging

to this particular troop has moved with it from place to place for the past fifteen years. Membership is, of course, not compulsory, though all the men have taken advantage of it by paying an initiation fee of one dollar and monthly dues of twenty-five cents. The selection of books is a good one, comprising nearly all the standard English works of prose and poetry, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and books of travel and general reference, besides the principal magazines and periodicals published in this country.

In the centre of the library, around the walls of which the books are arranged, is an excellent billiard-table, the property of the men, and scattered about are tables at which the men play whist or pedro. The latter game is now very popular among them. If such allurements are not sufficient to keep the soldier home at night, he may go to the town, where he is allowed to remain until 10.30 P.M., but is required to be in quarters at eleven. Everything is in darkness upstairs after nine o'clock, and the stragglers returning after that hour observe the unwritten law of silence when retiring.

Perfect quiet reigns throughout the barracks, and nothing is allowed to disturb the soldier's repose.

W. W. PRICE.

SERVICE SALAD.

An Unknown Yankee.

(*From the New York Sunday Sun.*)

THE BRAVEST MAN SIR HENRY CHADS EVER CAME ACROSS.

Exploits of a Wandering American Seaman named Reed, as seen by a British Naval Officer—Hand-to-Hand Fights with Pirates.

SIR HENRY CHADS, a well-known English naval officer of the early part of the century, was wont to say that of all the many brave men he had met in the course of a career which for thirty years had been a series of hard fights, dangerous expeditions, and exciting events, the bravest was an American sailor named Reed.

Chads used to distinguish between courage and bravery, holding that one was a mental and the other a physical characteristic, and he credited Reed with the physical quality. It may be asserted that he was qualified to judge, for he was himself a man of undaunted temperament, and could fight a losing battle as well as a winning one. Those who are familiar with the history of the famous old "Constitution" may recollect the fight between that vessel and the "Java." The "Java" was the inferior in weight of metal and tonnage to the extent of about one-fourth, and when her captain was killed, Chads, then a lieutenant, fought her bravely, despite the hopelessness of the attempt, until she was a helpless log. Commodore Bainbridge, who was as gallant a gentleman as he was a brave and skillful seaman, returned to Chads the sword just surrendered, and complimented him on the quarter-deck of the "Constitution" on the magnificent defense made by the crew and himself. Chads never forgot Bainbridge's conduct, and forever afterwards he had a warm spot in his heart for Americans, and a legitimate respect for their seamanship and fighting qualities.

Reed, the man who commended himself to Chads by his superb physical courage, had been, it appears, a gunner on board of the "Constitution" during the fight with the "Java." Some years after he turned up in the East Indies, where Chads was then stationed in command of a British frigate, the "Andromache." How Reed came to be on board the "Andromache" is not exactly plain, but that he must have signalized himself in some way is evident, for when Chads was designated by the Indian government to take charge of an expedition against the swarms of Malay pirates who at that time infested the Straits of Malacca and the adjacent waters, Reed held the rank of bo'sun's mate, and was one of Chads's crew.

The Straits at that time swarmed with pirates. No unconvoyed vessel was safe, and attacks upon and looting of small trading settlements on the main-land were not uncommon. There was no Admiralty Court at Singapore, and all legislation regarding the Straits settlements had to emanate from the Bengal government, at that time notoriously and shamefully inefficient; consequently piracy had practically a free hand. When Chads arrived at Penang he laid his plans, which necessarily consisted in the main of boat expeditions starting from a point on the main-land called the Ding-dings.

The first boat expedition was made up of a pinnace and two cutters very well manned and armed. Reed was chief gunner on the pinnace, which carried a 12-pound carronade. Nothing came of

this first expedition, and a second, much the same in make-up as the first, was dispatched when the "Andromache" anchored off the Arroa Islands, and it was here that in a succession of hand-to-hand fights of the most desperate kind the American sailor earned Chads's eulogium.

The pinnace had separated from the cutters and the jolly-boat and entered a small creek which proved to have no outlet save the one by which the pinnace entered. A short way up stream, round a bend, two large proas were encountered, fully manned and armed, and a sharp fire of grape and langrage saluted the pinnace. The first discharge bowled Gore, in command, over and knocked Reed's cap off; but, although the two proas swept directly towards the pinnace with the intention of boarding, Reed held his fire till a collision seemed unavoidable. But in the nick of time, just when the gun could rake the foremost proa end by end, the cool sailor trained and fired. The slaughter was tremendous. The proa slewed around and the pinnace crashed into her, cutting her clean in two amidships and the water was alive with her crew. With astonishing rapidity Reed had reloaded with langrage, and as the second proa came on he raked her about three-fourths on end for end.

Just then a fresh danger threatened, for the second proa passed so close that at least twenty Malays were able to leap aboard the pinnace. The fight was short and sharp. O'Callaghan, a middy, second in command, reported afterwards that Reed had saved his life by intercepting a kris-thrust meant for him while himself hotly engaged with a Malay. Evidently the American was not satisfied with one antagonist. This first boarding attack repelled, the proa was boarded, and here occurred one instance of Reed's singular bravery. A Malay, as he jumped overboard, grappled a seaman whose name is unrecorded and dragged him over with him. Now a Malay is as much at home in the water as a shark, and every whit as cruel and desperate. Reed heard the sailor's yell, and in two steps was over after the pair. O'Callaghan's account is as follows:

"The three were separate on reaching the surface, and the Malay made for the man he had dragged over. But Reed was close by, with no weapon but his clasp-knife, which was as yet unopened. Raising himself in the water, Reed dealt the savage a blow with his fist that turned the man over. Following up his advantage, he grappled him around the body with his left arm, pinioning the Malay's right arm and kris and got a death-hold on the throat with the right hand. Then ensued a short but awful struggle, during which the Malay was slowly but surely choked to death. It was a strange combat, but thrilling beyond words. It was white pluck and strength against savage desperation, and the Malay went under."

The scene when Reed got back to the vessel was enthusiastic enough. Reed's name was slated for special mention in the dispatch sent to Calcutta announcing the first encounter with the pirates, and a purse was given him by the deputy commissioner accompanying the force. From this onward through the four months that the expedition lasted Reed's name occurs constantly in Chads's and O'Callaghan's letters. In attacking three proas, in a boat expedition, and being forced to land in pursuit of the panleemahs or captain of the piratical craft, he is reported to have captured one of them alive in a hand-to-hand fight. When asked why he risked his life in endeavoring to take the desperado alive instead of cutting him down, his answer was as follows:

"I saw the fellow stuffing a lot of things into his loin-cloth as we boarded the third proa, and I noticed the peculiar shape of his kris and a broad gold bangle, and taking him to be a chief, I guessed he'd be more valuable alive than dead."

To the credit of Reed's perspicacity it must be said that commissions from the rajahs of Rhio, Johore, and Salangore were found in the waist-band of this chief, thus proving to the satisfaction of the Calcutta authorities that the native rajahs were accessories before the deed of all the piratical acts that had for years made trading along the Singapore coast a hazardous occupation.

The last thing that can be learned of Reed is that on the pay-off and discharge of the "Andromache's" crew he wan-

dered northwest. Chads would have taken him home as body-servant, but apparently such a life was too mild for his spirit. What became of him, where he laid his bones, or what fresh deeds of valor fell to his lot before joining his fellow-berserkers in Valhalla cannot be recorded, but if ever a fair share of fighting, and magnificent fighting at that, fell to one man's lot, it fell to the share of the unknown, but dauntless Yankee, Reed.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston, seem to have surpassed all former efforts in their issue this year of Easter Cards and Booklets. Never before were the designs so graceful and artistic or the colorings so beautiful and dainty.

Curious Rocks in Kansas.

(*From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*)

CASTLE ROCK STICKS UP ONE HUNDRED FEET IN A LEVEL PLAIN.

ONE of the curious things that impress the traveler over the prairies of Northwest Kansas is the prevalence of strange rock-formations that are as wild and weird as any found in the mountain regions. Separated, as they are, from the ranges of hills hundreds of miles to the west, they are the more surprising, and few are aware of their existence. The State of Kansas, so far from being a plane, is really an inclined parallelogram set on a steep grade. The western end is 3000 feet higher in the air than the eastern, and the traveler finds that he is all the time getting farther from the vegetation of the lower regions as he goes west, until he has come to the foot-hills of the Rockies. That this section was at one time the bed of an ancient sea is probable; indeed, it is manifest from the appearance of great basins that are not connected with any other depressions on the plains. Scattered among these are the rock-formations that have been the awe-inspiring features of the landscape for the Indians and a never failing source of interest to the white man. So strange are they that it almost seems that they must have been the work of the Titans of old rather than the forces of nature working in a simple and ordinary manner. Take Castle Rock, out in Gove County, on the very outskirts of the plains, where the rock rises over 100 feet from the dead level of the prairie and is a landmark for miles. The settlers go there for miles to spend the day climbing the smooth sides. "It seems like being back in the old mountain regions of the East," said one of the residents of this strange section, "and I like to go and look at it, just to see something different from the everlasting level lands." The rock is the only one for scores of miles and is almost the only portion of land in the county that is above the level of the plain. It is said that the Indians had it as a council rock, and that many of the desperate deeds done by the Apaches were planned under its shadow. Geologists say that this is one of the peaks of a mountain range that once was in existence in this part of the West.

But what shall they say of Rock City, in the edge of Ottawa County? This is probably the most curious arrangement of stones to be found in the whole prairie region. If one approaches it in the evening he would feel sure that it was the home of a race of gnomes that had fashioned for themselves the mound-like structures that are the semblance of dwellings. Set among gently sloping hills, they are scattered in a quaint disorder over several acres, and are in size from the small blocks the shape of a bushel-measure to the round, tent-like masses as large as the huts of the Icelander. They are all water-washed and have the marks of waves on their sides. One of the illusions of their position is the one that they have dropped down from the sky and have not been formed from the usual course of events. Twenty miles southeast, in the edge of this county (Dickinson), are a similar series of rocks set on the tops of hills. The hills are the tallest in the vicinity, and after one climbs them it is passing strange to find on the tops the large rocks that have no connection with the surrounding section's landscape. Curious features of these rocks are the depressions that are found in them, as if great drops of rain had fallen in the soft mass of molten slag and left their impress.

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Washington was in all things fully proportioned to the magnitude of his work, and that work, measured by the difficulties overcome to accomplish it, and its benign results, was the greatest ever allotted to man. The republic that stands supreme among the nations as the symbol of liberty has become the measure of his greatness. Napoleon, the greatest soldier the world has ever known, said of Washington, "He is the greatest of men, and will be venerated by mankind when my fame shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions." No man has ever so deeply and benignly impressed himself upon his country as Washington. He was a natural leader of men on the field of battle as upon the highways of political administration and statesmanship. Hence patriotic Americans, whose reverence for his character beats with their blood, feel an ever-increasing interest in all that relates to his life and achievements.

The more immediate ancestors of Washington were without title; yet the family was of note in military annals at an early period of English history. We are informed that one William Washington, of Washington Parish, was one of the English knights who fought most valiantly under King Henry III. at the bloody battle of Lewes, in 1264, where that monarch was taken prisoner. John and Andrew Washington, who afterwards emigrated to America, served under the standard of Charles I. at the battle of Naseby. Augustine Washington, the grandson of this John Washington, was the father of our illustrious soldier, who was born at Bridges Creek, Westmoreland, County, Virginia, February 22, 1732, one hundred and sixty-five years ago.

Washington made marked progress at school, especially in mathematics, and received careful instruction in the use of surveying instruments, both practical and theoretical. When it became necessary for him to choose an occupation he naturally turned to the military profession, with which his family name had for generations been honorably associated. His father had served with distinction as a captain of Virginia riflemen in the three years' war with the Seneca Indians, and his half-brother, Lawrence Washington, had distinguished himself while serving in the same grade in a regiment of provincial infantry, in the West Indies, under General Wentworth, of the British army; and again in the expedition against Carthagena, Spain, commanded by Admiral Vernon.

In his physical strength, cleverness, intelligence, and marked sense of honor, Washington was a leader among his young companions before he had completed his schooling. He was well equipped, morally, mentally, and physically, to enter upon the profession to which his nature appeared to have been bent. Under such circumstances his brother Lawrence readily procured for him a midshipman's warrant in the British navy. Washington was then sixteen years of age. His

outfit was duly prepared and his kit was sent on board the great battleship "Agamemnon," lying at anchor off the town of Alexandria, Virginia. Clad in his uniform of the British naval service he went to take leave of his mother, and showed to her his order to report for duty, which, evidently, appeared to her a summons to part forever with her son. Her grief was unspeakable, and as he mingled his tears with hers he resolved to forego the career of his choice and to stand loyally by the home of his mother. A year later he became actively engaged as a land surveyor, which employment was then a very lucrative one throughout Virginia.

Washington was an ardent lover of athletic sports, a superb horseman, and had already shown great skill and daring in the chase. His first command of men was exhibited in March, 1749, when only seventeen years of age, at which time Lord Fairfax, of Virginia, placed him in charge of a surveying party of sixteen men, to penetrate the vast wilderness of a primeval forest that had never echoed to the ring of the woodman's ax. He was engaged upon the work for a period of three years, and subsisted his men on Indian meal, potatoes, and wild game, the latter abounding in the vicinity of his camps.

In the intervals of his official duties he studied military tactics in the best text-books of the day, and was, moreover, a diligent student of history. After completing the land survey for Lord Fairfax, Washington resided at Mount Vernon, with his brother Lawrence, who owned that magnificent estate of ten thousand acres, and had named it in honor of the British admiral, under whom he had served in the Spanish War.

While at Mount Vernon Washington had the advantage of a special course of instruction in military tactics and the art of war, under the tutorship of Major Robert Muse, an accomplished officer of the British army. He was also taught both broad-sword and small-sword exercise by Captain Jacob Van Bram, a Dutch officer, who had served in the armies of Holland and France.

In his twentieth year Washington was appointed adjutant-general of the Province of Virginia, and was charged with the duty of organizing and disciplining the militia.

In 1753 the governor of the province, having learned that the French had established a fort on the Ohio River, within the boundaries of Virginia, from which they had made several hostile excursions, attacking settlers and the Indian tribes who were friendly to the English, decided to send a commissioner with a demand that they should evacuate the fort. He selected Washington, who was then in his twenty-second year, to execute the delicate mission. It required sound judgment, quick intelligence, rare tact, and unfailing courage.

Accompanied by only eight men, Washington successfully accomplished the mission, after a journey of over five hundred and twenty

miles, encountering many perils by flood and field. His report of the expedition was afterwards published as a public document, and added greatly to his reputation.

This memorable journey, performed in his twenty-first year, occupied the time from November 30, 1753, to January 16, 1754, a period of forty-seven days. The French commandant refused to evacuate the fort, and Governor Dinwiddie decided to send a force to dislodge him, and a regiment was raised for that purpose.

Washington was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, having modestly declined the colonelcy, on the ground (to use his own words) that he desired first to fit himself "for such a high command by further study of military science." But his conscientious scruples on this score were soon overruled by the sudden death of his chief, and Washington assumed command of the regiment, and united all of its companies for the famous engagement which was soon to occur at Great Meadows. His force numbered four hundred and fifty, rank and file, with two pieces of artillery, the troops being protected by a redoubt surrounded with a strong stockade. The enemy attacked on July 4, 1754, with a force comprising eight hundred French troops, seven hundred Indians, and four pieces of artillery. The battle lasted eight hours, during which one-third of Washington's force were either killed or wounded, when he surrendered on honorable terms. He was permitted to salute his colors, and march out with all his arms and supplies, the French only retaining the artillery in the work.

Returning home with his regiment, Washington resigned his commission in disgust, as an order had arrived from England, directing that officers appointed by the crown, or the commanding general, should take precedence in the field over provincial officers, without regard to rank. He returned to Mount Vernon and became busily engaged in extensive farming operations.

About this time General Braddock arrived in Virginia and organized his ill-starred expedition against Fort Du Quesne, and upon his earnest solicitation Washington accepted the position of aide-de-camp on his staff. Braddock's force consisted of two thousand British regulars, eight hundred provincials, with six pieces of artillery.

The expedition was one of great importance, and Benjamin Franklin was employed to obtain wagons and pack-horses for it in Pennsylvania. The governors of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia were present at Alexandria when it started on its fatal march in June, 1855.

Despite the repeated warnings of Washington, General Braddock marched without an advance guard moving at a proper distance in his front, or troops disposed on his flanks, and was, in consequence ambushed by a joint force of French and Indians on July 10, 1755.

Braddock, we know, was slain, and nearly all of his officers and more than one-third of his command were either killed or wounded. The courage and address of Washington, who was the only mounted officer present who was unwounded, saved the army from total destruction.

He was recognized as the real hero of the expedition, and was thereafter appointed commander-in-chief of all the forces raised, or to be raised, in Virginia.

In the autumn of 1758 he bore a distinguished part in the expedition that marched under General Forbes against Fort Du Quesne, commanding the Twenty-second Virginia Infantry. Washington's regiment led the advance, and he was the first man to reach the earthworks, on the ruins of which he hoisted the British flag with his own hands. At the close of the campaign he resumed his farming and devoted himself also to the study of the best authors.

In the early part of April, 1859, he took his seat in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, to which he had been recently elected.

Wherever duty found him he never permitted himself to tread the primrose path of dalliance, but went actively to work. His was a nature to wear like steel, but never rust. Besides being a model farmer, he had a fine mechanical genius, and was a fairly skillful carpenter and blacksmith. He invented and in his own shop forged a plow, in 1763, that became widely known as the Virginia subsoil plow, the same which is now used throughout the South in breaking up the heavy river bottom lands.

Washington also designed the famous uniform of the Virginia riflemen. He cut out with his own hands the pattern of the hunting-shirt and leggings that they wore throughout the war of the Revolution. He also fitted the neck of the powder-horn with a copper gate or cut-off, acting on springs, which, on the horn being turned up, would cut off the proper charge of power, by a slight pressure of the thumb, thus enabling the soldier to load his rifle in less than one-half the time which he would have taken to pour it out and measure it in his charger.

These were improvements which augmented the tactical efficiency of the troops, and added much to their proper training and discipline in delivering effective fire.

Washington's military library contained such works as the "Life of Charles XII.," the "Campaigns of Frederick the Great," the "Campaigns of Marshal Saxe" and of Turenne; the "Memoirs of Sully;" the "Life and Campaigns of the Great Condé," and "Vauban's Military Engineering." That his mind was directed to the study of those great masters of the science of war would seem to indicate that even then (at twenty-eight years of age) he had a forecast that he might be called to high command. Colonel Washington was described at this

time by Captain George Mercer, of his regiment, as being "straight as an Indian, measuring six feet two inches in his stockings, weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and his frame being padded with well-developed muscles, indicating great strength. His movements and gestures were graceful, his walk majestic, and his horsemanship unsurpassed."

During his arduous duties as the sixteen-year-old surveyor, who ran the lines of the Fairfax lands among the mountains and rugged hills of Virginia's wild frontier, where no man save the stealthy Indian had gone before him, Washington "builded better than he knew."

He learned in that rough school the self-reliance which like seasoned timber never gives, and the habit of self-command that he so strikingly evinced when tested by great emergencies. It was also for him the school of the soldier, for the hunter's art teaches one to know his surroundings and to take advantage of all natural covers, such as rocks, trees, and the undulations of the ground, to mask the approach of the game while keeping it in view. These are the salient points in our battle tactics of the present day, and Washington was acquiring these principles of the art of war while yet in his teens.

By such training he acquired that quick appreciation of the value of position as a counterpoise to a superior force, and that "masterstroke," so essential to constitute a great field captain, that enables him at a glance to discern the true coign of vantage on the field of battle, which, being seized, has often turned the scale of victory in favor of the numerically weaker army.

Washington stood among the foremost of his compeers in maintaining the rights of Americans against the British aggression, and in 1774 took a position far in advance of all of them. He declared that "the measure of abstinence on our part from all commerce with Great Britain and her possessions in the West Indies may not prove adequate. Some more positive action on our part would seem to be needed. I am ready to raise a force of two thousand men, and to arm, equip, and maintain them at my own charge, and march at their head to the relief of Boston." This was the first open declaration made by any public man in America in advocacy of organized armed resistance to the usurpations of the British crown.

Mrs. Washington said to Patrick Henry as he was leaving Mount Vernon with Colonel Washington to take their seats in the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia, "Mr. Henry, you must stand firm for America; I know that George will." We all know that George did, and our magnificent country stands as an everlasting monument to his splendid genius and noble character. It was he who said in the course of debate in that memorable assembly of the founders of our liberty, "In this cause I am not a Virginian, but an American."

In referring to this congress of master-spirits, William Pitt, Eng-

land's foremost statesman, in an address to Parliament, said, "My Lords, for myself, I must declare and avow that, in all my reading and observation, no nation or body of men can stand for force of sagacity, solidity of reasoning, and wisdom of conclusion in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia."

When Patrick Henry was asked, shortly after the adjournment of the Congress, who, in his opinion, was the greatest man in it, he replied, "If you refer to eloquence, John Rutledge, of South Carolina, is our greatest orator, but if you speak of solid information, practical ability, and sound judgment, Colonel George Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

Great in mind, he was none the less great in heart, and his great physical powers gave a foundation on which he could, with impunity, force his energies to the utmost.

A roystering poacher, who merited severe rebuke from Washington, said, "He was a bad man to projeck with and he was awful rough on me about the dead ducks. I was pretty much of a man myself them days, but no man in Virginny could match Washington in the way of good, square, hefty fightin'."

On the reassembling of Congress Washington was made chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, the most important committee of that body. He seemed convinced that he would be called to higher command, in military matters in the field, than had ever before devolved upon him.

On June 15, 1775, Colonel George Washington was unanimously elected general of the Continental army. Of him John Adams said, "I have no hesitation to declare that I have but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that is the gentleman from Virginia, whose skill and experience as an officer, and whose great talents and excellent universal character, will command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all colonies, better than any person in the Union.". These were the words of commendation from the most influential member of the Continental Congress, and uttered notwithstanding the fact that no less a personage than John Hancock, president of Congress, and brigadier-general of militia in Massachusetts, was an earnest candidate for the high honor.

Every delegate voted, and all the ballots were cast in favor of Washington. On July 3, 1775, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, standing beneath the now famous century-circled elm-tree, he drew his sword and announced to the troops aligned in front of him that he assumed command of the Continental army. He at once began to ascertain the numerical strength of his army, which had been reported to him by the retiring commander, General Ward, as aggregating twenty thousand men.

Such was found to be the utter absence of proper military adminis-

tration that it required an entire week to obtain returns from the commanding officers of regiments and companies, and when received they showed that the total rank and file numbered only fourteen thousand six hundred. This embryo army contained a vast amount of splendid raw material, which sadly needed rounding into form. It was almost entirely wanting in the possession of that well-graduated system of subordination throughout all ranks which is the very soul of an army.

Washington soon converted the armed mobs into a well-ordered and disciplined army, which, by his order, was for the first time organized into *brigades* and *divisions*.

Within a week after taking command Washington roused his men from their lethargic inefficiency and gave the enemy a taste of his mettle by attacking the British advance guard of three hundred grenadiers, who were posted rather immodestly far out on Boston Neck. The famed British troops were routed with a loss of over forty killed and wounded. He engaged in daily skirmishes with the outposts of the enemy, to inspirit his troops, and school them in operating on the field under fire. He weeded out unworthy officers with an iron hand, as fast as they were discovered.

Writing to his friend Richard Henry Lee on the subject of the discipline of his army, Washington said, "There is no such thing as getting unworthy officers to carry orders into execution. To curry favor with the men by whom they were chosen seems to be one of the principal objects of their attention. I have made a pretty good weeding out among such kind of officers as the Massachusetts government abounds in since I came into camp, having broke one colonel and two captains for cowardly behavior in the action at Bunker Hill; two captains for drawing more pay and provisions than they had men in their companies; and one for being absent from his post when the enemy appeared there and burnt a house just by it. Besides these, I have at this time one colonel, one major, one captain, and two subalterns under arrest for trial. In short, I spare none, and yet I fear it will not all do, as these people seem to be too attentive to everything but their own interests."

No man was more sternly intractable than Washington in adherence to principle; and what he deemed to be right he upheld in the line of his duty with a firm resolve, which, like the bow of Ulysses, none could bend but himself.

The enormous responsibility of his position no one better appreciated than did Washington himself.

Although his army, on September 1, 1775, numbered twelve thousand six hundred, as against eleven thousand four hundred and fifty constituting the British forces, yet this slight numerical preponderance was more than counterbalanced by the marked superiority of the British troops in their drill, discipline, arms, ammunition, field service,

training in battle, and skill and education of their officers of every grade. The twenty regiments of the British army were a renowned soldiery, veterans of England's wars, who had met and defeated in many battles the best troops of France and Spain. The British ministry, in carrying out their scheme of subjugation, had dispatched their choicest battalions and most able generals to America. The brightest jewel of England's crown was at stake, and no mean force was marshaled to hold it in her grasp. The officers assigned to command her armies in America were of the highest rank, Gage being a lieutenant-general, and Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne major-generals.

Washington's army, on the contrary, was composed of raw troops, chiefly farmers, mechanics, and fishermen, the former largely preponderating.

There was no uniformity in their arms, which consisted of hunting-rifles, fowling-pieces, and muskets, many of the latter being of obsolete patterns. With such a varied stock of arms, differing widely in their calibres, it was impossible to supply more than a small proportion of them with service cartridges, and hence about one-half of the army had to use loose powder carried in horns and flasks. This was a great disadvantage in action, as the soldier was not able to fire as rapidly as he could have done with fixed ammunition. Not more than one-third of the army was supplied with bayonets, and there was a great scarcity of powder, both for the infantry and the artillery. The only officer of Washington's army that had commanded even a regiment in battle was Major-General Charles Lee, who had seen some service in the war with Spain. He had held the rank of brigadier-general under the king of Poland, but was never in action with his brigade.

Major-General Artemus Ward was second in command, a most worthy church warden, but a military dunce.

Not only was the army afflicted with many lukewarm incompetents that had been foisted upon it through local favoritism, or elected by mere armed mobs of rural militiamen, but some of Washington's best officers, justly deeming themselves overslaughed by the appointing power, were threatening to resign their commissions.

The great and ever-pressing need of the Continental army was gunpowder. There was then no powder-mill in any of the colonies, and but one manufactory of arms, which was located at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Added to these difficulties was the unfortunate action of the Continental Congress in beginning that aggressive interference with the conduct of the war, which subsequently imperiled the cause of American independence and without doubt prolonged the deadly struggle several years beyond the period when it could have been terminated.

Plots were on foot also to effect the relief of Washington from command of the army, and one of them was started within less than

four months after he assumed command. The promoters of the scheme were not only army officers, but included also members of Congress, men who are now monumented in bronze and marble as American patriots, in violation of historic justice.

Congress was determined to instruct the commander of the Continental forces how and when to fight his army, and Washington was quite as determined, with the manifestation of great dignity and policy, to withstand any attempt at interference with his plans.

The evils of short enlistments were also encountered, and regiments disbanded at expiration of term of service, despite every appeal to their patriotism. They even carried off their muskets and ammunition, which were public property.

The commanding general was threatened from within as well as from without, and was therefore compelled to fortify against his own people, as against the enemy. Human nature proves to be subject to the same evils in all epochs of the world's history, no matter how righteous the cause of action.

Washington rose superior to all of these difficulties, and in such respect exhibited soldierly qualities of the highest order.

His campaign along the Delaware with his ragged Continentals during the winter of 1776, and the material benefits that it achieved for the cause of America, stamped Washington as the first soldier of the age.

Frederick the Great, the very highest authority upon a military question, said of it, "It is a campaign that furnishes the most brilliant example of grand strategy known to the annals of war, and deserves to be studied by all students of military science."

We have not time to enter into an analysis and careful discussion of his various campaigns during the great military drama that for eight years had scourged the American colonies with suffering, death, and destruction.

The world knows the record of the great citizen-soldier who defeated the military power of England on American soil and reared a republic whose independence and sovereignty the nations of the earth acknowledge and fear.

To be sure, France aided our struggling forces with millions of treasure, thousands of men, and with munitions and ships of war. But Washington was the guiding power, the consummate master of strategy, who [illegible] and measures for the concentration of troops and the conduct of campaigns. He held the army together when Congress was [illegible] to control the country. In him was concentrated the powers of the struggling [illegible] American nation. It was he who saved the [illegible] army [illegible] for the Congress was [illegible] the greatly needed assistance of men, money, and provisions.

The treasury was empty, but the conqueror sought other means to continue the unequal struggle. He was invited to become king of America, but the noble patriot spurned the proposal indignantly.

He gave his private fortune, health, and strength to his country. He exhibited the highest qualities of the commander-in-chief in organization and administration. He was equal to the opportunities, emergencies, and necessities of a great war and the establishment of a great nation. Can more be said of Cæsar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon, the world's greatest soldiers?

He had the courage of responsibility, a strong will, high intellectuality, deep insight into human nature, superb courage, great magnanimity, nobleness of temperament, presence of mind, boldness of design, quick execution, great enterprise, and unceasing perseverance. These are the gifts that are indispensable to a great general, and it thus follows that great human qualities are identical with great military qualities.

Although it has been said that Washington was a soldier from necessity and patriotism rather than disposition, yet the extraordinary genius displayed by him in conducting to a successful issue the military affairs of a poor and struggling nation against the determined efforts of the greatest military and naval power in the world bespeaks thoughtful consideration of the character of such a leader of men. The manner in which he wove a web around Cornwallis at Yorktown was certainly accomplished by himself and his French associates with consummate skill. At other times Washington had shown a high order of military ability in the defense and attack of positions, in night attacks, in arresting defeat, in gaining information as to the enemy, in protecting the advance of his troops, and in organizing and disciplining his army.

The general undergoes his hardest trials in the days of disaster, and he must possess the special gift of being able to bear disappointments and the buffetings of fate with tranquillity and presence of mind, and successfully combat the impression of misfortune.

In October, 1785, Frederick the Great presented his sword to Washington, who received it at the hands of a special messenger dispatched to the United States for that purpose. It was a straight Toledo blade, and bore upon the guard of its richly chased basket hilt the inscription, "From the oldest soldier in Europe to the greatest soldier in the world."

That terse but splendid tribute to Washington as a military commander came from Europe's acknowledged greatest master of the art of war, the victor of the renowned battle-fields of Rosbach, Leuthen, Zorndorf, and Liegnitz; who in the Seven Years' War baffled and defeated the combined armies of Austria, Russia, the German Empire, and France.

It was the very peculiar character of Washington's genius that could alone have brought into any efficiency the tangled affairs of the republic. It required the consummate prudence, the calm wisdom, the inflexible firmness, the moderate and well-balanced temper of Washington to get his countrymen under military discipline, and to embrace the plan of policy that was best opposed to an enemy who was more likely to be exhausted by time than by defeat. To persevere in this policy against the enthusiasm of a liberated people; to resist the temptations of enterprise; to fix the confidence of his soldiers without the attraction of victory; to support the spirit of the army and people amidst slow and cautious plans of defensive warfare, and to suffer all the temporary reproach and obloquy that was the certain result,—these are qualities of a very high order that demand the gratitude and admiration of posterity. As a military commander he succeeded in attaining to a perfectly accurate estimate of the character and extent of the resources which his own country could supply, and was enabled to conduct the war on a plan best adapted to the circumstances. Does the world's history record the deeds of any greater or more successful military commander? As a military soldier he drew the sword, "not for himself, but for his country," and sheathed it with the same motto.

He was a Cromwell without his ambition, a Scylla without his crimes, and, after having raised his country, by the greatest sacrifices and hardships, to the rank of an independent state, he closed his career by a voluntary relinquishment of the power which a grateful people had bestowed.

JOHN P. FINLEY,
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THE INDIAN MUTINY IN FICTION.[1]

SOME time ago, when in the innocence of our heart we chose as the heading of this paper the words which appear above, it was suggested to us that they were capable of a double interpretation. Now, the art of saying one thing and meaning another is not an accomplishment on which we pride ourselves, and we hasten to observe that our title does not refer to any volume of reminiscences published of late years, however remarkable the statements it may contain. The class of literature with which we are about to deal is strictly that which the librarians of the British Museum, with a paternal care for the moral welfare of their generation, withhold from the ordinary reader for the space of five years after its publication, in the faint hope that a portion, at least, of its deleterious influence may have evaporated during the interval.

Confining ourselves, then, to books of this reprehensible nature, we are surprised to find how large a number of them demand our attention. Of all the great events of this century, as they are reflected in fiction, the Indian Mutiny has taken the firmest hold on the popular imagination. Leaving out of sight the long wars with France, which are dear, probably on account of their many sea-fights, to the hearts of writers for boys, but less so to those who cater for the taste of their elders, we must go back to the Jacobite outbreak of 1745 to find an epoch in English history, the characters and scenes of which appeal with equal vividness to the writers and readers of romance. To demonstrate the truth of this statement it is only necessary to refer to the case of the Crimean War, which in its day stirred the heart of the nation, after its forty years' lethargy, as it had never been stirred by the Napoleonic wars. The newspapers and magazines of the years 1854 to 1856 speak of nothing but Eastern Europe, the races which inhabit it, and the events happening upon its soil; articles on subjects the most remote from Russia or from war arrive by some strange process of gravitation at the sufferings of our troops or the iniquities of the Czar Nicholas, and yet the impression made on imaginative literature by the Crimean War is a very faint one. We cannot at the moment recall more than three or four novelists, among those that are read to-day, who have treated of it in their works. The reason for this sudden failure of

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interest is not far to seek. The grim fighting and grimmer hardships of the Crimea paled before the tragedy of the Indian massacres and the splendors of Lucknow and Delhi. Men alone took part in the earlier struggle, but in the Mutiny it was the sufferings of women and children which roused England to madness, and drove men like Charles Kingsley, as his letters tell us, half-wild with the horror of it all.

We have heard it remarked that there are two epochs in history on which every young writer feels irresistibly impelled to exercise his 'prentice hand,—that of the Indian Mutiny and that of the Spanish Inquisition; and it was unkindly suggested that the principal reasons were that both periods abounded in gore, and that it was comparatively easy to obtain information respecting them. We are not now concerned with the second epoch mentioned, but with regard to the first we speak feelingly, remembering that the early part of our own literary career is strewn with the wrecks of no less than three completed works of fiction dealing with the Mutiny, while others, unfortunately for the paper-trade, never advanced beyond the stage of mere projection. Under these circumstances we are able to reply with a certain amount of authority that to the best of our knowledge we, at any rate, were not actuated by either of the motives suggested. As is probably the case with the majority of those in like plight with us, it was rather that the events of the time seemed to provide every element of romance that could be desired in a story. Valor and heroism, cruelty and treachery, sharp agony and long endurance, satiated vengence and blood-thirsty hatred, were all present, while the men of that day, from John Lawrence draining the Punjab of its last soldier and last rupee, and maintaining his rule unimpaired by the mere force of his own personality and that of his subordinates, to the humblest eurasian clerk casting aside the pen to seize the rifle, had something titanic in them, something that recalled older and stronger ages than our own.

That the Mutiny should loom large in English fiction does not, therefore, seem matter for surprise, but it appears somewhat strange to us who look back upon it to note the length of time which elapsed before its "value" (we use the word in its dramatic sense) was perceived. Those were not days in which "shilling shockers" dealing with the events of a projected campaign, and written, apparently, by persons endued with the spirit of prophecy, were brought out almost as soon as war was declared, and yet there were not wanting even at that time up-to-date writers who knew how to utilize the flowing tide of popular excitement for their own advantage. A glance at the columns of the newspapers of 1858 and 1859 will show the truth of this. Before Lucknow had been reluctantly evacuated, and while the blood-stains were still wet in the slaughter-house at Cawnpore, we find, side by side with advertisements offering family mourning on special terms, "in consequence of the late deplorable events in India," announcements

of songs dealing with those very events. The titles of "Delhi," "The Highland Rescue," "Jessie's Dream," "The Havelock March," tell their own tale, and so too does "The Righteous Sword," a little later,—a tale somewhat terribly illustrated in this case by a letter in the same journal from an officer who had been present at the fall of Delhi, of which he gives an account, and, while rejoicing that all the townsmen found in the city were bayoneted, expresses regret that the women and children were allowed to escape. At the same time appear the inevitable books and pamphlets written by the people who know all about everything, demonstrating the causes of the rebellion, and the methods by which it ought to have been prevented or stamped out as soon as it arose. Papers in the various magazines come next, dealing with different aspects of Indian life, history, and character, but all ending with references to the late troubles, and then the turn of the artist arrives. Sir John Tenniel's cartoon, "The British Lion's Vengeance," had appeared in *Punch* in 1857, but in the course of the next year the national excitement had penetrated to the Royal Academy and the provincial exhibitions. Pictures, allegorical, descriptive, or fanciful, abound, and are noticed by the press indulgently, for the sake of their subject, even when enthusiasm is impossible. It is otherwise with the lengthy and substantial poems which follow, in company with the narratives, diaries, or reminiscences of survivors. "An Escape from Gwalior," or "The Experiences of an Officer in the Rohilcunde Campaign," may be tolerated, even welcomed, but it is necessary to remind would-be Macaulays and Campbells that something more than patriotic fervor and a great subject is needed to make a poet.

Still we find no use made of the Mutiny in fiction. There were writers of short stories before Mr. Kipling,—and even, although it is heresy to say so, before the late M. Guy de Maupassant,—but, perhaps from a sense of the awfulness of the theme, they do not seem to have regarded the Indian troubles as a fitting subject for their art. The pages of "Household Words," which reflect with remarkable clearness the mind of the day, contain many articles relating to India, which are rendered specially prominent in the indexes, but no fiction dealing with the subject. It is true that in a series of papers called "Wanderings in India," some of the anecdotes related are so exceedingly *ben trovato* as to raise a doubt as to their entire authenticity; but we cannot for this reason stamp the series as a work of fiction, any more than its lively predecessor, Grenville Murray's "Roving Englishman" sketches, or than the reminiscences to which we have alluded at the outset of this article.

The first novel that we have been able to discover in which the Mutiny is made a feature is "Maurice Dering," written by the author of the better known "Guy Livingstone," and published in 1864. There is an air of breaking new ground in the words with which the

writer introduces the subject, about the middle of the second of his two volumes, and yet the horrors of seven years before scarcely seem to have passed away into history, as would be the case at our own period of the century:

"Has any one of us forgotten the evil spring, when there swept over this country of ours a blast from the East? . . . Have we forgotten how, with each successive mail, the wrath and the horror grew wilder; till the sluggish Anglo-Saxon nature became, as it were, possessed by a devil, and through the length and breadth of the land . . . there went up one awful cry for vengeance?"

The episodes to which these words serve as a prelude are not such as to belie the terms of their introduction. The author deals with events which, as he says, did not find their way into newspapers and official reports, but which happened all the same, and were known to every man who took part in the stern work of putting down the Mutiny. The hero, whose *fiancée* has been foully murdered with her family, under every circumstance of horror, during his absence in England, returns to India determined to avenge her, and executes his purpose on every native whom he meets with arms in his hands. His vengeance culminates in the slaughter in cold blood of a number of fugitive sepoys, driven to bay in a small temple, who had asked for quarter and had been refused it, and the writer can find nothing to which to compare the butchery but the "slaughter grim and great" which avenged the murder of Hypatia. After such scenes, the orthodox happy ending is not to be anticipated for the novel, and we leave Maurice Dering still in India, a lonely man, marked off from his kind by his experiences, drowning in constant work the memory of the past, and finding his sole distraction in the slaying of big game.

It is in many ways a matter for regret that Charles Kingsley's days of novel-writing ended before the Mutiny, and yet we may be allowed to doubt whether he could ever have done justice to his own powers in a story of that terrible time. If he wrote "Hypatia" with his heart's blood, if his agony of indignation and pity for the victims of the Spaniards communicates itself irresistibly to the reader of "Westward Ho!" even to-day, how could he have brought himself to ite about events so much nearer to his own time and heart? He f too intensely to work them successfully into fiction. He c l w of the Crimean War, deeply as its mingled glory and d r l him, but he could as soon have founded a novel on the t y his y brother's death on board the fever-stricken ship in Torr aits the woes of the women and children whose blood see d f t blot heaven itself from his view. And thus the ld for some years to his disciple (so named by the public, t by t , the author of the book which we have just be d i g. It probable that other novels dealing with the ; re

during the sixties, but they have not survived to our day, and the next writer on our list is Charles Kingsley's brother Henry, that erratic genius and most unequal of novelists. "Stretton" was published in 1869, when its author was approaching the sad period of decay in which his powers were ultimately to flicker out; but the part of the book which is laid in India shows no signs of failing strength.

It was characteristic of Henry Kingsley's genius that his insight into life and character was not an abiding quality. It came in flashes, and the labor of connecting these isolated visions into a coherent whole became more and more severe as the years rolled on. In his earlier works the joints are managed neatly, while in the books written towards the close of his life the flashes of insight are few and far between, and the intervening gaps are filled in with irrelevant matter, with absurdity, sometimes even with buffoonery. From patchwork of this kind the latter part, at any rate, of "Stretton" is almost entirely free, although we perceive the signs of the approaching end in the author's pathetic confession at the conclusion that the characters, dear as they had been to him, had passed into Shadowland for ever, leaving with him only the hero of one of his earlier novels and the heroine of another. And yet the characters in this particular book are worthy of a better fate. We must confess to preferring Jim Mordaunt above even the author's favorite Charles Ravenshoe, and some of the subsidiary personages, notably Miss Eleanor and her Dean, live in the mind as types. It is useless to deny that as a work of information "Stretton" is not faultless, although there are signs that the writer relied largely for his facts on Sir G. O. Trevelyan's monograph, "Cawnpore," which for some occult reason was described the other day as a "story" by one of the literary papers. As a picture of life in a world of Henry Kingsley's own it might pass, but we fail to recognize in it either the England or the India that we know. "Fantastic" as the Mutiny time may have been, in the author's own phrase, we can scarcely accept the Rajah and the Nawab, or even Eddy Evans and the unfortunate Allan, as possible, or indeed probable, characters. But after all, what a grand book it is! We see the scenes as the author saw them, in the vivid touches of color which he loved,—Roland in his scarlet and gold, riding at the head of his troop into the dusky mass of mutinous sepoys; the Rajah in his green and gold and white, waving the blood-stained handkerchief at the English officers as he leaves the messroom; dandy little Eddy stepping out into the sunshine bareheaded in his white-and-blue uniform, carrying the flag of truce. Many episodes also there are which stand out boldly in the memory,—the gathering in the anteroom of the Secretary for War before Roland's departure for India, the story of the faithful moonshee who lost his life on account of his services to the English, the night of horror on which the Mutiny broke out at Belpore. The earlier chapters of the book may, and we fear must

sink into oblivion, but no one who has read the latter portion can altogether forget it.

If Henry Kingsley trusted chiefly to his vivid imagination for local color when he wrote "Stretton," the same cannot be said of Colonel Meadows Taylor, whose novel of the Mutiny, "Seeta," appeared in 1872. The reputation of the author and his extensive knowledge of the country of which he writes give us a pleasant feeling of security,—a confidence that whatever information we may pick up from him (with the exception of his barbarous method of spelling native names) is so much clear gain. A distinct novelty is introduced in this case by his selection of a heroine. Cyril Brandon, an ideal official, marries Seeta, a lovely Hindu widow, according to native rites, and introduces her into the society of the station of Noorpoor. Her reception by the station ladies is described at some length, as are the difficulties encountered by Brandon from his English relatives, his superior officers, and the heads of the caste to which his wife belongs. There is a villain in the form of an ex-sepoy named Azrael Pandé, whose life is proof against all attempts to kill him, and this man, as well as a rebellious native prince, is in love with Seeta. When the Mutiny breaks out, the Brandons with their friends seek refuge in the fort at Noorpoor (Agra?), and Seeta dons male attire and rides and fights, as her Rajput ancestresses had done in their day, at her husband's side. The successive efforts of Azrael Pandé and the Nawab to obtain possession of her, either by force or treachery, are frustrated, and the reader is beginning to anticipate Seeta's conversion to Christianity, and a long and happy life for her with Brandon, when she is mortally wounded while giving the alarm during a sudden attack. This sudden and violent ending to Brandon's difficulties strikes us as akin to the action of the player who upsets the chess-board because he can see no way of winning; and our resentment is not disarmed by the hero's subsequent marriage, with the approval of all his relations, to the English girl in whom he had been mildly interested before making the acquaintance of Seeta.

Another book of the same kind—that is to say, written by a man who knows the country—is Sir George Chesney's "The Dilemma," published in 1876. The "dilemma" of the title is somewhat difficult to discover, as there are three, if not more, complications in the story to which that name might be given; but the history of Olivia Cunningham and her three lovers serves to introduce many interesting characters and events of the time. Yorke, the young subaltern who imagines himself beloved until he is undeceived by the lady's marriage to Colonel Falkland, an elderly Bayard, is a sympathetic character, and so is the colonel himself; but the best portrait in the book is that of Major Kirke, the dashing soldier of fortune whom Olivia marries after her husband has been reported dead in the relief of Mustaphabad

(Lucknow?). The trials into which this unscrupulous hero drags his unhappy wife grow deeper and deeper, until they are at once crowned and terminated by the reappearance of the unfortunate Falkland. Kirke, expelled from the army, has entered the service of the Pasha of Egypt, and Falkland, coming to England to obtain a distant glimpse of his wife, dies of the injuries he receives in saving her and her children from a burning house. Olivia, discovering the truth, dies mad, and thus what we take, on mature consideration, to be the dilemma from which the book is named is solved.

Passing over with merely a mention a vigorous work which appeared anonymously in 1883, called "In the Company's Service," and founded apparently on the experiences of a distinguished civilian who died only a year or two ago, we come to the writings of an author who is regarded by many well-qualified judges as the novelist *par excellence* of the Mutiny. It is scarcely necessary to say that we refer to Mr. R. E. Forrest, whose two books, "The Touchstone of Peril" and "Eight Days," are monuments of careful observation and detailed description. If we may suggest a fault in his work, it is that it is too full of these excellent qualities. A panoramic survey of the whole condition of Indian and Anglo-Indian life at the time, after the manner of the famous first chapter of Macaulay's History, makes each book rather a collection of *mémoires pour servir* than a novel proper. Mr. Forrest must note down every circumstance in the environment of his characters, and in this excess of background there is some danger of forgetting the story. Still, this is a fault on the right side, due, as we believe, to the eagerness of an eye-witness of the events he describes to furnish others with all the data possessed by himself, and to explain everything that is capable of explanation. But there is one crime which we cannot forgive to Mr. Forrest, and that is the ruthless massacre in the court-yard of the palace at Khizrabad of all the most interesting characters in "Eight Days," under the cruel eyes of the Sikunder Begum. After the defense of the bank, after Philip Lennox's furious ride through the city, after the hopes and fears and hairbreadth escapes of the day, to end all at one blow in this way! It may be very like life, but it is very bad art.

Our next book is something of a novelty, in that it is the work of a lady, and (although we would by no means imply that this is a necessary consequence) written from a feminine point of view. We have no quarrel with those who raise the cry of "Justice to Women!" indeed, in our humble way, we sympathize with them to a very considerable extent, but we have a rooted objection to finding their watchwords and battle-shouts scattered over the pages of a story. If they played an important part in the development of the plot, we could say nothing, but so far as we can see they have no such office to perform in Maxwell Gray's "In the Heart of the Storm." The young soldier's

escape from captivity and journey through hostile country in disguise with the beautiful girl whose acquaintance he had made at home would have thrilled us quite as much without those extraneous additions. That Ada, after her experiences, should be moved to pity by the lives of Hindu and Mohammedan women is natural enough; but in our opinion a very delightful story comes perilously near being spoiled by the way in which she, and the author also, extend their indignant sympathy at unnecessary moments to the women of the West.

Spoiled again, but in a different way, is Mr. Hume Nisbet's "The Queen's Desire." Hitherto the vanquished cause in the great struggle has stood almost alone in history, in that it found no Cato to please. But the Cato has appeared at last, and come to judgment, bringing with him a plentiful store of rhetoric, principally in the forms known as *argumentum ad hominem* and *tu quoque*. We hesitate to say that Mr. Nisbet shares the idiosyncrasy of an eminent living politician, who is popularly supposed to favor every nation but his own; but we cannot acquit him of holding another opinion with which that venerable statesman is credited, that Englishmen and the English people generally are only estimable, or even tolerable, when they have just suffered heavily under humbling dispensations of Providence. Anglo-Indian society is, and no doubt always has been, very far from being an assemblage of immaculate angels, unfortunately; but we refuse to believe that in 1857 all its members were either unscrupulous fanatics or avaricious flirts and lady-killers, as he would fain assure us. That some men, perhaps many, were roused by the clarion of the Mutiny from lives of inglorious ease or foolish, and worse than foolish, love-making, we know; but we know also that the chief of those to whom England looked, and not in vain, at that dark hour, only exhibited in the red glare of danger the self-sacrifice and the devotion to duty which had been their daily rule for years. To touch on a minor point, we feel bound to protest against the introduction of the Nana Sahib at the beginning of the story, merely in order that a couple of chapters may be devoted later on to the tragedy of Cawnpore, with which none of the real characters have anything to do.

The fault of want of patriotism cannot be alleged against Mr. Muddock, who has contributed two novels to the flood of Mutiny literature which has marked the last three or four years. Nor, indeed, can lack of knowledge of the subject, since he informs us that, like Mr. Forrest, he was in India during the period of which he treats. And yet he seems to have forgotten some of his Indian lore, for to make a devout Brahmin like the Nana Sahib exclaim, "By the beard of Mahomet!" is a serious slip; while we must demur to the spelling Zeenit Mehal, used for the name of the faithful ayah in "The Great White Hand." Zinat Mahal is probably intended, and Mr. Muddock is quite at liberty to spell it Zeenut if he pleases, but the rendering

which actually appears throughout the book is an awful warning against carelessness in proof-reading. Like those of its predecessor, "The Star of Fortune," the characters in "The Great White Hand" are dwellers at Meerut, but in the second book they are involved in the more ghastly tragedy of Cawnpore. There is abundance of incident in both books, especially in the later one, characters which ought to be sympathetic, and a fine enthusiasm for deeds of daring, and yet they are not satisfying as literature. This fact we attribute to two causes,—a lack of the sense of humor, which occasionally brings situations intended to be sublime perilously near to the ridiculous, and a lack of style, not of fine writing, there is plenty of that, but of a certain smoothness which should link the different moods of a book into a connected whole.

The story of Cawnpore figures again, in a modified form, in Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's novel, "A London Legend," in which the culminating point is the attempted murder of the son of one of the English victors by the son of one of the vanquished prisoners whose crimes were avenged in the place where they were committed. The facts on which the episode is founded attracted a good deal of attention some time ago, when the son of General Neil, to whom the stern duty fell of wreaking vengeance on the murderers of women and children, was assassinated by a relative of one of the condemned men, who suffered, as he alleged, unjustly.

Turning to somewhat lighter themes, we may congratulate the young people of to-day on the fare provided for them by some of their favorite writers who have elected to describe the Mutiny for their benefit. Time was when almost the only mention of the Mutiny in children's fiction was to be found in a short story by Madame de Witt in the "French Reader," but now it is far otherwise. There is Mrs. Field's "Bryda," giving a wonderfully complete picture of the time from the necessarily limited stand-point of a child, and "The Story of Sonny Sahib," by Mrs. Everard Cotes, better known as Sara Jeannette Duncan,—a little gem of a book in every respect, with only one fault, that it is all too short. Leaving out of sight M. Jules Verne's "Tiger of Cawnpore," which has the merit of providing a suitable ending for the Nana Sahib, we find that for older boys and girls there is Mr. Manville Fenn's "Gil the Gunner," a story with no lack of exciting incidents, but suffering from the drawback of a hero of a type peculiar, we believe, to Mr. Fenn's tales for boys, who can only be fitly described by the epithet cantankerous. It is scarcely necessary to remark that Mr. Henty, that other veteran favorite of young England, does not handicap himself in this way when writing for his "dear lads." The two brothers of "In Times of Peril," soldier and sailor respectively, perform deeds of valor, instruct their elders, outwit the enemy, and gain promotion in a miraculously short time, after the manner

which endears Mr. Henty to all his youthful readers, and, wonderful to relate, their manifold successes arouse no hostility in the minds of those who behold them.

To those who read through "In Times of Peril" again and again in their school-days, it must have caused a delightful thrill to behold on their tables a three-volume novel bearing Mr. Henty's name, and treating of the Mutiny. In the matter of adventures and wonderful escapes, the author's hand has lost none of its cunning; but, strange to relate, he has chosen for himself a hero who labors under the serious disadvantage, for one in his stirring circumstances, of becoming paralyzed with fear at the sound of the discharge of fire-arms. True, the paralysis is physical and hereditary, but none the less does it expose its victim to misconception. Can it be that Mr. Henty, tired of finding himself carped at for always choosing an astonishingly brave, muscular, high-principled, and appallingly ingenious youth as the central figure of his stories, resolved to pay back his critics in their own coin, and—in order not to punish the boys for the sins of their elders—has thrust upon us the unfortunate Ralph Bathurst as the hero of "Rujub the Juggler"? It is difficult even for the reader to remain in sympathy with this luckless young man when his peculiar malady has overpowered him several times at the most critical moments, and we really cannot wonder that it creates a breach, which threatens to be permanent, between himself and the heroine. It is obvious that he can only regain her favor by some display of gallantry such as seems impossible to him, and we feel a distinct relief when the supernatural comes to his aid in the forms of a mesmerist and a dreamer of dreams, the juggler of the title and his daughter. How they assist Bathurst to rescue Isobel cannot be told here; but the feat has this additional advantage, that in performing it Ralph is finally cured of his malady. On the whole, we are inclined to think that he escapes much more lightly than the heroine, on whom—to punish her for doubting him, as we suppose—is laid a particularly cruel trial. Carried off to the zenana of the inevitable Nana Sahib, she has no hope of escape until Bathurst, through the medium of the juggler's daughter, conveys to her a store of lunar caustic and nitric acid, with instructions to apply them to her face. This she does with such hearty good-will as to disfigure herself for the time in a most ghastly manner, and to produce scars which will probably be visible all her life. Naturally this has the result of banishing her from the palace to the prison, whence she is rescued by Ralph.

If the method by which Isobel obtains her release is somewhat unpleasant reading for the public of to-day, it illustrates the truth that there were many women at that time who did not shrink from any expedient, however harrowing to flesh and blood, for preserving their honor or their faith. That there were some few who gave way under

the awful trial the history of those days records, and we find one of them introduced into Mrs. Croker's romance of a hill-station,—"Mr. Jervis." So far as our recollection goes, fiction has few more pathetic figures than this renegade English woman, forced to regret for nearly forty years the step by which she had prolonged her miserable life, isolated from her countrymen, lost to her friends, a traitor to her religion, noting with a dreadful mirth the monument which her husband, who had married again, had raised to her memory as one of those massacred. There were many lives ruined by the Mutiny, but the saddest by far were those of the men and women who had ruined them by their own fault.

It is of such a life that Mr. Merriman treats in his latest novel, "Flotsam." We approach this book with some hesitation, for we are conscious that it has disappointed us, and disappointment is apt to make the critic unjust. When first the news reached us that Mr. Merriman's forthcoming work would deal with the Mutiny, our thought was, "Now we shall have *the* novel of the Mutiny at last!" But "Flotsam" has come, and, alas! *the* novel of the mutiny has not. This may be—we are inclined to think it must be—the fault of the plan which the author proposed to himself, the study of a life, with the Mutiny as one of its episodes. But the Mutiny declines to be treated satisfactorily in such a spirit, and the result is that the scenes depicting it so overpower the rest of the book that what comes before seems padding, and what comes after anticlimax. And yet it is not a long book,—in fact, it is far too short to deal adequately with its great subject. Is it too much to hope that some day Mr. Merriman may perceive his error and set to work afresh, recasting this book, if necessary, and expanding it, but devoting all the enthusiasm and information he possesses to a larger and worthier canvas? That he does feel to the full the fascination of that heroic time, we know from such passages as this:

"There are some who would fain wipe the year 1857 out of the British calendar. A year truly of woe and distress and unspeakable horror; a year standing out prominently in great red letters so long as the world shall remember the English race. But we who now look back, standing as it were farther down the avenue of time, to those days receding fast into the perspective of history, can scarcely fail to recognize that the Indian Mutiny is a corner-stone of our race. . . . What of Neill and Hodson, of Ewart, of Cooper, who leaped alone through a breach into a stronghold where we killed two thousand; of Adrian Hope, the giant with the gentle smile and the terrible sword; of Nicholson, of Peel, of Inglis, of the clerk Kavanagh, who between sunset and dawn handed his name down to history; of Taylor, of Gubbins, the dauntless civilians; of Neville Chamberlain; of the thousand and one soldiers and civilians who sprang up, like mushrooms in a meadow, wheresoever the need came? What of these? They were English-

men, and 1857 told us that we had them. Assuredly we may reflect with pride that 1857 was added to our history, that these men were the contemporaries of our fathers, that the women who suffered and were strong, that the men who fought, were the fathers and mothers of some of us."

It is possible that a portion of our disappointment with Mr. Merriman's book arises out of his choice of a hero. That the novelist who has drawn those magnificent young men Wynyard Mistley and Jack Meredith, and the more solid, but no less satisfying, Guy Oscard and Paul Howard Alexis, should elect to depict as his central figure that hopelessly "good fellow" Harry Wylam, no one's enemy but his own, is a fall indeed. The most unkindest cut of all lies in the fact that beside him, to enhance his weaknesses and show up his follies, is placed Fred Marqueray, of the type that Mr. Merriman loves. We see too little of Marqueray to know him well. He glides through the pages "like a native," as poor Harry says, long, thin, inscrutable, a man without the passions and frailties of other men. One *faux pas* he does commit, and that of the most surprising nature, but it seems to have escaped the author's notice. We allude to the fact that when, by means of his expedition into Delhi, he has obtained proof of Lamond's treachery, and actually holds in his hand the document which convicts him of supplying information to the enemy, he takes no steps to prevent a repetition of the crime, nor even to cause him to be arrested on suspicion, but conceals his knowledge "for the sake of Englishmen," as Mr. Merriman says. That was all very well afterwards; but in the thick of the struggle before Delhi it might have meant the annihilation of the whole British force. Another doubtful point is the excitement displayed by Marqueray when, disguised as a fakir, he succeeds in penetrating into the city. It strikes us as unlikely, to say the least, that a man of such iron nerve and resolution should betray himself to so great an extent as to make even his unsuspecting guides ask him whether he had never been in Delhi before.

Nor is this the whole of our quarrel with Mr. Merriman. He has always been devoted to certain mannerisms, and they are growing upon him. He insists too much on the characteristics of his personages. How can we lose ourselves in the story when the author is always at our elbow, making unpleasant personal remarks about the characters? "You may do your best to believe that these people are real," he says; "but I will teach you that they are merely my puppets. Observe the quiet smile of this man, the flicker of that woman's eyelids, observe them carefully, for they shall be obtruded upon your attention at the most exciting moments of the story, simply to remind you that I am there." But perhaps Mr. Merriman's least agreeable characteristic is his habit of carping at women,—especially modern women,—which strikes the average man as rather smart at first, but soon palls. It is

the converse of Maxwell Gray's practice of attacking men, and equally uncalled for. Mr. Merriman may say that he only agrees with King Solomon. Setting aside the fact that King Solomon had enjoyed a considerably larger experience from which to generalize, we hold that it is as inartistic as it is unchivalrous to introduce these Mephistophelean sneers where they have no bearing on the plot. It is with diffidence that we venture to suggest a remedy which was once proved effectual in curing an obsession of somewhat similar character. When Mr. Dick, in "David Copperfield," found it impossible to keep the head of King Charles the First out of his law-copying, the difficulty was obviated by placing on a side-table the Memorial in which the unhappy monarch figured so conspicuously, in order that the copyist might simply cross the room and jot down in it any remarks on the subject that presented themselves imperiously to his mind. Has Mr. Merriman no early effort—scored, perhaps, by the blue pencil of some unsympathetic editor with the mystic letters D.w.t.—that he could sacrifice in this good cause? He might make it the dumping-ground for his cynicism on the subject of woman and of the present day, and thus effectually relieve his mind without spoiling his books.

But if it is a misfortune for an author to find himself doomed to drag the New Woman into all he writes, it is worse than a misfortune for a lady writer to be similarly oppressed by the sex question. We have just been reading the very latest of the Mutiny novels,—Mrs. Steel's newly published work, "On the Face of the Waters,"—which has been hailed by a high authority in the pages of a contemporary as *the* novel of the Mutiny. We have wondered mildly with the village-folk at the strange events which passed, chafed with the British troops in Meerut at their forced inaction on the fatal day when they might have saved Delhi, agonized with the helpless women and children penned into the great hostile city, and fumed on the Ridge with Nicholson,—and yet there is a nasty taste left behind! From this and Mrs. Steel's other books we gather that she has a new sex-philosophy of her own, which is to set right the relations between men and women. No doubt she knows what she means, and we hope the new philosophy may do all that it is intended to do, but we must confess that we have never yet been able to see what she is aiming at, and each successive book puzzles us more. At one moment the balance of evidence seems in favor of answering in the affirmative the question of the ladies' papers, "Is Romantic Love an Evil?" and arranging all marriages on common-sense principles. At another we incline to the idea that passion on the part of the man and indifference on that of the woman makes for the greatest happiness of the greatest number; while we think we cannot be mistaken in stating that a purely maternal affection in a woman is the only one likely to lead to the success of a marriage, and that there is no use, nor even advantage, in objecting to any number of "pasts"

in a man's life. We may be mistaken in these mutually contradictory deductions,—we may be grievously misrepresenting Mrs. Steel,—but if this is the case, we would humbly beg her to write a kind of guide-book or dictionary, to be used in company with her other works and to interpret them, saying what she really does mean. For it is this obtrusion of the sex-problem, and not the mingling of history and fiction, as she fears, that spoils her book.

To us, who from among the Philistines outside watch Mrs. Steel in uncomprehending awe, it seems as though she must live in a kind of fearful twilight,—not a twilight of the gods, by any means, but of fate, peopled with shapes of dread. She has an infinite pity for all suffering things,—a pity which is only increased when they have sunk too low to pity themselves,—and in her twilight she moves about with hushed footsteps, lifting a corner of a veil here, suggesting something there, but revealing—what? Nothing, we say, unless it be a soul of evil in things good. Sometimes, when she forgets herself, she can thrill us as few writers can, and we joy in the stern clash of arms or the greatness of a great man. There is something in life besides the sex-problem, we cry in delight; but turn the page, and hey, presto! we are in the twilight again, and longing to read "Marmion," or Macaulay's "Lays," or the Marriage Service of the Church of England from beginning to end, or plunge into a ferocious boys' story of pirates and red Indians, to escape from the clouds about us.

Mrs. Steel has had a great chance in this book, but truth compels us to state that in our opinion (no doubt we are old-fashioned) she has missed it. Her idea was an excellent one, and unlike Mr. Merriman, she allowed herself due space in which to work it out. Even now our blood kindles at the thought of certain passages,—of the English who live to make mistakes and die to retrieve them; of the one sepoy of the Seventy-fourth who was true to his salt in the evacuation of the Flagstaff Tower; of the women imprisoned in the palace dungeons who were offered their lives if they would embrace Mohammedanism, and all refused; of the grand figure of Nicholson, pitted against the despairing strength of the rebellion. The pitiful intrigues of the Mogul Court (it is interesting, by the bye, to learn that in their hours of social converse the queen and her slaves made and appreciated puns in English); the idyl of Abool-Bukr and the gentle Princess Farkhoonda, with its tragic ending; the destruction of the Arsenal; the attack on the Burn Bastion,—all these things remain, and yet in spite of them the book is not for all time, but only for an age. The age is not that of 1857, it is that of 1896, nourished on the controversies and discussions of the last four or five years. The average man did not in 1857 formulate for himself theories on the relation of the sexes in language borrowed from Scandinavia, and some of the words which pass between Kate Erlton and Douglas on their first meeting are sheer im-

possibilities at the date at which they are supposed to be uttered. An ordinary Englishwoman of 1857, destitute of the advantages to be gained from the study of Ibsen and of Hill-top novelists, would have shrunk from such thoughts, even had they occurred to her, as a deadly sin. It strikes us sometimes sadly enough, on comparing those days with our own, that our present advantages are not all clear gain. Oh, the pity of it, when we have got rid of so many of the old bogeys of conventionality which darkened the lives of women, to raise up another—this brooding horror of the sex-problem—to overshadow them again!

In this matter of tone, by the way, an excellent corrective to Mrs. Steel's book is to be found in H. C. Irwin's (the sex of the author is not indicated on the title-page) "A Man of Honor," which, curiously enough, deals also with the siege of Delhi, although the Mutiny serves only as the climax to a story of Indian frontier life. It is true that some readers might be inclined to call certain of the earlier chapters dull, and that the narrative as a whole is too obviously put together, and does not flow. But a cleaner book, and one more free from the trail of the sex-serpent, in spite of its *motif*, we scarcely remember to have read; indeed, its chief drawback is that the hero is somewhat too bright and good for human nature's daily food, and that the reason for his great sacrifice appears to coarser minds a little inadequate. But if, as it seems, "A Man of Honor" is a first book, it is full of promise, and displays a knowledge of life at the edge of the empire which ought to be turned to good account in the future. If we might venture to offer a word of advice to the author, we would say this: Be more careful on another occasion to work in your information with your story, instead of presenting the two elements in alternate patches, and do not again endow your hero so richly with all the cardinal virtues as to leave none over for your heroine; but do not lose hold of your idealism, for we need more such idealists as you. We can learn all that we desire of the wickedness of the world from the fiction of the day; be it yours to show us some of the good that is left in it. Better Jim Purefoy dying in the Tarai jungle, happy in the idea that he had effected the capture of the Nana, than Jim Douglas linking his damaged heart—either for pity or for no particular reason, apparently—with the battered affections, such as they were, of Kate Erlton.

From these remarks it will be clear that, *pace* Mr. Lockwood Kipling and the *New Review* we feel that *the* novel of the Mutiny is still to be written. We do not pretend to offer any advice to him who shall write it, but we can warn him of one or two pitfalls to be avoided. There are the stock characters,—the bad young man, officer or civilian, who kicks the native servant and insults him; the good young man, who rebukes his brother officer or civilian, and soothes the feelings of the servant; and the servant himself, who in his abounding gratitude

afterwards saves the good young man's life. An ungrateful servant would be a pleasing novelty. Then there is always the young lady just out from home, to whom everything has to be explained, and the spiteful young lady who has come out a season or two before her, and whom she outshines. We suppose that it is impossible to dispense with the services of the gallant colonel of a native regiment who is confident to the last in the loyalty of his men, and who perishes by the first shot fired by them when they mutiny; but we may suggest that it would be somewhat original for the regiment to remain loyal, since there were in reality some that did so. Then there are one or two stock scenes,—the meeting of disloyal natives, for instance, with local color *ad libitum* in the description of their costumes and conversation. If this scene must be written, for the satisfaction of the author's conscience, would it not be possible to omit it from the English edition of the book, and insert it only in that prepared for the Indian market? Thus both countries would be pleased. And, finally, may we beg most earnestly that the Nana Sahib may not again be introduced mingling in English society previous to the revolt? We are quite prepared by this time to admit that he did mingle in it, and that, while shining equally as host and guest, he exchanged disparaging and revengful remarks under his breath at every opportunity with Azim-Ullah Khan.

All these things will be taken as read in the ideal Mutiny novel, which will turn from trivialities to deal with the great facts of which we can never hear too much. We would not imply that it should be of so satisfying a character that no one who reads it will ever wish to read a book on the subject again; but that it should stand to the epoch of which it treats as "Westward Ho!" does to the age of Elizabeth, ever stimulating, ever refreshing. And to whom (although we have no desire to sow dissension between a noted father and a more noted son) should we look to write it but to the man on whom, more than on any other in this generation, the mantle of Charles Kingsley has fallen? When Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *magnum opus* appears, may it deal with the Mutiny, and may we be there to read it! He knows his India, he knows his British army, and—perhaps a greater achievement than either—he knows his Anglo-Indian in his habit as he lives. Nor is this all, for no sort or condition of men is alien to him, and he can see the good points in good people,—a much more difficult matter than seeing those of bad people. He can appreciate John Lawrence as well as John Nicholson, and sympathize—as who that remembers the description of the Highlanders calling upon their God in the watches of the night will deny—with Havelock and his Saints as well as with Hodson of Hodson's horse.

MR. BLAKELEY'S BOOMERANG.

As the good ship "Delaware" plowed through the uneasy waters of the Gulf she carried within her capacious bosom as happy a set of officers and men as could be found in any ship of the squadron. She was not one of the modern floating forts, where everything is given up to guns and machinery, but she was a ship in which solid comfort could be found. Her ample wardroom and berth-deck and the cabins of both the captain and admiral were large, and her state-rooms, for a man-of-war, were in proportion to the general surroundings. Her complement in the wardroom was twenty; in the steerage, ten, including the midshipmen, and she carried a crew of about three hundred and fifty men.

Admiral Hadley was a typical old-time sailor, making his last cruise before retirement, and doing what he could to leave pleasant memories of himself in the minds of his officers. Captain Barry was also a sea-dog whose greatest ambition seemed to be to have the smartest crew in the squadron in the matter of sending down top-gallant-yards at sundown; and when he was not ciphering out some scheme by which the time consumed in this operation could be reduced by two seconds, he contemplated the admiral taking his constitutional on the after part of the quarter-deck, and wondered how long a time would be left to him to wear the broad stripes and live in the after cabin, as the commander of a squadron.

Mr. Telver, the first lieutenant, had no time to think of anything but the ship, the watch, the quarter bills, and holystoning decks.

Admiral Hadley was a widower, with one son and one daughter. The son was secretary to his father and lived with him in the after cabin, where there were ample accommodations for three persons, if necessary. Dick Hadley was a general favorite with the officers, and spent the most of his time in the wardroom, where, of course, he was always welcome, not only on his own account, but from the fact that he was the son of the admiral.

The "Delaware" was the flag-ship on the West India station, and had just returned to her cruising ground from a trip to the north, where she had undergone refitting and repairs to her machinery. When the admiral was in Washington, pending refitting, his daughter had

begged him to take her with him on his return to the ship. The young lady, having no mother, had been living in Washington with her aunt. The admiral was very fond of her, but, without the permission of the Department, he was not at liberty to take her with him on the ship for an extended stay. Miss Maggie, however, had made up her mind that she was going, and to her father's request she added the influence of other persons whose wishes it was well to consider. The result was, of course, that the desired permission was granted, and when the admiral again joined the ship, prior to her departure for southern waters, he brought with him Miss Maggie, equipped for a ten months' cruise. The young lady was about nineteen years old and very pretty, and in a week she had all the officers very fairly under control. She had soft blue eyes which matched perfectly her light-brown hair, and she knew how to use those eyes. Her figure was somewhat above the ordinary height and well proportioned, and she stepped like a racer. We soon discovered that what Miss Maggie said was law, in the after cabin, and so, of course, we all cultivated the law-maker.

The two handsomest fellows in the mess were lieutenants Blakeley and Harold. Blakeley was the senior and was generally liked by his messmates, though he was of a somewhat retiring disposition and spent the most of his spare time with his books. He was tall and always neat and clean in his dress, spoke three languages, and spoke well in all of them. Harold was his opposite in disposition and was sunshine always. He was the first to prepare the dancing lists; to arrange the boat-races and pull the stroke-oar himself, and he never looked at a book if he could help it, though he was a good sailor and a good officer. He was a favorite with both officers and men, and believed in making the most of every opportunity for a good time, but in an innocent way. As he was only twenty-four years old, and this was his first cruise as a lieutenant, he may be excused.

Now, given the proposition,—two handsome young men and one pretty girl, thrown constantly in each other's society, by night and by day,—what is the result? There is but one answer, and there has been but one answer since the beginning of time,—Trouble.

In the mess, for three months after we sailed, we could not definitely make up our minds which was the favored one, Blakeley or Harold. Indeed, at one time we almost reached the conclusion that when the crisis came, as come it must, both of them would go by the board. We used to make bets quietly among ourselves as to the number of smiles each would get on the following day, but as this character of bet gradually assumed the proportions of plunging, we came to confine our bets to the question as to which of the two (Blakeley or Harold) would get the greatest number, during any given twenty-four hours. Part of the duty of the officer of the deck for the time being was to note, during his watch, the smiles bestowed and keep

tally of them, so that the bets as laid could be properly decided. We never intimated to either Blakeley or Harold what we were doing, though they must have known that something was going on. In their respective mental conditions, however, it made no difference to them, and they made no inquiries.

In the inception of the affair the relations between the two men had not been seriously disturbed, but as time went on and the matter assumed such shape as to unquestionably show that the field was open to these two only, and that one or the other must go down, the men began to draw apart, and when it was pretty well settled that Harold was the favored one, they spoke to each other only when their official duties compelled them to do so. In the mess we all regretted this state of affairs, but there was no help for it.

On the evening of December 10, 187–, the "Delaware" was bowling along under easy sail off the southern coast of Jamaica, and Blakeley and Dr. Burney, the fleet surgeon, were sitting forward on the gun-deck smoking their after-dinner pipes. "Doctor," said Blakeley, "do you believe in mesmerism?"

"What do you mean by believing in it?" said the doctor.

"I mean do you really think it possible that one man can so influence another as to make him do as he is directed, either without being conscious of his actions or against his will?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "I have heard of such cases, and some of them were pretty well authenticated. I have had but little personal experience, and I would not like, therefore, to give a positive opinion. There is, however, no doubt in my mind that some persons are very susceptible to the influence of others, but whether that susceptibility is what is called mesmerism or hypnotism, or is attributable to some other cause, I do not pretend to say. Indeed, the only illustration I ever saw was in the case of a young fellow who was a student at college with me. He was particularly susceptible, and one of the professors could put him to sleep merely by waving his handkerchief in front of his face. I never knew him to be able to make the subject do anything in particular, nor do I know that he ever tried. It is possible, however, that if the experiment had been carried further, it might have resulted as you suggest."

"Was this young man of whom you speak aware, at the time the professor commenced operations, of what his purpose was?"

"Oh, yes," answered the doctor. "The first experiment was tried with the full acquiescence of the subject; but, in the end, his volition had nothing to do with it, as the professor could do the trick without consulting him at all, and, indeed, once succeeded in putting him to sleep against his will."

"Well, doctor, did the subject know, when he regained consciousness, after the experiment, that he had been under the influence?"

"As I remenber, he did not. The interval was a blank to him. But what started you on this subject?"

"I was reading a book on the subject the other day," said Blakeley, "and some of the theories advanced rather surprised me; so I thought I would ask if you had ever looked into it, in the course of your reading."

The conversation turned into other channels, and after the doctor went below Blakeley sat for an hour or more thinking.

On the night of December 15, Blakeley had the first watch, Lieutenant Cutter the middle watch, and Harold, the morning watch. At ten minutes of four, on the morning of the 16th, Cutter called to the quartermaster, "Quartermaster, go below and let Mr. Harold know that it is ten minutes to eight bells." The quartermaster took his lantern and started below to the wardroom. The first state-room on the starboard side was that of the first lieutenant, the next that of the navigator, the third was Blakeley's, and the sixth was Harold's. As the quartermaster stepped from the ladder to the deck, some one hastily disappeared into Blakeley's room, in which, however, there was no light. Harold was with great difficulty wakened, and said, "All right;" but when the quartermaster returned to the spar-deck he said to Mr. Cutter that he never had such a time to wake a man in his life as he had with Mr. Harold.

As eight bells struck Harold stepped out onto the spar-deck, and Cutter, who was waiting for him at the horse-block, with the log-book in front of him, heard him coming, and, without turning his head, said, "Harold, the morning orders are to keep this course as long as the wind holds, and should it shift——" As he spoke he turned towards Harold, who was standing beside him, and exclaimed, "Why, what's the matter, my boy? Are you sick?"

"Sick? No," answered Harold. "I'm all right."

Cutter looked at him again and made up his mind that he was not all right. There was something wrong with him, but what it was he could not tell. He was either drunk or he was a very sick man. His body swayed from side to side, his mouth worked involuntarily, and his eyes had a glazed look, which Cutter had never seen in them before. "I believe you have the fever," said Cutter, and you can't take this watch, for you are a sick man. I'll send for your relief, Benton. Here, quartermaster, tell Mr. Benton that he will have to take the morning watch and be quick about it."

Harold still stood alongside of the horse-block, making no attempt to either speak or move. He seemed almost incapable of action. Cutter took another look at him and said, "Harold, you go below and get into your bunk. You're a subject for the sick-list in the morning." Still Harold did not move and Cutter took hold of him and shook him, calling to the quartermaster to take Mr. Harold by the arm and lead

him below. The man obeyed, and saw Mr. Harold in his bunk, dressed just as he was when he came on deck. Benton soon came up and asked what was the matter. "I don't know," said Cutter. "All I can say is that Harold came on deck to relieve me, but he was in such a dazed condition, with fever I think, that he wasn't fit for duty, so I sent him below and had you called as the next relief. When the first lieutenant comes on deck, let him know why you are here instead of Harold, and I will explain further after breakfast." As he spoke Cutter went below and turned in.

Mr. Telver, before breakfast, had learned of the change of reliefs and had directed the assistant surgeon, Dr. Gray, to take a look at Harold. The doctor stepped into Harold's room and found him sitting up in his bunk, looking at his watch in a confused sort of way. "Well, old man, how are you this morning," said the doctor. "How am I," said Harold; "that's what I am trying to find out. How is it that I am not on deck. It was my morning watch, and here I am in bed. What's the matter?"

"Let me get a good look at you," said the doctor, as he took a searching glance at him. "Don't you remember what happened last night?"

"No," said Harold. "What did happen?"

"Have you no recollection of going on deck and being sent below again?"

"No," said Harold. "I only recollect going to bed at ten o'clock and then waking up a few minutes ago. What's the matter, Doc? What's all this mystery about?"

"Well, my boy, you ought to know better than anybody else. How many drinks had you had when you turned in last night?"

"Now, look here, doctor," said Harold, getting out of the bunk, "this is going a little too far. Do you mean to say that I am supposed to have been drunk and unfit for duty?"

"I don't say anything at all," responded the doctor, "except that it was very difficult to wake you last night; that you did at last get on deck, but were in such a condition as to make it unsafe to leave you in charge; that Benton was called in your place, and that you were sent below and turned in just as you are at this minute, with part of your clothes on. Now, have you no recollection of any of this?"

"I give you my word, doctor, that I have not the slightest recollection of a single incident you mention, and I say, upon my honor, that I have not touched a drop of liquor for a week."

The doctor seemed very much puzzled, and then said, "Wait a minute." He went out of the room and over to that of Dr. Burney, and soon returned with the older doctor.

"Harold," said Dr. Burney, "from what Dr. Gray tells me, we think that you have a touch of the fever, and we are going to put

you on the sick-list for the present. So you can just turn in again and I will see you in about an hour. Now, there's no use in talking about it; you are on the list, and that's the whole of it."

The doctors then left the room, but neither of them during the day seemed to care about talking of Harold's illness. Under the circumstances none of the mess had any comment to make, except Blakeley, who intimated that even doctors sometimes made mistakes and that they had been known to use the sick-list in cases where the patient ought more properly to be under arrest. If there had been wanting one incident to turn the wavering scale in the mess's feeling against Blakeley he furnished it by this remark. His object seemed to be to keep attention drawn to the fact that Harold was found incapacitated for duty under, to say the least, suspicious circumstances. His course was so radically different from that pursued by messmates generally that he came to be disliked by the whole wardroom.

Miss Maggie, of course, knew only that Harold was on the sick-list with a touch of fever, until Blakeley, in a conversation with her, intimated that there were other causes for a man's being on the list, and that the real cause did not appear, in this case, on the daily report. The remark was not understood by the young lady, who sent Dick to get for her the wardroom version, and when she heard it, Blakeley stock went clear out of sight forever.

The next day the doctors reported Harold as ready for duty.

On the morning of the 21st of December, at about seven o'clock, Miss Maggie stepped out of the after cabin for a walk before breakfast. In a short time she was joined by the admiral, and just before eight o'clock the captain also appeared, when the trio stood together on the after part of the quarter-deck, admiring the beautiful sky and sea. Benton had the morning watch and Harold was his relief. The bell had just struck eight after Benton's reporting to the captain, "Eight bells, sir, and chronometers wound," when there was some little commotion at the wardroom hatch, and Harold came out onto the spar-deck without his cap, with his coat unbuttoned, and his dress generally in disorder. His face was deadly pale and his eyes wore the glazed look of the drunkard. As he stepped upon the deck and started to walk aft, he staggered like a man in the stage of drunkenness immediately preceding utter collapse and helplessness. Miss Maggie put her hand to her mouth to suppress a scream; the admiral looked on in amazement, and the captain, walked quickly forward and taking Harold by the arm, turned him round and pointing to the hatch said, "Go below, sir. You are under arrest." Harold stared at him, swaying to and fro, but made no attempt to obey. "Go below, sir, at once," repeated the captain. "Quartermaster, help this man below. Mr. Benton, tell the first lieutenant that I want to see him on deck immediately."

He had hardly given these instructions when Mr. Telver came

hurrying on deck. "Mr. Telver, sir, what does this mean?" said the captain. "This is the most disgraceful scene I have ever witnessed on the deck of a government ship. Why was Mr. Harold permitted to come on deck in such a condition, sir?"

"I assure you, sir," said Mr. Telver, "that I knew nothing of it until I heard the loud talk of Mr. Harold as he was about to leave the berth-deck. I hurried on my clothes as fast as I could, but not in time to stop him."

"Well, sir, I have placed him under arrest," said the captain. "He is not to come above the gun-deck, and should he be at all violent you will place a sentry at his door. Send the doctor to him at once and see what can be done in the way of getting him sober." As he gave these orders in his usual loud tone, the captain took hold of Mr. Telver's arm and whispered to him, "I'm afraid, Telver, that it means a court-martial. The admiral was on deck and saw the whole thing. He's such a nice young fellow, too. Too bad! too bad!"

Harold was led below by the quartermaster to his room, where he sat looking round him with a vacant stare, when both the doctors came in. "Now, Gray," said Dr. Burney, "let's get him undressed and into his bunk as soon as possible. There's something more than a drunk in this (if there's any drunk at all in it), and I want to make a fair examination of him." So the doctors undressed Harold and put him to bed, after having put him through an examination as rigid as if he were a candidate for enlistment. When Harold was at last permitted to lie quietly in his bunk, Dr. Burney put his hand on the patient's forehead and smoothed his hair as gently as a woman would and passed his hand over Harold's eyes so as to close the lids. In a few minutes Harold was apparently asleep, and the doctors left the room and went to that of Dr. Burney. "Gray," said the elder doctor, "I don't see that there is any occasion to put Mr. Harold on the list just at this time, and I am very glad of it, for to tell the truth I don't know exactly what to call his trouble. What is your view?"

"I would like time to think it over," said Dr. Gray; "but I admit that at the present time I am as much at a loss to give it a name as you are. I believe, however, that it is only temporary, and that within twenty-four hours he will be all right again. It's just like the first attack, though more severe."

So Harold was not placed on the sick-list, which fact left in our minds the impression that the doctors had come to the conclusion that he was drunk and not fairly sick. We were all surprised, for none of us knew of any predilection for liquor on his part, nor had any of us ever seen him under the influence. The mystery of the night of the 15th was of course revived, and when the first lieutenant, during the day, let out the fact that the captain was going to prefer charges against Harold for drunkenness, we felt that there was no hope for him if he

came to trial. How could he get away from the overpowering evidence which would be brought against him?

Sympathy found expression from every man in the mess except Blakeley, who only sneered and said, "It looks as if the sick-list was not a safe refuge for him this time."

Harold remained under arrest until we reached Key West, about the first week in January, and then the captain formally preferred charges against him, and the admiral ordered a general court-martial to convene at ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th instant, "for the trial of Lieutenant J. P. Harold and such other persons as should be brought before it."

There were three other vessels in the harbor at this time, and from their officers the court was selected, composed of three commanders, two lieutenant-commanders, and four lieutenants, all senior to Harold. The judge-advocate was a first lieutenant of marines.

At the time appointed the court met, in the old storehouse at Key West. At the head of the table sat the president, and ranged upon each side of him down the long table sat the members of the court, alternately right and left according to rank. At the foot sat the judge-advocate. To his right and rear was the chair for the accused, while upon his left and rear was the chair for the witness.

The court having assembled, the president, addressing the judge-advocate, said, "The accused will be introduced." The judge-advocate, turning to the orderly detailed for duty with the court, said, "Orderly, say to Mr. Harold that the court desires him to come in."

In a minute or two Harold, who had been waiting in the office below, came in, bowed to the court, and stood beside the judge-advocate.

"Mr. Harold," said the president, "do you desire to have the assistance of counsel in this matter?"

"I do, sir," answered Harold; "and, with the permission of the court, I would name Dr. Herron, of the 'Susquehanna,' as my counsel."

"Gentleman," said the president, turning to the members, "if there is no objection, Dr. Herron will be permitted to act as counsel."

There being no objection, the president said, "Dr. Herron will be permitted to act as counsel. Let him come in."

The orderly disappeared again and Dr. Herron entered, shook hands with Harold, bowed to the court, and stood beside the chair which he was to occupy. Dr. Herron was a little nervous-looking man, with coal-black eyes and hair. He was young in the service and ranked as assistant surgeon. He was an ardent lover of his profession and everything pertaining to it, and he had already acquired quite a reputation in the service for his scientific attainments. He was a progressive man in every sense of the word, a great reader, and always experimenting in some direction. No channel or source of information was

deemed by him too insignificant to explore, provided it gave promise of a return, however small.

The judge-advocate now read the order convening the court, as well as the order to himself to report to the president as judge-advocate. At the conclusion of the reading, addressing Harold, he said, "Mr. Harold, you have heard the order convening the court. Have you any objection to offer to any member?"

"None, sir," answered Harold.

The president then swore the judge-advocate, and the judge-advocate swore the members, after which the court, the accused, the counsel, and the judge-advocate all seated themselves.

The judge-advocate now arose and, addressing the court, said, "Gentlemen, I will now read the charges and specifications preferred by Captain William Barry, United States navy, against Lieutenant J. P. Harold. 'Charge first, drunkenness on duty. Specification, in this, that on or about the twenty-first day of December, 187–, J. P. Harold, a lieutenant in the United States navy, being then and there on duty on board the United States ship "Delaware," when relieving Lieutenant S. W. Cutter as officer of the deck, was drunk and incapacitated, by reason of such drunkenness, from performing his duty as an officer of the navy.' Mr. Harold, how do you plead to the charge?"

"Not guilty, sir."

"And how do you plead to the specification?"

"Not guilty, sir."

"'Charge second,'" went on the judge-advocate, "'Scandalous conduct tending to the destruction of good morals. Specification, in this, that on or about the twenty-first day of December, 187–, J. P. Harold, a lieutenant in the United States navy, being then and there on duty on board the United States ship "Delaware," when relieving Lieutenant S. W. Cutter as officer of the deck, was drunk and incapacitated, by reason of such drunkenness, from performing his duty as an officer of the navy.' Mr. Harold, how do you plead to the charge?"

"Not guilty, sir."

"And how do you plead to the specification?"

"Not guilty, sir."

"'Charge third,'" continued the judge-advocate, "'Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Specification, in this, that on or about the twenty-first day of December, 187–, J. P. Harold, a lieutenant in the United States navy, being then and there on duty on board the United States ship "Delaware," when relieving Lieutenant S. W. Cutter as officer of the deck, was drunk and incapacitated, by reason of such drunkenness, from performing his duty as an officer of the navy.' Mr. Harold, how do you plead to the charge?"

"Not guilty, sir."

"And how do you plead to the specification?"

"Not guilty, sir."

The judge-advocate noted the answers to the several questions, and then, addressing the court, said, "Mr. President and gentlemen of the court, it is not my purpose to make any lengthy address in the opening of this case. The witnesses to be called by the prosecution are numerous, and I shall consume no time in stating the purport of their testimony, which will be direct and unequivocal. Orderly, call Lieutenant Cutter."

Cutter came forward from the side of the room and took the Bible in his hand. The president rose and administered the oath to him, and the judge-advocate began his examination.

"Mr. Cutter, will you please state to the court your name and rank?"

"S. W. Cutter, lieutenant, United States navy."

"On what duty are you now detailed?"

"Watch officer on the United States ship 'Delaware.'"

"Where and on what duty were you on the morning of the twenty-first of December last?"

"I was watch officer on the 'Delaware,' at sea."

"Are you acquainted with the accused, here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who and what is he?"

"J. P. Harold, lieutenant, United States navy."

"Did you see him on the morning of the twenty-first day of December last, and, if yes, state to the court the circumstances under which you saw him and what occurred?"

"I was watch officer on the 'Delaware' at that time, and my relief was Mr. Harold. At about twenty minutes to eight, I sent word to him that it was nearly eight bells, and just about the time eight bells struck he came onto the quarter-deck to relieve me." Here Cutter stopped as if he had said all that he wanted to say.

"Well, sir," said the judge-advocate, "did he relieve you?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"The captain was on deck at the time and ordered him below, and told me to send for another relief."

"Why did the captain not permit Mr. Harold to take the deck if he was your proper relief?"

"I never ask for the captain's reasons, sir. I simply obey his orders."

"Mr. Cutter, what was Mr. Harold's condition when he came on deck?"

"He was much excited, I should say."

"Was he drunk?"

"I couldn't swear to that."

"Did he act like a drunken man?"

"Well, he acted as I have seen some drunken men act, but I could not swear that he was drunk."

"Mr. Cutter," said the president, "I am aware of the fact that drunkenness is more of a condition than a fact, and that we cannot always be certain of the causes which lead men to act in certain ways or do certain things. What we desire to know from you is this, Do you believe that Mr. Harold was under the influence of liquor, and to a very considerable extent, when he came on deck to relieve you on that morning?"

"I can answer the question, sir, in only one way, with all respect to the court," said Cutter. "I don't know that Mr. Harold was drunk. I only know that his action and manner were very different from his usual action and manner, but what induced the change I cannot say. I have never seen him under the influence of liquor, and to this fact may be due in some part my reluctance to attribute his condition to that cause on that morning."

The judge-advocate seemed puzzled for a time, but at last said, "Mr. Harold, do you desire to cross-examine this witness?"

"No, sir," answered Harold.

"Mr. Cutter, that will do for the present. Orderly, call Captain Barry."

The orderly went out and came in preceded by Captain Barry, who, after being sworn by the president, took his seat in the witness chair.

"Captain Barry," said the judge-advocate, after the usual questions identifying the witness had been answered, "were you on the deck of the 'Delaware' on the morning of the twenty-first of December, and did you see the accused there? If yes, please state to the court what occurred?"

"I was on deck just abreast the cabin hatch, on that morning, with the admiral and his daughter. Eight bells had just struck when Mr. Harold came suddenly from the wardroom hatch and started aft. He had no cap on his head; his clothes were only about half on him, and he swayed and staggered as he walked. I could scarcely believe my eyes. As he came up to the horse-block where the officer of the deck was standing, I went forward and got a good look at him. While his face was not red or flushed, as is usual in cases of drunkenness, yet his eyes, his expression, his manner, his dress, and the unmistakable stagger were all indicative of a man far gone in liquor. I ordered him below under arrest, but he didn't seem to comprehend the order, and I had some one take him by the arm and lead him down the ladder."

"Have you any doubt in your mind of the cause of the condition of Mr. Harold on that occasion?"

"None whatever, sir. I have given men bread and water in the brig who were not half as drunk as Mr. Harold was."

"Cross-examine," said the judge-advocate.

Dr. Herron wrote but one question on a little slip of paper and handed it to Harold, who handed it to the judge-advocate, who read it to himself and then put it to the witness. "Have you ever before seen me under the influence of liquor?"

"Never," answered the witness. "And I desire to say, even now, that if I could find any reason to attribute the condition of Mr. Harold to any cause other than liquor I would be only too glad to do so. He is a young man in whom I was much interested, and a good sailor and a good officer."

Harold bowed his acknowledgments and said he had no other question to ask, so Captain Barry withdrew.

Three more witnesses were called in the persons of officers who were on deck at the time in question, and all of them, while evidently sorry to have to give their testimony, could see no other cause than drunkenness for the action of Harold.

"Orderly," said the judge-advocate, "call Lieutenant Blakeley."

Out went the orderly and in came Blakeley. He was dressed with his usual neatness, but he was unmistakably nervous. During Harold's period of arrest Blakeley was the only man in the mess who had not found the opportunity to say a kind word, but Blakeley had studiously avoided such a course. As he entered the court-room Dr. Herron's little eyes snapped, and he began working his fingers and cracking the joints, one at a time and then altogether, until the racket sounded like a miniature gatling gun in full operation. As Blakeley took his seat in the witness chair Herron turned his own chair, which was next to that of Harold, so that he could look squarely into Blakeley's face, at a distance from him of about eight feet. As the examination began, Dr. Burney and Dr. Gray came in and took seats at the side of the room behind Blakeley and facing Herron. The examination had been in progress for some fifteen minutes and the judge-advocate had about finished the preliminary features and was getting into the serious parts. For not an instant up to this time had Herron's cat-like eyes left Blakeley's face, and for some reason not apparent Blakeley was getting exceedingly uneasy. He fidgeted in his chair and turned his head at intervals as if he were afraid of something behind him. He stammered in his speech and his answers became disconnected. The court could not fail to notice it, and all the time the snappy little eyes were fixed on him. At last, in the middle of one of the answers, Blakeley stopped short and seemed unable to articulate. His head fell forward on his breast, his eyes closed, and he sat in his chair as if he were sound asleep. Almost at the same moment Herron gave a gasp and came near falling over. Burney and Gray jumped up, and while the one went to Herron the other supported Blakeley. The members of the court rose to their feet with scared looks, and contemplated the action

of the doctors. Burney poured a mouthful of brandy into Herron, and Gray, with the assistance of the orderly, lifted Blakeley onto a lounge. Harold all this time sat speechless, in amazement at the proceedings. In less than five minutes Herron was as active and well as ever, but Blakeley lay like a log, breathing regularly, but apparently utterly unconscious.

Dr. Burney was the first to speak. "Gentlemen," said he, "may I ask that the court be cleared of all but yourselves, Dr. Herron, and myself. Of course, I do not mean to ask the judge-advocate to retire, but all the rest should go, and I will explain?"

The president gave the order and placed the orderly on the outside, with orders to admit no one without his permission. When this had been done Dr. Burney resumed. "Gentlemen, I trust that you will pardon me for interrupting your proceedings, but when you know my reasons you will, I think, not only condone the action but approve. It is but fair to you to say that you can be but little more surprised at this condition of affairs than I am, but it is also proper to say that I was in possession of knowledge which made this condition a possibility, while you were not. I am not speaking to you now as members of a court-martial, but as men, and if, after you hear me, you deem it your duty to continue this court, you will do so; if not, you will know the proper course to pursue, to suspend or entirely abrogate these proceedings. About a month since, Mr. Blakeley, in a conversation with me, introduced the subject of mesmerism or hypnotism. At that time this conversation made no particular impression on me, but in the light of recent events it becomes of much importance. Some of you are aware that the morning of the twenty-first of December was not the first occasion when the singular condition of Mr. Harold manifested itself. On the fifteenth of December the same thing happened, but exposure was avoided by the brotherly conduct of Mr. Cutter. Dr. Gray and I also knew of it because we were called upon to prescribe for Mr. Harold, and we did so, believing at the time that the cause might be found in an attack of malarial fever, though we were not sure of it. We have together, since that time, talked over the case with Dr. Herron, who was the first to ascribe the attack to something other than fever and something very different. The theory of drunkenness was never entertained by either of us, for the reason that there was no evidence whatever of the presence of liquor on the person of Mr. Harold. To Dr. Herron is due the solution of the mystery, and he has asked me to tell the story for him, not only to save the honor and perhaps the life of the innocent, but to the end that the guilty may be punished. We all on board the 'Delaware' know that both Mr. Blakeley and Mr. Harold were rivals for the affections of Miss Hadley, and we all have noticed the change in Mr. Blakeley since it became apparent that he was an unsuccessful suitor. When we talked this

case over with Dr. Herron he asked to see the two men, and came on board our ship for that purpose. We had told him of the peculiar features of the case and of the rivalry existing between the men, without really attributing the cause of Harold's attacks to Blakeley. Dr. Herron's theory was that Harold had been hypnotized by Blakeley, and he proposed that he, Herron, should attend this trial as Harold's counsel in order that he might try an experiment of his own. His theory was that Blakeley had influenced Harold while he was asleep, and had directed him what to do, and that the subject was unable to resist the influence and had followed the directions almost implicitly. Dr. Herron believed that he could turn the tables if he had the opportunity, when the mind of Blakeley was deeply engrossed in his testimony before this court, and when he would not be on his guard against any outside influence being brought to bear on him.

"The experiment has been tried and you know the result to this point. The strain on Dr. Herron has been terrible, as you all know, but he is fully recovered now and ready to continue the experiment to the end, if you are willing. Mr. Blakeley lies here entirely under the influence. He cannot tell anything but the truth while he is in this condition. Now, shall we go on and get to the bottom of this affair?"

The members of the court looked at each other in wonder. "Can you bring him to at any time, doctor?" said the president to Dr. Herron.

"Yes, sir, at any time. If I am wrong in my suspicions, he will clear himself on his examination. If I am right, the truth should be known. I will abide by the answers he makes," said Dr. Herron.

"Gentlemen, this is the most extraordinary thing I have ever witnessed," said the president, "and I am somewhat at a loss to know what to do under the circumstances. Of course, we cannot examine Mr. Blakeley as a witness before a court, but as we are taking a recess, we might see this thing out as individuals. What do you say?"

The members all acquiesced and told Dr. Herron to continue.

The doctor took a seat alongside of Blakeley, and, taking one of Blakeley's hands in his own, said, "Blakeley." Blakeley's eyelids unclosed slowly until his eyes were seen staring up at the ceiling, with, however, no expression whatever in them. The by-standers involuntarily shrank back. "Blakeley," again said the doctor. "Well," came the answer from Blakeley, though it was not in his voice, but in a strange tone which seemed to come from a long distance.

"Blakeley, will you answer truly what I ask of you?"

"I must. You are my master."

"Blakeley, do you know the secret of Harold's illness?"

"I do."

"What was the cause of it?"

"I."

"In what way?"

"I hypnotized him and told him he was drunk and would be drunk for four hours."

"Why did you do this?"

"Because I hate him."

"Why did you hate him?"

"Because he was first in the heart of the woman I love. If I could have him disgraced she would never look at him again, and I might be to her as I once was, before I lost her through him."

"Is your action known to any one but yourself?"

"To no one."

"Does Harold know of it?"

"I have no reason to think that he does."

"Have you told me the truth absolutely?"

"I cannot do otherwise. You are my master."

The officers standing round the couch gasped at the revelation, but no one spoke until Dr. Herron said, "Gentlemen, is there anything more?"

"Nothing more," said the president, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "This is more than enough. Bring him to, doctor, and I will see the admiral at once."

Herron took both Blakeley's hands and chafed them, and smoothed his forehead and eyes for a few moments until Blakeley gave a yawn, stretched himself, and then sat up and rubbed his head in a dazed sort of way, and said, "What's the matter?"

"You had a fainting spell in the court-room," said the doctor, "and we laid you on this lounge to recover."

"Mr. Blakeley," said the president, "the court has adjourned for the day. You had better go on board ship, and if we want you in the morning we will send for you."

The manner of the president seemed to strike Blakeley as a little peculiar, but he simply bowed and started for the door. His step at first was a little unsteady, but he soon regained his nerve and walked out.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "the court is adjourned until to-morrow at ten o'clock."

That court never proceeded with that case. The admiral dissolved the court the next day, and a lengthy report went to the department giving the reasons for the action, together with some recommendations which he hoped the department would favorably receive.

In due course of time came the approval from the Navy Department, with an official communication for Lieutenant Blakeley, stating that his resignation would be accepted, should he desire to present it; and in case he did not see fit to resign, the admiral was directed to convene a court for his trial on charges which would be formulated later. The

letter was handed to Blakeley by the admiral himself, in his cabin, with the remark, "Mr. Blakeley, in order that you may fully understand the action of the Department in this matter, you are informed that there are other hypnotists in this squadron besides yourself, and to one of them you have confided your secret in regard to Mr. Harold. I am authorized to accept your resignation at once. Which shall it be, resignation or court-martial?"

"I will hand you my resignation in an hour," said Blakeley; and he did. On the next steamer from Key West went Mr. Blakeley, no longer an officer of the United States navy.

The admiral issued a general order to the effect that the court-martial proceedings in the case of Lieutenant J. P. Harold were entirely abrogated, as the Department was in possession of facts showing that the charges were made under an entire misapprehension and were entirely without foundation, and that Lieutenant Harold was restored to duty without a blemish on his character as an officer and a gentleman.

The mess celebrated the event by a dinner, honored by the company of Dr. Herron, Captain Barry, Admiral Hadley, and last, but by no means least, Miss Maggie herself.

There was a hush at the table when Mr. Telver rose, with his glass in his hand, and said, "To Jimmy Harold, the best-loved man in the mess. May he and his convoy meet with nothing but fair weather during the whole cruise of life."

"Let me add one word to that," said the old admiral, in all innocence: "Here's to the convoy, whoever she may be, lucky to have such a man-of-war to take care of her. God bless her!"

"Why, father," shouted Dick Hadley, nearly splitting with laughter, "you are bestowing the paternal blessing."

The old gentleman looked around at Miss Maggie, who was hiding her blushes behind his broad back, and the light suddenly broke in on him. He stood for an instant without speaking, and then placing his arm round his daughter's waist, he said, "Well, Dick, I see no reason to change my mind about either of them,—God bless them both."

THE YACHT "GNOME."

(Continued from page 198.)

V.

A STRANGE HALLUCINATION.

"Pluck out the heart of my mystery."—*Hamlet.*

WHILE seated in the room up-stairs I had heard an occasional deep-mouthed baying just under the windows on the street, and when I opened the front door a great, tawny, black-jowled mastiff, with ugly eyes and wearing a heavy chain-collar, stalked past me and sprang up to the second story.

As I went out I heard Mr. Hungerford say, "In, Raoul! Hallo, old fellow! Down, sir, down!" Therefore I knew that the dog was Hungerford's, and that the mammoth brute had been in the habit of running up to Mrs. Corestone's chamber oft before.

"A frequent visitor with his master," reasoned I, "and doubtless welcome. I don't know which beast I dislike the most. Hate him, hate his dog, I do," and I trotted briskly towards home.

The weather was doing its worst. The wind had increased to a tempest. Sidewalks were covered with snow, sheets of drift were accumulating by stoops and curb-stones, door-ways were banking up, the frost was biting cold, an ice blockade was likely to set in. March was coming in like a lion, truly.

We had had a severe winter, nor was its climax over yet. I was glad to reach St. Mark's Place in order to gain shelter.

Mrs. Lamb and Miss Scrub, familiar friends and neighbors stanch and true, were sitting cozily together over a cup of fragrant tea in the front parlor when I entered, and a plate of buttered toast and another of hot muffins stood before them on the table, which had been drawn up before the fire for the better enjoyment of the warmth and blaze. Complete comfort, social converse, and mutual confidences exchanged were stamped on every feature of the twain in colors not to be mistaken for an instant by the least observing and most superficial and indifferent spectator of the scene. Gossips! What a picture true to life! The engrossing subject of womanly discussion was, of course, Mr. Gold-

chopper, the mysterious lodger of the third-floor front. I joined the whispering couple cheerfully.

"He came again," pursued my landlady, in alarmed perplexity, "this very day before my eyes, dressed in a smock-frock and woolen stockings, with a drover's whip in his hand and a shock-wig on his head, and sang ribald ballads to a mob of drunken coal-heavers and snow-shovelers, who went and brought him beer in a pewter pot, which the wretch drank standing. What respectable woman, I want to know, and the widow of a public gorger in the custom-house, could be reasonably expected to bear it longer? That man will drive me mad. My lands alive!"

"Love," said Miss Scrub, with the utmost sympathy and consolation,—"love, my dear Lamb, takes on many contrairy forms and aspecks. I myself, in earlier years, have seen my myriad lovers in the cinders and at another tender moment in the cistern. It's our nerves, ma'am. We are wires" (which was strictly true of Miss Scrub). "One of 'em said that he often saw *me* in his shaving-cup, though I thought myself it was oftenest in a mug of beer, for he was face to face with that about every two hours in the twenty-four, his habit to the last. You may depend upon it, my poor Lamb, that a soft and soothing sentiment pervades both hearts, and takes on these beautiful and changing hues in consequence. Let me persuade you not to struggle against it."

"The idea of that man's image," retorted Mrs. Lamb, with vigor, "is loathsome and repugnant to my feminine feelings. Drat him! A bald-headed old sinner of sixty imposing himself on the good nature of a decent woman, who has seen better days, as a respectable gent, when he passes twelve hours in every twenty-four on the cobble-stones of the public streets posing and posturing and making a vulgar, ridiculous spectacle of himself in the presence of porters, and vagrants, and loafers, and drunkards for beggarly coppers, is simply disgraceful and disgusting. Keeping it up, too, for months, week in and week out, as if he were a force-pump or a patent churn. He ought to be brought before the public courts, he ought, for common imposturing. It's *lamentable.* He ought to be sent up and fined."

"It's not him you see, ma'am," argued Miss Scrub, with energy; "it's his shadder in your buzzum that prints itself on the pavements at your feet, and makes every street-show wear his liniments. It is the holy impulse of love, ma'am, all-pervading love, urging you on to a second marriage, Mrs. Lamb, and in the hardness and stiff-neckedness of your heart, ma'am, you don't recognize the symptoms. They are heaven-inspired."

"Never!" cried the worthy landlady, with intense emotion; "never, Sally Scrub, never, never, never, shall the widow of a public gorger wed that wicked man. A wolf in sheep's clothing,—a snake in the grass—an ojus ogre—a monster of iniquity,—perhaps a Bluebeard!

He looks like the Frenchman done in wax-effigy in Barnum's Museum, who wantonly tickled two wives to death and was caught in the act of privately attempting the third. Strike me dead, Scrub, if ever I think of shaming the blessed gorger's memory by consenting to become Mrs. Aaron Goldchopper. My lands!"

A boisterous gust of wind and snow struck the front of the house with savage fury, shaking it like a leaf. We all three started at the shock. Was it the spirit of the deceased gauger clamorous in indignant protest, or only the passing violence of the storm?

"Ugh!" exclaimed Mrs. Lamb, with a shudder, "what an awful night!"

"I don't know how I am to get home, really!" said Miss Scrub, imploringly.

"Make yourself snug with me, my dear," said Mrs. Lamb, hospitably; "your folks know where you are and will not be worried about you, I feel sure."

"I fear I must," said Miss Scrub, readily and willingly enough.

We bid one another good-night, and I ascended to my chamber.

It was midnight when I retired, and then I lay wide awake thinking about Mabel Corestone. She was certainly both beautiful and enchanting and a born coquette, subjecting every man she met to the powers of her fascinations. Her sensuous influences had fairly bewitched me and bound me with chains of steel to her relentless sway. Strange plight for a parchment follower of the law!

The bells of St. George's Church tolled one. Somebody tried my door—and again. I heard whispers in the hall outside. Springing up and flinging on my robe and slippers, I crept stealthily to the sill, intently listening. No other sound,—all was as still as death. Softly unlocking and opening my door, I looked out into the dense darkness. There was a slight creaking on the stairs above,—I heard it plainly. Creeping noiselessly up, I stared through the banisters at two sombre shadows in the hall-way.

Low voices broke upon my ear.

"Blind your glim, pal, and lay low!"

"Easy, Davy, easy,—stand back or it's a pull. I'm hunk with this lock."

"Shall I show the glim, Ted?"

"Ay! and draw your barker, pal!"

"All right, Ted, now!"

Burglars! The red glare of a bull's-eye showed me the forms of these desperadoes engaged in prying with a jimmy at the door of Aaron Goldchopper's room. I heard the sharp spring of the latch and the snap of the lock as the bolt was forcibly shot back; and the door itself next began to sway inward. Should I wait for more, or act at once?

A smart blow on the temple, and I fell flat on my back with a groan, but I was not stunned. I was conscious of whispering voices, a hurry-scurry of light footsteps, the slamming of the street-door, and a duet of female screams. Then I became sensible that I was being carried quickly to my room and laid gently on the bed; when, upon opening my eyes, I recognized Mr. Goldchopper bending blandly over me, with a smile of gratitude and relief upon his pleasant face, while the women kept up their falsetto wailing upon the stairs.

"My dear ladies," I heard Mr. Goldchopper expostulate, "there is no further cause for apprehension. The thieves are gone. Pray go to bed and compose your nerves. No harm has been done except to this poor gentleman, and that, I trust, will prove but slight. Nothing has been stolen, I believe. But what a daring attempt!"

"It's that man," I heard Mrs. Lamb exclaim, in a tone of abject terror; "he is robbing Mr. Ashby."

"No, no, no, my dear Lamb," explained Miss Sally Scrub; "he has rescued him and has vanquished the dread marauders in single combat."

"Call the police!" shrieked Mrs. Lamb, in a state of incipient hysteria.

"No use, ma'am!" cried Miss Scrub, who by this time had recovered her usual presence of mind; "we are all safe, and the rest of the house still slumbers. Don't disturb the other boarders, ma'am, pray! It's no good,—not the least!"

This argument had its desired effect, and they retired to their joint apartment.

Mr. Goldchopper held some brandy to my lips, which I was able to swallow, when he proceeded to carefully examine my head.

Presently he murmured, "No great injury, my dear sir; not even blood drawn,—only an ugly bruise; you are lucky! Best go to sleep, and you may escape even a headache in the morning."

Drowsily muttering a good-night, I fell asleep while he stood beside me, not even dreaming of the past events during, on the whole, a rather comfortable slumber.

Burglaries are quite a matter of course in crowded cities.

VI.

TAKING SOUNDINGS.

"Deeper than e'er plummet sounded."—*The Tempest.*

SAVING a slight headache and a bad contusion on my right temple, from a blow given me no doubt by a third member of the midnight gang, who had come stealing upon me on the stairway, I had quite recovered next morning from the effects of the severe assault. While breakfasting, Buck, the colored servant, with staring eyes, gave me a message from my landlady that she would be glad to have a word with me in my study, if I could so far oblige her, upon a subject of the utmost moment. I bade the boy to send her up to me straightway. She shortly appeared, greatly overcome and short of breath. Her feelings, indeed, were too much for her. She sank into an easy-chair and wept. I said, to soothe her,—

"Quite a little breeze last night, Mrs. Lamb!"

"Oh, sir!" cried the widow, hysterically; "oh, *sir!* and are you still alive?"

"I am," I playfully replied; "I am, I am sure of it. Are you better?"

"I'm well enough," she sobbed; "but Sally Scrub is dreadful. She's had to take that amount of stimulant, Mr. Ashby, to quiet her nerves, which are but poorly, that she is quite incapacitated from getting up this morning. Oh, sir, that was an awful fright! I'm not myself, sir; and to think that that man was at the bottom of it all! Oh, Mr. Ashby, I can never sleep another wink with that disreputable creature in the house!"

"You don't suspect him of robbing himself, ma'am, do you?" said I, shortly.

"It's some of his cronies, sir, and boon companions a-calling on him in the small hours of the night. He must be one of the villains' house-breaking confederates, Mr. Ashby,—a fence, or a pal, or some of those dreadful monsters we read of in the newspapers almost every day."

"My dear madam," said I, "you must really try to disabuse your mind of these extremely unjust prejudices against my friend Mr. Goldchopper. He is a very estimable person, I believe, and exceedingly kind-hearted, I am sure. He is as innocent of the entry into your house as I am. He was the victim, not the guilty party. That was a professional attempt at burglary."

"Who ever heard of such a name as Goldchopper?" groaned Mrs. Lamb, lugubriously; "it must be assumed. There's wood-chopper and gold-beater, to be sure; but Goldchopper—ugh!"

The good woman left me, more set in her views than ever about Mr. Goldchopper, who I learned from Buck Simpson, the servant, had passed the greater part of the night at my bedside, having only withdrawn to rest towards daylight. He had gone out, however, at eight as usual.

"Dem bu'glers," said Mr. Simpson, gray with fright and his ivories chattering in his head like castanets,—"dem bu'glers hab broken de lock ub de street-door, and carried off all de umberrellas out ub de front hall. One ub 'em dropped a bobby or a jimmy on de steps. I reckon dat Massa Goldchops was de fust 'partment dat de white debbles tried to bu'gleize, sar!"

While dressing that morning, I had formulated a theory as to the perpetrators of the forced entrance at my worthy landlady's; but why they had straightway resorted to Mr. Goldchopper's room I was at a loss to determine. I decided, therefore, upon a certain and immediate course of action in the matter.

Taking a Third Avenue car down town to Park Row, I looked out for the well-known sign of Messrs. Spike and Flint, secret-service agents, and directly ascended the stairs leading to their office of detective work. This was near the top of a three-story building, in which were located lawyers' and sundry agents' offices, and consisted of two adjoining rooms. A tin sign on the door read, "*T. Spike and J. Flint. Detective Bureau.*"

When I had entered, I found myself in a square, little, dark-papered apartment, having a red-hot stove and a sanded floor, with a few wooden chairs and desks arrayed against the walls. The windows looked out upon City Hall Park, and opposite on Broadway stood the Astor House. A queer, little, red-faced scrivener, with one eye and a lame leg, and clad in the rustiest of cheap clothes, was writing at one of the desks, freely expectorating tobacco into a great stone spittoon in the corner. There was a lithograph of High-Constable Jacob Hays hanging up, and another of the famous Officer Bowyer, chief of police-detectives close beside it.

The door of the inner room was tight shut, but I heard the rumble of voices within, and as I was about requesting to see one or other of the partners, the door opened and two persons came out, one of whom, Mr. Flint, I knew by sight. The other was an unknown client, or visitor, whom the former politely took leave of before accosting me.

"A. Ashby, Esq.," then said Mr. Flint, holding out his hand, and speaking most respectfully, "Attorney- and counsellor-at-law, I believe? I hope I see you well, sir. Can we be of any service?"

"Either you or Mr. Spike," said I. "I have a matter of importance which I would like to speak with you about."

"Then walk inside, sir, if you please, and take a seat! If anybody calls, Coil, say I am engaged."

The inside office was the counterpart of the other one, only that it had a gaudy carpet on the floor and a plush sofa by the stove. Mr. Spike's portrait, in the garb of a Methodist minister, with a white cravat and a red nose, decorated the chimney-piece, and a round table covered with papers and a couple of ledgers stood between the windows, which commanded a full view of Barnum's American Museum on the corner.

John Flint was a slim, wiry, sinewy man of thirty-five, with a ferret's eye, a wide slit in the face for a mouth, short-cropped hair, and a medium-sized goatee, which I had seen doing duty in public places in every color of the rainbow, from Irish carrot to Israelitish black and German-American crome-yellow. It was a chameleon.

"Mr. Flint," said I, when we were seated, "I have a curious case for you, I think. It is one of assault and incidental attempt at burglary. My boarding-house, in St. Mark's Place, was entered last night. The thieves broke into an upper room, and as I was following them gave me a blow on the head, leaving this abrasion, as you see. I am convinced that I recognized two of the robbers—my assailant probably was the third—by a remarkable coincidence. But why they should so directly have sought out my up-stairs neighbor, Mr. Goldchopper, I cannot understand. There is something back of this business, I am persuaded,—something queer."

I then proceeded to inform Detective Flint of the singular rumors and reports attaching themselves to our elderly lodger, his extremely retiring and exclusive habits, yet my entire faith in his honesty and integrity. "I believe," I added, "that this worthy man is somehow the victim of some plot, or wrong, and that his persecutors followed up their malicious pestering of him by their felonious house-breaking of last night."

"Who do you think, then, are the cracksmen?" asked Mr. Flint, with an air of profound sagacity.

"Well, I will tell you," I returned. "As you are aware, for I have often met you myself, it has long been my habit to walk about the streets at night in out-of-the-way localities for the purpose both of exercise and amusement. I am a natural-born dreamer, lawyer though I be. I love to paint pictures and to spin yarns in my own mind by way of pastime.

"During my evening walks aforesaid I have often passed and repassed, up-town, upon a lonely lane which lay along the Hudson River, a queer little two-story building like a boat-house, that stood close by the brink of the water. There might have been half a dozen similar structures equally squalid, shabby, and small anywhere among the adjacent wharves and thoroughfares; but if so, none were so striking of outline, by reason of its standing entirely solitary, as was this wretched little red house by the river.

"Upon the board front, over the door, was nailed a sign, with misshapen letters, that read '*Pogsley: Boating and Fishing: Tackle within*,' which, I recall, gave me the impression somehow that the man himself was of a stern, uncompromising character not liable to qualms of any kind, and would be able and willing to haul up a poor drowned body, if requested, at a moment's notice. I believe this finding of dead bodies to be his business. I pictured him, likewise, as a short, broad-built person of middle age, with red hair, warts, and a squint. One night," I continued, "as I was passing along, two men came out of the hovel, and while they were within earshot of me they addressed each other respectively as Ted Figgins and Dave Bloke. They were slouching, rough-looking fellows, with round shoulders and loose gait. Now, last night, while spying upon the two burglars, I heard them call each other, in whispers, 'Ted' and 'Davy.' I believe, or shrewdly suspect, these men to have been said Bloke and Figgins. If so, it may have been Pogsley himself who felled me with his fist or black-jack. That boat-house must be a burglar's crib, if I am correct in my surmises."

"You are right, sir, no doubt!" said Flint, in order to encourage me. "Go on, sir, if you please."

"Now, Mr. Flint, before we prefer absolute charges against them, and arrest these alleged boatmen, I am particularly anxious to find out what their connection or cause for revenge may be with Mr. Goldchopper, who is evidently a harmless old man. As a matter of curiosity I should like to inform myself correctly upon that point. Is there any way that you know of, any course, that suggests itself to your mind?"

"I will consider, sir," said Mr. Flint, reflectively. "I am acquainted with the building you refer to. It's in a direct line with Sixteenth Street, below Tenth Avenue, in among the vacant lots and garbage-dumping grounds, close to the river. There used to be cow-stables just above, and some shanties away to the left. Why in the world did you ever make your way there, sir, and especially at night? It is a dangerous locality."

"I will tell you," said I. "I am delighted to unexpectedly find myself in situations of perfect isolation and of possible peril, although I think, in truth, there is but little of the latter there. A sedentary man like myself needs some excitement. It braces the system like brandy."

There was a pause. He was musing.

"How does this plan suit you?" suggested Mr. Flint. "I recall that there is a cheap tavern or bar-room up on Tenth Avenue, near the corner of Sixteenth Street, a low resort of dockwallopers and gutter-snipes. It's a vile haunt, but it is probably the haunt of these three knucks you speak of. They must go there to drink and throw dice.

I will drop in there in disguise this evening and spot out the ground for myself a bit."

"I should like to go with you," I exclaimed. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than an adventure of that sort."

"Well," replied Mr. Flint, "I know of no objection, if you can keep cool and dress a part and play a part. We will take Coil, Tony Coil, with us, who has lost an eye in one detective enterprise and a knee-cap or two in another. He is as fierce as a shark and as bold as a bull-dog (with a smile of sarcasm). Coil is the best man we ever had, although he prefers copying papers and lying in wait on the sly to dragging down desperate characters. He has too much humanity,—that is his only fault."

I had observed that Mr. Coil's eye-teeth more closely resembled fangs than those of a human being. Did he drag down desperadoes with his teeth, I wondered?

"I'll go," said I, with delight.

"Very well," said Mr. Flint, quietly. "Drop in here this evening at nine o'clock, and we'll get some costumes out of the wardrobe and rig ourselves out accordingly. You'll have need of your nerve before you're through, I guess. The 'Bargeman's Rest' is a den. It's the crib of river thieves. You take your life in your hands in going there, Mr. Ashby."

"It suits my whim," said I, "and I'll do it. How is Mr. Spike? I have not seen him about the law courts in several weeks."

"In high health, sir, thank you; but he keeps running on just now between here and Boston. He's got a job at that town."

"'The modern Athens,' they oft call it," said I. "Well, good-morning!"

"Till to-night, sir!" said Mr. Flint, as I left the bureau of detection.

Little did I think that from that interview ran a wire cable which led straight to the centre of the Corestone mystery.

VII.

A STROLLING PLAYER.

"And seem a saint, when most I play the devil."—*Richard III.*

THAT afternoon, at the hour I had specified to Mr. Hungerford, I was in my office in Ann Street, pen in hand, when I heard an active foot ascending the stairs in jumps, and a dexterous hand immediately tried the knob of my door. I turned my head. The smiling countenance of the glossy dandy, Percy Hungerford, and the jagged jowls of Raoul, the mastiff, met my view; but whether the man or the dog

were the fiercer-looking, it would be difficult to say. The perfect symmetry of the former's figure, the complete self-possession of his manner, together with the stylish fit of his fashionable clothes struck me more forcibly this time than before, and I thought I unquestionably detected a something or other about him, an indescrible air which breathed a hint of familiarity with the seafaring profession.

He advanced hat in hand, and I arose to greet him. The dog snarled and then lay down in sullen obedience to his master's kick.

"Happy to see you, sir," said I. "Be seated, pray; I shall be yours in a moment."

"Thanks, many thanks, my dear sir," spoke the oily voice. "I doubt I trespass upon your valuable time, but please permit me to wait until you are quite at leisure. Lie down, Raoul; lie still, you brute!"

In a few minutes I had finished the writing upon which I was engaged, and turned expectantly towards the authorized agent of my lovely client.

"Did you bring the papers with you, Mr. Hungerford, of which we spoke last night?"

"They are here, dear sir, and I trust that they will prove satisfactory."

He produced from the breast-pocket of his plum-colored surtout a purple leather wallet, from which he drew forth some creased and folded pages of paper and laid them upon my table.

As we sat I read them carefully over. All were in due form, regular and correct, not a definable doubt about them. I felt that my visitor was intently reading my face as I ran my eye over the documents. As I studied he scrutinized, or *vice versa*.

"Well," said I at length, abruptly catching his gaze, "everything is ship-shape and systematic here, sure enough. Mrs. Corestone's legal rights are safe beyond peradventure, no doubt whatever about that. You have arranged the matter well," I added, slyly.

"I beg your pardon," replied the glossy moustache, "but do I understand you to say that even a poor actor may have acquired business habits sufficiently to attend to the routine of a strictly legal affair like this? The young lady's interests are a sacred trust. She deserves protection. I am her oldest, nearest friend."

"Doubtless!" I warily rejoined. "You are an honored member of the theatrical profession, then? I respect your calling."

"An unworthy disciple of the sock and buskin, my dear sir. Although I have not yet aspired to the personation of Hamlet, Richard, or Othello, still I have played many characters at most of the minor houses both in London and New York. You have seen my name upon the bill at times?"

"Not that I remember," I said, "although I may have done so.

What is your special line of acting, may I ask, without seeming inquisitive?"

"Light comedy and farce, sir, are my province. I have played Rover, Young Marlow, Jack Absolute, Fred Bramble, Box one night and Cox the other, besides Alfred Jingle every night in the week. Particularly strong in the afterpiece, though. Have appeared in as many as three plays in one night. I enjoy variety."

"You have versatility of talent, certainly," said I.

"Hard work, my dear sir, pure industry—no gift of genius—none at all. Adaptability."

"Has Mrs. Corestone ever aimed at being an actress?" inquired I, plumply, closely watching the man in my turn. "I thought I noticed a trifle of the Thespian in her tone and manner, likewise. Was I mistaken?"

"Sir," answered my visitor, drawing himself up as if his feelings had been hurt, "she *is* an actress, a great actress. She is an ornament to any stage. For the space of two years she has trodden the tragic boards. She has acted Jessica and Emilia; she has played Mrs. Haller in the country towns; she even promises to excel in the characters of Miranda, Portia, and Lady Macbeth at an early point in her career. She is the finest Juliet in existence. Rebecca——" He stopped short.

"Rebecca?" said I, sharply.

"As Rebecca in the play of Ivanhoe," he instantly resumed, with perfect coolness, "she is something wonderful. You should see her."

"And are her attainments mere talents," said I, slyly, "or the more splendid ability for honest toil like your own?"

"Neither, my dear sir, neither! Simple beauty of form and feature, a remarkably musical voice, brilliant eyes, natural endowments of a vastly superior sort,—and graces. You must hear her sing."

"I should be delighted," said I; instantly adding, "Have either of you ever acted at the Boston Theatre?"

The man raised his eyes quickly to my face, with flaming cheeks and a flashing glare. Presently he made answer with an insincere smile,—

"Both of us have played there, certainly, in the course of our professional rounds. Boston is a nice little town for low comedy, but not up to New York or Philadelphia in tragedy and the melodrama. A good place for beginners."

His voice had grown so harsh that it made the dog uneasy. Raoul uttered a whine and a low growl, grating his teeth viciously. I imagined that his master's teeth grated, too, and I knew that his eyes snapped as if sparks came from them.

I followed up my evident advantage with instant promptitude.

"Did you or she happen to know or meet Mr. Corestone while in that town? Did you ever see him before that?"

Forewarned was forearmed. Without a pause, as if entirely expecting and fully prepared for my question, he answered, emphatically,—

"Never, to the best of my knowledge and belief."

"You are familiar with the language of affidavits," I slightly sneered. "You are quite a lawyer."

"You do me too much honor, my dear sir," he insinuated. "Lawyers are gentlemen; I am only a poor player."

The glossy creature arose, seemingly anxious and willing to bring the interview to a close, shook hands and smirked, bowing low as he approached the exit. Raoul sprang up as if he were quite ready to tear something, or anything, to tatters, and slunk out suddenly at his master's heels. The dog was more ingenuous than the man, his master, an actor who looked like a sailor.

Why had he held this misleading conversation with me, unless to inspire me with an erroneous idea of his and the widow's relatively respectable characters?

I pondered long that afternoon over the fruits of our conversation, which furnished me with a clue that I indomitably determined to follow up to a conclusion.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSATIONAL ARITHMETIC.

(Continued from page 225.)

CHAT XIV.

REDUCTION OF DECIMALS.

"WE have seen that the value of a fraction is the quotient resulting from dividing the numerator by the denominator. Therefore,—

"*Problem 1.*—To change a common fraction to a decimal, all you have to do is to place a decimal point after the numerator and then divide by the denominator, pointing off as in division of decimals.

"*Problem 2.*—To change a decimal to a common fraction.

"RULE.

"*Remove the decimal point and supply the proper denominator. As, change .5 to a common fraction. Operation,* $\frac{5}{10}$.

"*Problem 3.*—To reduce a denominate decimal to integral units of lower denominations.

"RULE.

"*Multiply the decimal by the units of the descending scale and point off as in the multiplication of decimals. Then multiply the decimal part of the product by the units of the next lower denomination, and so on for all of the remaining units of the scale. The integral units at the left of each product will be the value of the decimal.*

"*Problem 4.*—To change a compound number to a decimal of any given denomination.

"RULE.

"*Divide the number of units in each denomination, successively, by the units of the ascending scale, and to the quotient add the next higher denomination, and divide as before until the required unit is reached.*"

CHAT XV.

UNITS OF CURRENCY.

"ALL civilized and commercial countries take great care to fix a standard unit of value, which standard is called the unit of currency. The unit of value in the United States is the gold dollar, or $25\frac{8}{10}$

grains of gold, nine-tenths fine. The real quantity of pure gold in it is 23.21997 grains.

"The unit of value of Great Britain is the pound sterling, or 123.270 grains of gold, eleven-twelfths fine, which is equivalent to 113.0016 grains of pure gold. This coin is commonly known as the 'sovereign,' and the ratio of one dollar United States money to one sovereign is 1 to 4.866, for the ratio of each grain of gold is 1 to 1.

"The *unit* of *value* in Germany is the number of grains of gold in a *mark*,—namely, 5.53134 grains; and the *unit* of *value* in France is the number of grains of gold in a *franc*,—namely, 4.48035 grains. Thus we see that each country establishes its own unit of value as a legal tender within its borders; but, whatever the lawful money of a nation may be, all kinds of money are brought to the same unit of value,—the grain of pure gold in international commerce.

"Money is the measure of value of things, and it is usually of two kinds,—namely, *coin* and *paper money*, and the term *currency* includes everything that circulates as money, or whatever is generally received in payment of debts.

"United States money is the legal currency established by Congress, and its denominations increase according to the *decimal scale*, as in the following

"TABLE.

10 mills (m.) make	1 cent, marked ct.
10 cents make	1 dime, marked d.
10 dimes make	1 dollar, marked $.
10 dollars make	1 eagle, marked E.
20 dollars make	1 double eagle, marked 2E.

"A coin is a piece of metal prepared, stamped, and authorized by a government to be used as money.

"The coins of the United States are of *gold*, *silver*, *nickel*, and *bronze*. The gold coins are the *double* eagle, or twenty-dollar piece; the *eagle*, or ten-dollar piece; the *half* eagle, or five-dollar piece; the *quarter* eagle, or two-and-a-half-dollar piece, and the one-dollar piece. The silver coins are the dollar, the half-dollar, the quarter-dollar, and the dime. The nickel coins are the five-cent and three-cent pieces. The bronze coin is the cent.

"The gold three-dollar piece, the silver half-dime and three-cent piece, the nickel cent, and the bronze two-cent piece are no longer coined, although sometimes seen in circulation. The mill is simply a convenient name for the tenth part of a cent, and it has never been coined.

"The present standard *fineness* or degree of purity of the above coins as fixed by the act of Congress is as follows: The gold coins consist of 900 parts of pure gold, mixed with 100 parts of an alloy

formed of equal parts of silver and copper. The silver coins consist of 900 parts of pure silver and 100 parts of pure copper. The nickel coins are one-fourth nickel and three-fourths copper, and the bronze coins consist of 95 parts of copper and 5 parts of tin and zinc. The alloy is not considered as having any value.

"*Paper money* consists of duly authorized printed promises to pay the bearer a certain amount of coin which are circulated as money. The paper money of the United States is of four kinds, known as greenbacks, silver certificates, treasury notes, and national bank-notes.

"ENGLISH CURRENCY.

"English currency is the legal money of Great Britain, and the standard unit is the gold sovereign or pound sterling.

"TABLE.

4 farthings (far.) make	1 penny, marked d.
12 pence make	1 shilling, marked s.
20 shillings make	1 pound or sovereign, marked £.

"The coins of Great Britain are of gold, silver, and copper. The gold coins are the sovereign (= $4.8665); the half-sovereign (= $2.433 —); the guinea, equal to 21 shillings and valued at $5.11; the half-guinea, 10s.6d. The silver coins are the crown, equal to 5 shillings and valued at $1.2166 +; the half-crown, 2s.6d.; the florin, 2s.; the shilling, and the sixpence and three-penny pieces. The copper coins are the penny, halfpenny, and farthing. The standard fineness of the gold coins is 11 parts pure gold and 1 part alloy. The standard for silver coins is 37 parts pure silver and 3 parts alloy. The penny is of pure copper and valued at $0.02027. The paper currency consists of bank-notes of various denominations.

"CANADIAN CURRENCY.

"The currency of Canada was adopted in 1858, and the denominations are the same as the decimal table of the United States.

"The coins are nominally equal to the corresponding coins of the United States, but their intrinsic value is a little more, as the proportion of pure silver is the same as used in the English coins,—that is, 925 parts silver and 75 parts copper. The silver coins of Canada are the 50-, 25-, 10-, and 5-cent pieces. The paper currency consists of bank-notes of various denominations, and usually pass at par along the northern border of the United States.

"FRENCH CURRENCY.

"The standard unit of value in France is the gold franc, and a decimal system of currency is used as shown in the following table:

"TABLE.

10 millimes (m.) make	1 centime, marked ct. = $0.00193
10 centimes make.	1 decime, marked dc. = $0.0193
10 decimes make	1 franc, marked fr. = $0.193

"The gold coins of France consist of the 100-, 40-, 20-, 10-, and 5-franc pieces. The silver coins consist of the 5-, 2-, and 1-franc pieces. The bronze coins are the 10-, 5-, 2-, and 1-centime pieces.

"GERMAN CURRENCY.

"The German empire has adopted a uniform system of coinage, the standard unit of which is the gold *mark*, whose value is $0.2385.

"The gold coins of Germany are the 20-, 10-, and 5-mark pieces. The silver coins are the 2- and 1-mark, and 20-penny pieces.

"MEXICAN CURRENCY.

"The monetary unit of Mexico is the gold peso, and equal to 100 centaros. The gold coins are the 20-peso (= $19.679), the 10-peso (= $9.839), the 5-peso (= $4.919), the 2½-peso (= $2.459), and the peso, which is still struck with the legend 8R, meaning 8 reales. The silver coins are the peso, and the 50-, 25-, 10-, and 5-centaros. The silver peso, although actually containing more silver than the United States dollar, is only worth commercially $0.837. The gold coins are not in general circulation.

"BRAZILIAN CURRENCY.

"The standard unit of value in Brazil is the milreis, and valued at 54.6 cents in United States money.

"The gold coins are the 20-, 10-, and 5-milreis. The silver coins are the 2-, 1-, and ½-milreis. The silver milreis is only equal to about 48 cents. The greater part of the circulating medium of Brazil consists of treasury notes and nickel and bronze coin. 1000 reis equal 1 milreis.

"JAPANESE CURRENCY.

"Japan has a decimal system of coinage, the standard unit of which is the gold yen of 100 sen, valued at $0.997 United States money. There is also a silver yen valued at about $0.83.

"TABLE.

10 rin make	1 sen.
100 sen make	1 yen."

CHAT XVI.

RATIO AND PROPORTION.

"THERE are two ways of comparing one number with another number of the same kind.

"1. You may consider *how much* one number is greater or less than the other by finding their difference.

"2. You may consider how many times one number is greater or less than the other by finding their quotient.

"When you compare two numbers by finding their difference, the less is always taken from the greater. When you compare two numbers by finding their quotient, one number is regarded as the standard that measures the other; hence, a ratio is the quotient resulting from dividing one number by another, and it shows the measure of the relation existing between two numbers of the same denomination.

"Thus, you may compare a year with a day, but you cannot compare a yard with a day; for, in order to form a ratio, time must be compared with time, length with length, and so on.

"The terms of a ratio are the two numbers compared, as dividend and divisor, and they are called respectively the *antecedent* and *consequent;* and the ratio is found by dividing the antecedent (the dividend) by the consequent (the divisor), as, in 6 divided by 3, the ratio is 2.

"There are three ways of expressing the ratio of one number to another,—namely:

"1. By the special sign, the colon, as 6 : 3.

"2. By the sign of division, as $6 \div 3$.

"3. By the fractional form, as $\frac{6}{3}$.

"Since every ratio may be expressed in the form of an unexecuted division, and since the antecedent is a dividend and the consequent a divisor, it follows that,—

"If both terms of a ratio be multiplied or divided by the same number, the ratio will remain unchanged.

"The following principles are also true:

"1. The ratio is equal to the quotient obtained by dividing the $\left\{\begin{smallmatrix}\text{antecedent}\\ \text{dividend}\end{smallmatrix}\right\}$ by the $\left\{\begin{smallmatrix}\text{consequent}\\ \text{divisor}\end{smallmatrix}\right\}$.

"2. The $\left\{\begin{smallmatrix}\text{antecedent}\\ \text{dividend}\end{smallmatrix}\right\}$ is equal to the $\left\{\begin{smallmatrix}\text{consequent}\\ \text{divisor}\end{smallmatrix}\right\}$ multiplied by the $\left\{\begin{smallmatrix}\text{ratio}\\ \text{quotient}\end{smallmatrix}\right\}$.

"3. The $\left\{\begin{smallmatrix}\text{consequent}\\ \text{divisor}\end{smallmatrix}\right\}$ is equal to the $\left\{\begin{smallmatrix}\text{antecedent}\\ \text{dividend}\end{smallmatrix}\right\}$ divided by the $\left\{\begin{smallmatrix}\text{ratio}\\ \text{quotient}\end{smallmatrix}\right\}$.

Hence,—

"*Problem 1.*—To find the ratio of one number to another.

"RULE.

"*Divide the antecedent by the consequent.*

"*Problem 2.*—To find the antecedent when the ratio and consequent are given.

"RULE.

"*Multiply the ratio by the consequent.*

"When there are but two terms and one ratio, it is called a *simple* ratio, as 6 : 3. A compound ratio is the product arising from the multiplication of two or more simple ratios, as (6 : 3) × (8 : 4), which reads 6 divided by 3 multiplied by 8 divided by 4.

"Some authors divide the *second* term by the *first* term, writing the ratio thus: (3 : 6) × (4 : 8); but it may be readily seen that the signs do not correspond to the way they wish the ratio to read; for, in this case, the proper reading would be 3 divided by 6 multiplied by 4 divided by 8, which produces an entirely different result.

"The reciprocal of a ratio is the quotient obtained by dividing the {consequent / divisor} by the {antecedent / dividend}. Thus the reciprocal of the ratio 8 : 4 is 4 divided by 8 or $\frac{1}{2}$. The ratio of two fractions may be found by reducing them to a common denominator and then comparing their numerators.

"PROPORTION.

"An arithmetical proportion is the expression of equality between equal ratios when the terms of the ratios are indicated, and there are two ways of reading the proportion. Thus, 6 : 3 : : 8 : 4, may be read, 6 is to 3 as 8 is to 4, or it may be read, 'the ratio of 6 to 3 equals the ratio of 8 to 4.'

"The proportion may be either written, as above, with double colon, or with the sign of equality, as 6 : 3 = 8 : 4.

"The terms of a proportion are the numbers used in the comparison, and, since it requires two numbers to form a ratio, every proportion must contain at least four terms. The two ratios thus compared are called *couplets;* the first and second terms forming the first couplet, and the third and fourth terms the second couplet. The first and fourth terms of the proportion are called the *extremes;* the second and third terms the *means.* Thus, in the proportion, 6 : 3 : : 8 : 4, 6 and 4 are the extremes, and 3 and 8 are the means. Hence, in every proportion, we have the following

"PRINCIPLES.

"1. The product of the extremes is equal to the product of the means.

"2. One extreme is equal to the product of the means divided by the other extreme.

"3. One mean is equal to the product of the extremes divided by the other mean.

"4. The extreme of the first couplet is equal to the mean of that couplet multiplied by the ratio of the second couplet. For, from

proportion, 6 : 3 : : 8 : 4, we have 6 ÷ 3 = 8 ÷ 4; hence 6 = (8 ÷) × 3.

"5. The extreme of the second couplet is equal to the mean of couplet divided by the ratio of the first complet. For from the portion 6 : 3 : : 8 : 4 we have 6 ÷ 3 = 8 ÷ 4; hence 4 = 8 ÷ (6 ÷ 3).

"These principles are also true to a compound proportion.

"The terms of every proportion may also be considered as a com- of any two *causes* and their corresponding *effects* by writing teri follows:

"1st e : 2d cause : : 1st effect : 2d effect.

"In order to state a problem in proportion you must remember at the first *cause* must bear the same relation to the *second* cause as e given *effect* does to the required effect.

"Then you may form a proportion containing one unknown term, d it is usually convenient to indicate this unknown term by the er x and to make it the fourth term of the proportion. Write the ven effect, or the number that is of the same kind, as that indicated r the third term. Then analyze the problem and write the two or the two remaining given numbers as the first and second ms so that their ratio shall be equal to the ratio of the third term the fourth. Some arithmeticians prefer to write the unknown umber as the first term.

"Formerly proportion was called the 'rule of three,' and I re- ember one time hearing the following quaint verse:

> "'Multiplication is vexatious,
> Division is twice as bad;
> The rule-of-three, it troubles me,
> And fractions make me mad.'"

CHAT XVII.

PERCENTAGE.

"THE term per cent., from *per*, by, and *centum*, a hundred, means y the hundred, and percentage embraces all of the operations in arith- etic in which the basis of the computation is one hundred.

"The number on which the percentage is to be computed is called e *base*, and the decimal, which denotes how many hundredths are to e taken, is called the *rate per cent.*; therefore, the *percentage* is the sult obtained by taking as many hundredths of the base as there are xpressed by the rate. The sum obtained by adding the percentage to he base is called the *amount*, and the remainder obtained by subtracting e percentage from the base is called the *difference*. Hence, in the rations of percentage there are five elements,—namely, the base, rate, the percentage, the amount, and the difference; any two of hich being given, you may find the other three. Therefore, with

these five elements, you may form ten combinations, and under each combination you may solve three problems.

"CASE FIRST.

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the base and the rate, to find the percentage.

"RULE.

"*Multiply the base by the rate; and the reason is that the base multiplied by the rate equals the percentage.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the base and the rate, to find the amount.

"RULE.

"*Multiply the base by the rate and add the product to the base; and the reason is that the base multiplied by the rate gives the percentage, and the percentage added to the base equals the amount.*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the base and the rate, to find the difference.

"RULE.

"*Multiply the base by the rate and subtract the product from the base; and the reason is that the base multiplied by the rate gives the percentage, and the difference is the remainder obtained by subtracting the percentage from the base.*

"CASE SECOND.

"*Combination of the Base and the Percentage.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the base and the percentage, to find the rate.

"RULE.

"*Divide the percentage by the base; and the reason is that having given the product of two numbers and one of them to find the other number, if you divide the product of two numbers by the given number, the quotient will be the other number.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the base and the percentage, to find the amount.

"RULE.

"*Add the percentage to the base; and the reason is that the percentage plus the base equals the amount.*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the base and the percentage, to find the difference.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the percentage from the base; and the reason is that the base less the percentage equals the difference.*

"CASE THIRD.

"*Combination of the Base and the Amount.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the base and the amount, to find the percentage.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the base from the amount; and the reason is that the sum of two numbers minus one of them equals the other number.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the base and the amount, to find the rate.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the base from the amount, and then divide the difference thus found by the base; and the reason is that having given the sum of two numbers and one of them to find the other, if you subtract the given number from the sum, the remainder will be the other number. Then you will have the product of two numbers (the percentage) and one number to find the other, which you may find by dividing the product by the given number.*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the base and the amount, to find the difference.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the base from the amount, and then subtract the difference thus found (the percentage) from the base; and the reason is that the sum of two numbers minus one of them equals the other, and the base minus the percentage equals the difference.*

"CASE FOURTH.

"*Combination of the Base and the Difference.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the base and the difference, to find the percentage.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the difference from the base; and the reason is that you have the sum of two and one given to find the other number.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the base and the difference, to find the rate.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the difference from the base, and then divide the remainder thus found (the percentage) by the base; and the reason is that you have given the sum of two numbers and one of them to find the other, and the product of two numbers and one of them to find the other.*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the base and the difference, to find the amount.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the difference from the base and add the remainder to the base.*

"You should now be able to give the *reasons* for the different operations.

"CASE FIFTH.

"*Combination of the Rate and the Percentage.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the rate and the percentage, to find the base.

"RULE.

"*Divide the percentage by the rate.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the rate and the percentage, to find the amount.

"RULE.

"*Divide the percentage by the rate, and to the quotient (the base) add the percentage.*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the rate and the percentage, to find the difference.

"RULE.

"*Divide the percentage by the rate, and from the quotient (the base) subtract the percentage.*

"CASE SIXTH.

"*Combination of the Rate and the Amount.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the rate and the amount, to find the base.

"RULE.

"*Divide the amount by 1 plus the rate.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the rate and the amount, to find the percentage.

"RULE.

"*Divide the amount by 1 plus the rate, and subtract the quotient (the base) from the amount.*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the rate and the amount, to find the difference.

"RULE.

"*Divide the amount by 1 plus the rate, and subtract the quotient (the base) from the amount; then subtract the remainder thus found (the percentage) from the base.*

"CASE SEVENTH.

"*Combination of the Rate and the Difference.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the rate and the difference, to find the base.

"RULE.

"*Divide the difference by 1 minus the rate; and the reason is that you have given the product of two numbers and one of them to find the other.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the rate and the difference, to find the percentage.

"RULE.

"*Divide the difference by 1 minus the rate, and multiply the quotient (the base) by the rate.*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the rate and the difference, to find the amount.

"RULE.

"*Divide the difference by 1 minus the rate, and multiply the quotient (the base) by 1 plus the rate.*

"CASE EIGHTH.

"*Combination of the Percentage and the Amount.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the percentage and the amount, to find the base.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the percentage from the amount.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the percentage and the amount, to find the rate.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the percentage from the amount, and then divide the percentage by the remainder thus found (the base).*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the percentage and the amount, to find the difference.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the percentage from the amount, and then from the remainder thus found (the base) subtract the percentage.*

"CASE NINTH.

"*Combination of the Percentage and the Difference.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the percentage and the difference, to find the base.

"RULE.

"*Add the percentage to the difference.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the percentage and the difference, to find the rate.

"RULE.

"*Add the percentage to the difference, and then divide the percentage by the sum thus found (the base).*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the percentage and the difference, to find the amount.

"RULE.

"*Add the percentage to the difference, and then add the percentage to the sum thus found (the base).*

"CASE TENTH.

"*Combination of the Amount and the Difference.*

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the amount and the difference, to find the base.

"RULE.

"*Add the difference to the amount and divide the sum by 2; and the reason is that you have given the sum of two numbers and their difference to find the greater number.*

"*Problem 2.*—Having given the amount and the difference, to find the rate.

"RULE.

"*Add the difference to the amount and divide the sum by 2; then subtract the difference from the amount and divide the remainder by 2; and divide the quotient thus found (the percentage) by the first quotient (the base).*

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the amount and the difference, to find the percentage.

"RULE.

"*Subtract the difference from the amount and divide the remainder by 2.*

"Nearly every practical question that arises in business transactions may be solved by some one of the operations of percentage; therefore it is important that you learn to distinguish clearly which two or more of the five elements are represented in the problem; then it will be easy to discern the required elements by the methods herein explained.

"In buying and selling goods the actual cost of the goods is the base; the actual gain or loss is the percentage; the price at which the article is sold is the *amount* if sold at a profit, and the *difference* if sold at a loss. The rate of gain or the rate of loss is the *rate*. The terms profit and loss indicate a gain or a loss in business transactions."

CHAT XVIII.

COMMISSION AND BROKERAGE.

"AN agent is a person who transacts business for another, and he is called a commission merchant when engaged chiefly in buying and selling merchandise, agricultural products, etc., and a broker when he usually buys and sells money, stocks, bills of exchange, bonds, real estate, etc.

"The commission or brokerage is the percentage charged by or paid to an agent for the transaction of such business as you may require of him. The rate of commission is usually agreed upon by the person for whom the agent is to transact the business (the principal) and the agent, according to the amount of business to be done and the locality

of the transactions. The usual rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. will be understood, if no other rate is mentioned, for most money transactions that occur in New York City; but in some of the Western States the rate runs as high as 10 per cent. of the money collected or invested. Sometimes the rate is written as a fraction of 1 per cent., as $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent., but there is no real reason why this should be done.

"The elements in commission and brokerage are,—

"1. The sum involved (whether it be money collected or invested), which corresponds to the base in percentage.

"2. The rate of commission, which corresponds to the rate per cent.

"3. The commission or brokerage, which corresponds to the percentage.

"4. The entire cost (or sum collected or invested plus the commission), which corresponds to the amount.

"5. The net proceeds (or the sum collected or invested minus the commission), which corresponds to the difference.

"All problems that may arise in commission and brokerage come under the rules of percentage, and may be solved by applying the rules already given."

CHAT XIX.

STOCKS AND INVESTMENTS.

"STOCK is the money or capital which an individual or corporation employs in business. The money so employed is sometimes called capital stock, and the corporation often goes by the name of a stock company, thus indicating that the capital employed is represented by marketable shares having an equal par value. The shares of various companies thus placed on the market for sale and transfer are termed *stocks*. Certificates of stocks are issued by each company certifying the number of shares to which the holder of the certificate is entitled, and these certificates may be bought and sold like any other personal property. The shares vary on their face value, but in banks, insurance and railroad companies a share is usually equal to $100.

"A certificate of stock is at *par* when it will sell for the value marked on its face,—that is, the sum specified in the certificate,—which is sometimes called its *nominal value;* and it is *above par*, or at a premium or advance, when it sells for more than its face value; and a certificate of stock is *below par*, or at a *discount*, when it sells for less than its face value. When a company is in good standing and doing a lucrative business its stock is usually above par, but when doing a poor business its stock is most generally at a discount, and the real value of the stock—that is, what it will actually sell for on the market —is often far below its face value.

"Whenever a government or corporation desires to raise a certain amount of ready money they sometimes place upon the market another kind of certificates called bonds, with the agreement that they will be redeemed at a certain specified time, and that interest will be paid to the purchaser of the bonds at a specified rate. As security for the payment of these bonds the property of the corporation is pledged to the holder, and to insure the payment of the interest the bonds are either registered or coupons are attached as certificates of interest, to be cut off and presented for payment when the interest becomes due.

"Registered bonds are payable to order and cannot be transferred without being indorsed. Coupon bonds are payable to bearer, and are transferable without indorsement. Bonds issued by the United States, by the States, cities, and corporations are quoted on the stock-market according to the rate of interest they bear and the date of their maturity.

"Thus you may see the quotation, 'U. S. 4s, 1907,' which means United States 4-per-cent. bonds, due in 1907. These bonds are of both the coupon and registered classes, and the interest is payable quarterly.

"Then, again, you may see 'U. S. currency 6s, '95.' These bonds bear 6-per-cent. interest, and were issued by the government to aid in constructing railroads across the United States to the Pacific. There are several issues of these maturing respectively in 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, and 1899. A bond is at maturity when it becomes legally due and payable. The income of bonds is called interest, but the sum paid to stockholders out of the net earnings is called a 'dividend,' and is always calculated as a certain per cent. of the par value of the stock. Thus, if you hold ten shares of the stock at $100 per share in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and that company declares a dividend of 25 per cent., you should receive 25 per cent. of $1000, or $250; but if no dividend had been declared for five years, the rate of interest would only be 5 per cent.

"INVESTMENTS.

"Money may be invested in bonds, stocks, etc., either for the benefit to be derived from the interest or dividends, or for the purpose of increasing the amount invested by speculation. When money is to be invested for the interest it is usual to seek such safe investments as bonds, mortgages, and ground-rents, and sometimes small amounts are placed with building and loan associations.

"Government bonds are so secure that they are much sought after, and consequently command a premium, but as the bonds approach maturity this premium becomes less.

"A mortgage is a conveyance of property upon condition as a security for the payment of a debt, and should the interest not be promptly paid, the mortgage may be *foreclosed* and the property sold and the debt paid from the proceeds.

"A ground-rent is a fixed rent paid for the privilege of building on another man's land. In some cities where land is very valuable a person desiring to build will agree to pay the interest on the value of the land as rent, instead of actually buying the ground. This agreement is to continue in force as long as the rent is regularly paid. Well-secured mortgages and ground-rents are such safe investments that they are among the securities in which trust funds may be legally invested.

"Building and loan associations are corporations instituted to receive small deposits at certain fixed dates, and the money so received is invested among the members of the association on mortgages given by the borrowers. These associations enable many persons to invest their small savings securely and profitably, but care should be taken in selecting an association in good standing.

"In buying stocks and bonds for the purposes of speculation the idea is to make the investment at the time the stock has reached its lowest point, and then hold it until its market value rises again.

"Thus, if you buy ten shares of Reading Railroad stocks at 15 cents on a dollar when the market closes on the 22d of December, and sell five shares on the afternoon of the 23d of December at 20 cents, you can then afford to wait another day before selling the balance, as the stock may go as high as 25 cents, or it may fall again to 15 cents. If it goes to 25 cents you make a gain of 10 per cent. on one-half of the stock, and 5 per cent. on the other half. If it falls again to 15 cents, you gain nothing on one-half, but 5 per cent. on the other half.

"Sometimes men buy stocks on a margin,—that is, they actually pay only a small per cent. in cash for the stocks they purchase, and give their notes or other security for the balance, which they agree to pay in five, ten, or twenty days, with the hope that the stock which they purchase will rise in the mean time. If it falls they become the losers, and many a prosperous man has become bankrupt by buying more stocks on a margin than he can pay for if fortune does not favor him.

"In buying and selling stocks the terms used are as follows:

"1. The *par* value equals the *base* in percentage.

"2. The rate of premium or discount equals the *rate per cent.*

"3. The premiums or discount and the dividend equals the *percentage.*

"4. The market value when above par equals the *amount.*

"5. The market value when below par equals the *difference.*

"Like commission and brokerage, all practical problems in stocks and investments can be solved by the rules given for percentage, but in order to avoid confusion the following of most frequently used problems are given:

"*Problem 1.*—Having given the par value of the stock and the rate of dividend, to find the dividend.

"Thus: Mr. Brown owns 250 shares, each $100, of railroad stock, which declares an annual dividend of 10 per cent.? What is the increase?

"Here the base and rate are given to find the percentage, and you multiply the base by the rate.

"*Problem 2.*—Having the par value and premium or discount, to find the market value.

"Thus: What is the cost of 250 shares of railroad stock that is selling at a premium of 5 per cent.?

"Here you have the base and rate to find the amount, but if the stock was selling at a discount of 5 per cent., you would then have the base and rate to find the difference. This problem is often stated in another way, as, What is the cost of 250 shares of railroad stock that is selling at $1.05, brokerage being $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.?

"You may either solve as before, adding the brokerage, or you may find the market value of one share, and then the (market value of 1 share + the brokerage) × the number of shares equals the cost.

"*Problem 3.*—Having given the amount to be invested and the market value, to find the number of shares that may be purchased.

"Thus, Mr. Brown wishes to invest $5631.25 in railroad stocks selling at $112\frac{5}{8}$. How many shares can he purchase?

"When the stock is above par you have the amount and the rate to find the base, and when below par you have the amount and the rate to find the difference. The same result will be obtained if you divide the amount to be invested by the market value of one share.

"*Problem 4.*—Having given the amount to be invested, the market value of the stock, and the rate of interest or dividend, to find the annual income.

"Thus: If John Jones invests $3150 in United States currency 6s at $1.05, what will be his annual income?

"If you divide the amount invested by the market value, you will have the par value; then multiply the par value by the rate.

"*Problem 5.*—Having given the market value of the stock at time of purchase and the rate of interest on the stock, to find the rate of interest on the investment.

"Thus: If Mr. Brown purchases United States 5 per cent. bonds at $112\frac{1}{2}$, what per cent. will his investment yield him?

"Here, the interest on the stock computed at its par value may be considered as the percentage, and the amount invested as the base; hence, divide the annual income of the stock (the percentage) by the cost of the stock (the base) and you have then the rate of interest on the investment."

(To be continued.)

SERVICE SALAD.

The Castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

"THE castle of 'San Juan de Ulloa,' taken, together with the fortified city of Vera Cruz, by the combined action of the army and navy of the United States. The army commanded by General Scott, *the navy by Commodores Conner and Perry in succession.*"

Referring to the above quoted footnote under the sketch of the "Castle of San Juan de Ulloa," as given on page 116 of the February number of the UNITED SERVICE, I desire to submit a few remarks and dates in the interest of accurate naval history, referring more especially to the latter clause, which I have underscored.

On the morning of March 21, 1847, Commodore Perry took command of the squadron as commander-in-chief, relieving Commodore Conner.

On the 22d the work of landing the naval battery, as arranged between General Scott and Commodore Perry, began.

On the same date the "Mosquito fleet," consisting of several small vessels (two of which were steamers, "Spitfire" and "Vixen"), took up a favorable position by orders of Commodore Perry, and opened fire on the city and castle. This little fleet was under the immediate command of Captain Tatnall, commanding the "Spitfire," to which vessel I was attached.

The naval records will show that from the date of the landing of the army, on the 9th, until the attack on the city and castle, on the 22d, the navy afloat was comparatively at rest, with the exception of the plucky but unauthorized attack on the castle by Captain Tatnall on the morning of the 10th.

This early morning effort was apparently without any visible results, and we were ordered back to the anchorage, our captain full of regrets that no one was killed or wounded. We afterwards learned, however, that General Worth had expressed his regrets at our recall, "as we were distracting the attention of the enemy from his movements in direction of a position he was anxious to secure."

From the above dates and recorded facts, it will be seen that the active work of the navy in the attack and capture of the city of Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ulloa, in connection with the army, began and was brought to a successful conclusion from and after the date (March 21) upon which Commodore Conner surrendered his command to Commodore Perry.

History will award to Commodore Conner the credit of originating and carrying out to a successful conclusion the landing of an army of some twelve thousand men on an enemy's shore, within easy range of his guns, without loss or injury of a single man, a military manœuvre the importance of which, I am sure, was fully appreciated by General Scott.

But to demand for Commodore Conner (even inferentially) an active part in the work of taking the city of Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa is claiming for him more than the records will justify, and, I am sure, more than he would ask, were he alive.

To Commodore Perry belongs the exclusive credit for the active work done by the navy between the 21st and 27th of March, 1847, in the capture of Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ulloa. There was no succession after the 21st until the end of the war.

W. H. SHOCK,
U. S. Navy.

A Sea Tragedy of 1840.

(*From the New York Sun.*)

THE EXECUTION OF MIDSHIPMAN SPENCER FOR MUTINY.

He was a Son of President Tyler's Secretary of War and was hanged at the Yard-Arm of the United States Brig "Somers" with two other Members of the Crew, without Trial, and loudly protesting his Innocence.

NEW YORK nowadays is seldom at a loss for a sensational occurrence or an event that sets tongues wagging. But half a century ago its much gossiped about events were few and far between. Then the city did not have a yellow fever journalism, as now, that invented sensations in default of actual ones. Wherefore when, during the closing month of the year 1842, the *Sun* announced that the brig "Somers," belonging to the navy, had anchored in our bay, returning from her cruise without a midshipman —who was the son of John C. Spencer, then Secretary of War—and a boatswain's mate and an ordinary seaman, who had started with the brig, and that the reason for their absence was that they had been hanged at the yard-arm without trial by order of Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, the community was greatly excited. The excitement was deepened when, a few days later, it was made known that Secretary of War Spencer, the father of the midshipman, was prostrated by the intelligence, and that President Tyler and other members of the cabinet seemed greatly shocked. Inquiries made by *Sun* reporters were simply answered by statements that a mutiny had been fomented by the three who had been executed, and that only by such prompt punishment had Commander Mackenzie, Lieutenant Gansevoort, Purser Heiskel, Quartermaster Rogers, Surgeon Leecock, and Midshipmen Hayes, Rogers, Thompson, and Tillotson been saved from contemplated murder, primarily instigated by Midshipman Philip Spencer. The sensation deepened when finally it became known that he had planned, through the mutiny and the murders, to convert the brig into a pirate vessel and scour the seas for prey.

The officers of the "Somers," however, declined to talk freely about the affair, because restrained by official and professional etiquette, but some of the crew were communicative, so that little by little the details of the tragedy became known, and as more particulars became public popular excitement increased all over New York and adjacent cities. Those details almost immediately became matters of record through a court of inquiry held on board the United States frigate "North Carolina," lying in our port. Not only was the tragedy thus conspicuous in public regard because of the relationship of the condemned midshipman to the cabinet officer, but also because Commander Mackenzie had already been notable in literary circles as author of several books of travel, and also politically notable as being the brother of Congressman John Slidell, of New Orleans,—he who, twenty years later, while a Confederate commissioner, was captured on the steamer "Trent" by Commodore Wilkes, and was the occasion of a serious diplomatic controversy between England and the Washington administration.

The press of the whole Union, as the mails arrived, came to discuss the tragedy, some newspapers maintaining that the execution of the alleged ringleaders of the alleged mutiny, without a hearing and on the *ipse dixit* of Commander Mackenzie, aided by the advice of his officers, was a cowardly murder; while other editors upheld his action as the consequence of necessary discipline. The court of inquiry and subsequent court-martial were hastened by the demand not only of Commander Mackenzie, but also of Secretary Spencer, who became anxious to have the slayer of his son punished.

The commander was the youngest son of John Slidell, Senior, who had long been an esteemed merchant and manufacturer of this city, prominent in its society and in its politics, for he had been a Tammany Sachem. The commander, also well known in New York society, had five years before this "Somers" tragedy taken the name of Mackenzie at the request of his mother's brother, who made its adoption the condition of a large legacy to the commander, his favorite relative.

The "Somers" had set out on a cruise around the West Indies in order to train for the navy a number of cadets, or, as they were then termed, naval apprentices. The brig was of two hundred and sixty-six tons and the fleetest sailer in the navy. After leaving Norfolk with dispatches for the frigate "Vandalia," cruising off the western coast of Africa, Commander Mackenzie had made the Azores, touching at Madeira and next at Teneriffe; but, not encountering the frigate, he continued on to Liberia, where it was reported that the "Vandalia" had already sailed for home. He left the sealed dispatches with a consular agent and next directed his course towards St. Thomas, intending to there procure supplies. While nearing the West Indies on the night of November 25 the purser's steward, John W. Wales, was encountered by Midshipman Spencer on deck. In a mysterious manner Spencer asked Wales to get on top of the booms with him, as he had a matter of importance to communicate. No sooner were the two seated out of hearing from deck than, according to the extraordinary testimony of Wales, Midshipman Spencer abruptly opened conversation by asking, in a sepulchral voice,—

"Are you afraid of death? Do you fear a dead man? Dare you kill anybody?"

Wales having answered negatively, Spencer asked Wales to raise his hand and swear to God he would never reveal what the midshipman would now tell him. Wales, stimulated by curiosity, took the oath which this boy of nineteen administered, and was then informed that Spencer was, as ringleader, leagued with twenty of the brig's company to instigate a sham alarm and a fight some night at midwatch, seize the deck officer, throw him overboard, kill all the officers, and commence piracy. Spencer outlined the plan with great circumstantiality, and told how much money was already on board the brig, and how rich prizes would be soon captured. Spencer asked Wales to join. Wales, with mental reservations that had begun with his oath, promised to consider the proposition and to make his assent or dissent known the next day.

"Now, if meanwhile," concluded Spencer, "you blow on us,—and every movement of yours shall be watched,—your life will not be worth a minute's purchase."

On the following morning Wales repeated the story to his superior, the purser, who, in turn, told it to the first lieutenant. The latter immediately visited Commander Mackenzie and imparted Wales's story to him. When the commander heard it, to quote what he afterwards testified about the matter, "I regarded the story as monstrous and improbable, and became under the impression that Spencer had been reading piratical tales and was amusing himself with Wales."

Nevertheless, Mackenzie thought he would watch Spencer, and soon found him examining the charts and making minutes with a pencil. Next Spencer was found asking the sailing master the rate of the chronometer, while he seemed unusually chummy with the crew. Mackenzie concluded on the next day to examine Spencer himself. The latter immediately admitted the conversation with Wales, yet declared it was all a joke; but Mackenzie answered that he must make further inquiries, and in the mean time would arrest Spencer and place him in irons. That was immediately done, and on Spencer's locker being searched a mysterious paper was discovered bearing the names of the officers and crew spelled with the Greek alphabet under the headlines "sure" and "doubtful," and puzzlingly crossed with pen marks. That night there was a mysterious and unaccountable falling of a topmast and some confusion among the sailors in clearing the wreckage. Mackenzie, taking this incident in connection with Spencer's story, armed all the officers and doubled guards.

Samuel Cromwell, boatswain's mate, and Elisha Small, ordinary seaman, had been noticed to hold furtive meetings with Spencer on several occasions, and from their actions as they passed Spencer, who was in irons in a corner of the quarter deck, Mackenzie was induced to arrest and fetter them. He next mustered the crew and apprentices, and made them an address, taking Wales's dis-

covery as a text, and bidding them take warning if any were disposed to thoughts or intentions towards rescuing Spencer, Cromwell, and Small, or carrying out mutinous designs.

Officers on the next day reported to the commander that the crew acted discontentedly, and worked languidly, and that some of the ship's company and apprentices collected in groups and conversed in low and suspicious tones. When Spencer had been four days in irons, Mackenzie's fears constantly increasing, he summoned his six officers in council, asking them to consult together and enlighten him with their opinion as to the best course to be pursued. They met —all quite young and inexperienced— and found the three under arrest "to have been guilty of a full and determined intention to commit a mutiny on this vessel of a most atrocious character." They recommended (although no overt act had been committed) that the prisoners be put to death. Not one of the alleged mutineers was brought before the council or allowed to make any explanation or be heard in his defense.

Commander Mackenzie's plea when concurring in the opinion of his subalterns was, "In the necessities of my position I found my law, and in those I must trust to find my justification." He lost no time in carrying out the sentence of death, and all hands were piped to punishment. He at once informed Spencer of the decision and his fate, and, indeed, had not the face of the doomed youth been turned aft, from his position he could have seen the whips preparing at the main yard arms, which were known preparations for a hanging on board a naval vessel. The young midshipman was told that ten minutes would be allowed to him and to Cromwell and Small to dictate any dying message to their families, and to make their peace with heaven. Describing the occurrences Mackenzie said,—

"The intimation overcame Spencer entirely. He sank, with tears, upon his knees, and said, 'I am not fit to die.' I then repeated to him from the catechism, and begged him as an officer to set to the men he had corrupted and seduced the example of dying with decorum. That immediately restored him to entire self-possession. He engaged in prayer, and I went and made similar communications to the other two. Cromwell fell upon his knees, completely unmanned, protested his innocence, and invoked the name of his wife. Spencer had already said to me, 'As these are my last words I have to say, I trust they will be believed: Cromwell is innocent.' Small, on knowing his fate, said, 'I have nobody to care for me but my poor old mother, and I would rather she would never know the manner in which I died.' Returning to Spencer, he said to me, 'Have you not formed an exaggerated estimate of the extent of the conspiracy?' I answered in the negative. He then wished to be shot instead of being disgracefully hanged. I told him this could not be. I extended his time to the end of the hour. He asked for a Bible and prayer-book, which were brought. In one he read a bit, and kneeling, repeated from the other the prayer for the dying. He dictated to me a message to his father, which I wrote down. He added, 'Ah, this will kill my mother.' The prisoners were now unironed, and under armed guard conducted to the gangway, where the nooses hung. They asked to have their faces covered, and bags were drawn over them. I directed that all the crew and apprentices should man the rope that was to swing them into eternity."

The commander gave the word, but before it was heard Cromwell had addressed his executioners, and said, "Tell my wife and Lieutenant Morris that I die an innocent man." Small also addressed them, urging them to always do their duty to the country. The flag was then hoisted to the peak, the signal gun fired, and in a few minutes all three had been choked to death after some struggles. The commander now called, "Three cheers for the old flag," which were given, and then, "Three cheers for God Almighty," which were also given.

Spencer's body was put into a rude box duly weighted and the other two were wrapped in their weighted hammocks, and all were dropped over the side, while with prayer-books distributed to the crew Mackenzie read the burial service for the dead. Referring to this afterwards, Mackenzie said, "I could not but humbly

hope that Divine sanction would not be wanting to the deed of that day."

Others of the crew were now put in irons, those who had been suspected of insubordination and secret intercourse with the executed men, and in irons were brought into the port of New York, but discharged by order of the Secretary of the Navy. The latter ordered a court of inquiry at once, with Commodore Stewart—Old Ironsides and grandfather of Charles S. Parnell—as presiding officer, and Ogden Hoffman—the most eminent criminal lawyer of the then great bar of this city—as judge-advocate.

The daily newspapers took sides immediately on the issues. The *Courier and Inquirer*, edited by James Watson Webb, strongly justified Mackenzie's action, and Mr. Bennett, in his *Herald*, as strongly condemned it, asking why the accused had not been brought before the council of officers for defense, and why could not the prisoners have been kept in irons and brought to New York for trial. Commander Mackenzie was even arraigned for cowardice by the editor of the administration paper at Washington, the *Madisonian*. The *Journal of Commerce* commented in a non-committal way. The *Sun* gave the facts, but made little comment, except to draw attention to absence of overt acts. Mr. Greeley, in the *Tribune*, took a judicial view. Charles King, afterwards president of Columbia College, in his evening paper, the *American*, supported Mackenzie. The doings and sayings of the court of inquiry were printed at length daily, and while its sittings continued scarcely any other topic than the hanging was discussed. Public interest deepened when a court-martial immediately followed. Its judge-advocate was a Baltimore lawyer of no great prominence who evidently sympathized with Mackenzie, as had Judge-Advocate Ogden Hoffman, who, like the great English Erskine, having been a midshipman before coming to the bar, was a stickler for naval discipline. Counsel employed by the Small and Cromwell families to assist the judge-advocate were not allowed to take part in the proceedings,--among them Charles O'Conor, —although Mackenzie had such eminent defenders as John Duer, George Griffin, and Theodore Sedgwick. The proceedings of the court-martial, as printed, consume two hundred and fifty-nine printed pages in double columns. Its finding by majority vote of a verdict of not guilty was acrimoniously attacked in a review in pamphlet form of seventy pages by the novelist James Fenimore Cooper, who concluded that Mackenzie's act, "if not one of basest cowardice, was of lamentable deficiency of judgment," and with that view a large majority of the American people coincided.

The tragedy proved a death-blow to Midshipman Spencer's estimable mother, and it broke the heart of the father, who soon gave up political life. It embittered the last few years of the "Somers's" commander, who died not long afterwards at his country home in Tarrytown. Secretary of the Navy Upshur, who confirmed the acquittal—which was voted by eight to four members for guilty—was not long afterwards killed by the explosion of a trial gun on the frigate "Princeton."

Bertholde, the Dwarf.

HIS SHREWD ANSWERS AT THE COURT OF ALBOIN, KING OF THE LOMBARDS.

MARY SHEARS ROBERTS, in her series of "Historic Dwarfs," contributes an article on Bertholde to *St. Nicholas*. Bertholde was an Italian, and one day he made his way to the palace of Alboin, king of the Lombards, at Verona, and boldly seated himself in an empty chair next the throne.

The courtiers were as much surprised at his audacity as they were amazed at his grotesque appearance; but the Lombard chieftain smiled grimly upon the intruder, and inquired of him "what he was, where he was born, and in what country?"

"I am a man," replied the dwarf, whereupon the attendants went off into fits of laughter. "I was born when I came into the world, and the world itself is my country."

King and courtiers now began to realize that they had a shrewd little imp before them, and they commenced to ply him with questions of all kinds. The

asking of conundrums was a sort of trial of wit to which sovereigns were much given at this period of history.

"What thing is that which flies the swiftest?" asked one.

"Thought," replied Bertholde, promptly.

"What is the gulf that is never filled?"

"The avarice of the miser," was the ready answer of the quick-witted dwarf.

"What trait is the most hateful in young people?"

"Self-conceit, because it makes them unteachable."

"How will you catch a hare running?" inquired the king.

"I'll stay till I find her on the spit."

"How would you bring water in a sieve?"

"I'd wait till it was frozen," answered the dwarf, readily.

The king was delighted. "For so clever a rejoinder," he said, "you shall have from me anything you may desire."

"Oh, no!" cried Bertholde, with a mocking laugh. "I shall have nothing of the sort. You cannot give me what you do not possess. I am in search of happiness, of which you have not a particle. So how can you give me any?"

"How!" exclaimed the king. "Am I not happy on so elevated a throne?"

"Yes, you are, if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat."

Then Alboin referred to his kingly power and dignity, and the dwarf retorted with another mocking laugh; and when the king called attention to the nobles and courtiers about him, Bertholde, with a sneer, remarked, "Oh, yes, they cluster round your throne; so do hungry ants round a crab-apple, and with the same purpose,—to devour it."

"Well said," spake the king, keeping his temper; "but all this does not prevent me from shining among them, as the sun among the stars."

"True; but tell me, shining Sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year? For the continual flattering of these men must now and then darken your understanding."

"For this reason you would not be a courtier?" inquired his Majesty, whose fingers began to play upon his sword in a threatening manner.

"Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves," replied the dwarf. "Besides, I have not the necessary qualities to succeed in this fine employment."

"What, then, do you seek at my court?" asked the king, in an angry tone.

"Something I have not been able to find there," answered Bertholde. "I was told that a king was as much above common men as a tower is above common houses; I find, as I suspected, that sovereigns are honored more than they deserve."

This was a little too much. The king lost his patience, and commanded the dwarf jester to leave the palace immediately, or he would have him whipped out of court.

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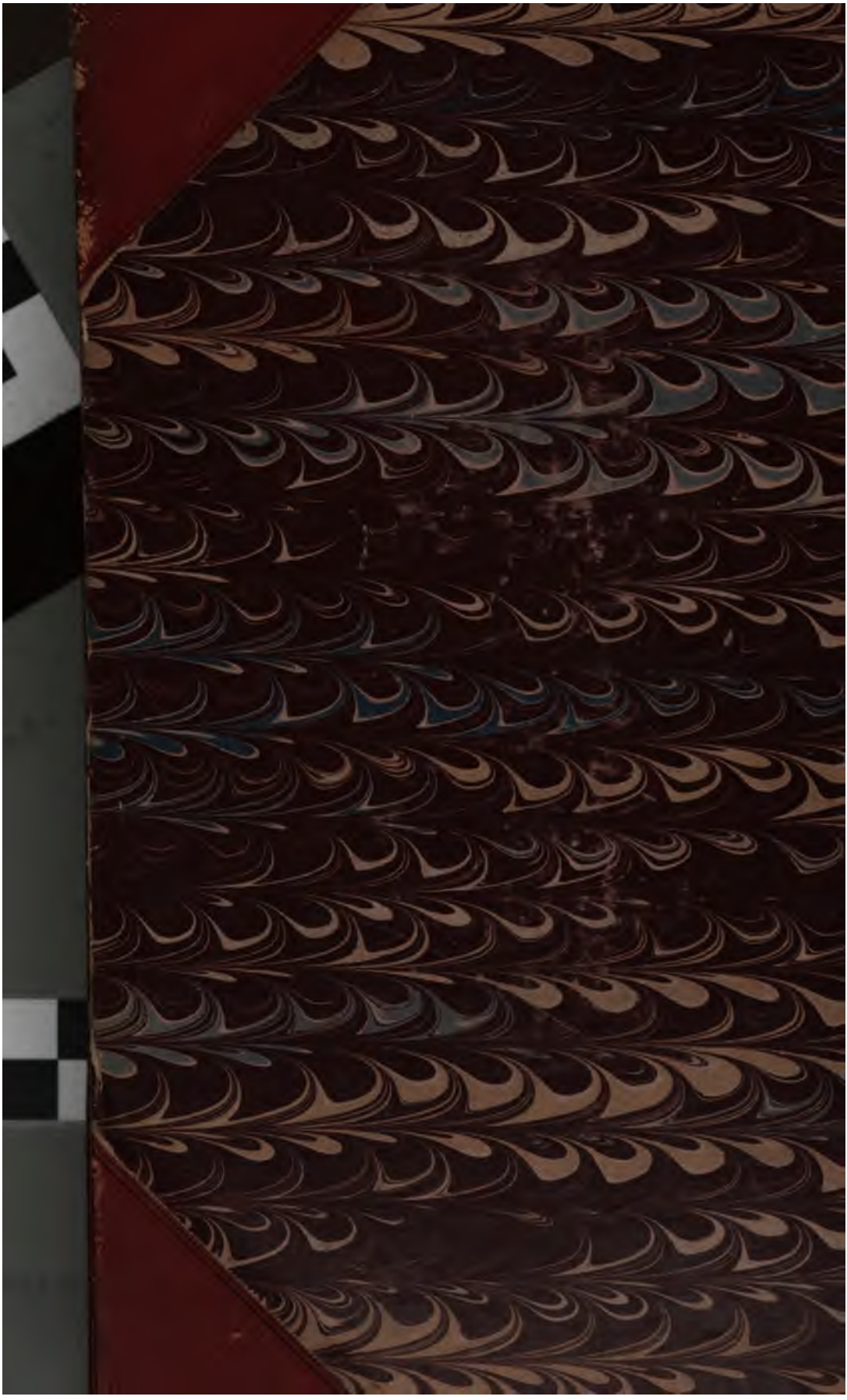
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